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A Narrative History

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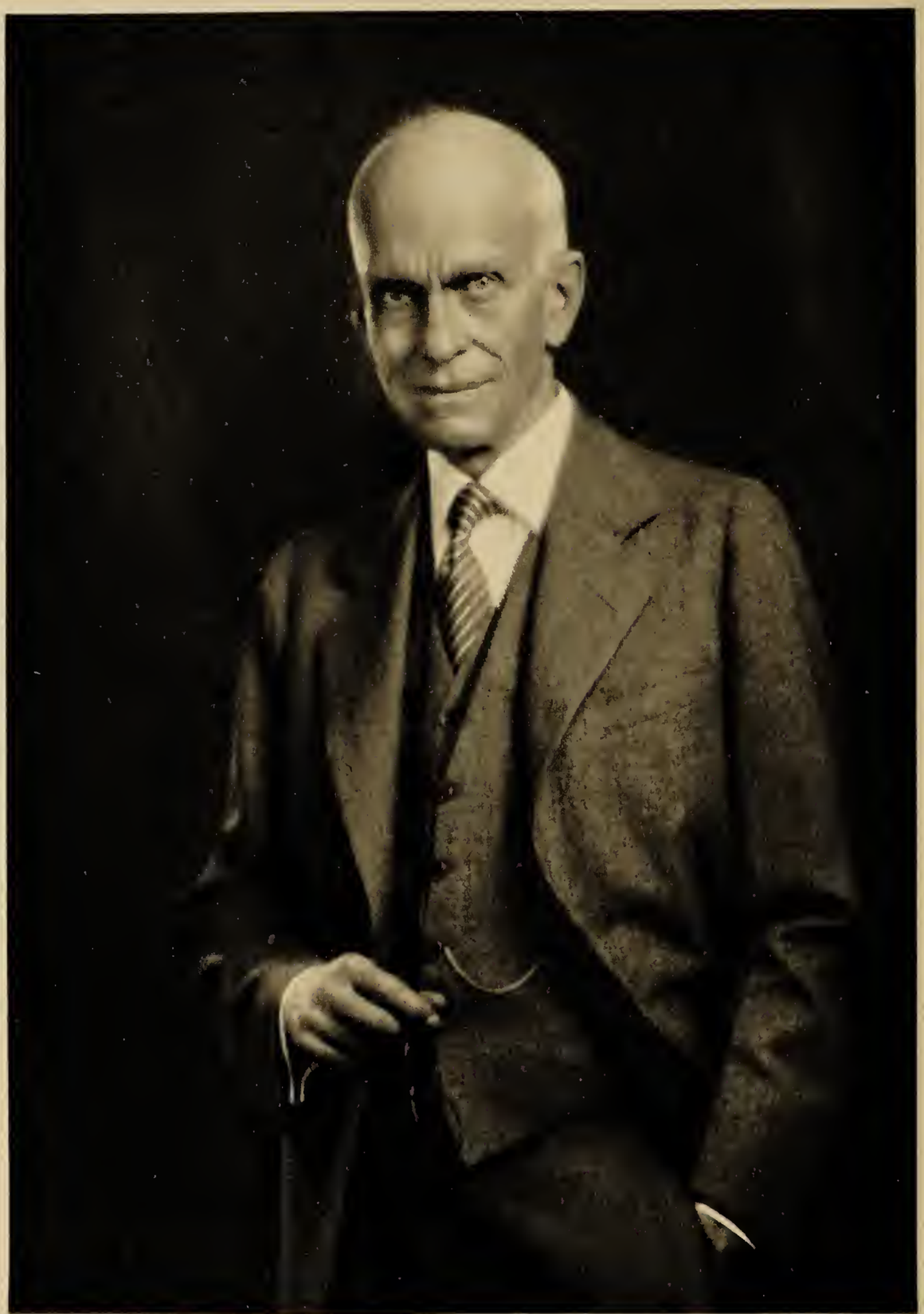

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John Nelson

WORCESTER COUNTY

A
NARRATIVE
HISTORY

By

JOHN NELSON

AUTHOR, JOURNALIST
AND MEMBER EDITORIAL STAFF THE WORCESTER TELEGRAM
AND THE EVENING GAZETTE

VOLUME I

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This Book is Dedicated to
GENEVIEVE BURKE NELSON,
My Wife,
Whose Sympathetic Coöperation
Has Made a Difficult Task
a Pleasant One

INTRODUCTION

THIS narrative History of Worcester County was prepared with the purpose of confining its pages to matters which, in some manner of greater or lesser importance, have affected Worcester County as a whole. The individual histories of the sixty-one cities and towns are excluded, excepting in a broad way and as events or persons have entered into the general picture. The detailed records are already available to the antiquarian and genealogist and others seeking information, in excellent county histories already published, and more minutely in voluminous local histories which have been written of most of the towns.

In this new book the towns as individual communities have not been wholly neglected, of course. The reader will find the essential facts concerning each, such as its physical characteristics, area, period of settlement, incorporation, naming, fluctuations in population and records in war. Then, too, each town finds its natural place in the narrative at more or less frequent intervals, as it contributes to the general story. Generally speaking, the scene is cleared for the moving pen picture of what has transpired in the three centuries which have passed since the first explorers from Massachusetts Bay Colony entered the Nipmuck Wilderness of Central Massachusetts, which we know now as Worcester County.

A great deal of the material included in this book never before has been available to anyone not engaged in historic research. Advantage has been taken of writings contemporaneous with and describing dramatic and sometimes tragic episodes, particularly in the early Indian fighting and its consequences. Old diaries have been most helpful, yielding hitherto unsuspected material. The proceedings of the various historical societies have been drawn upon liberally in the antiquarian contributions of their members. All in all, the subject lends itself admirably to the modern style of historical writing, in which the characteristics of the region and of the successive generations of its people are woven into the story of political, economic, social and cultural evolution.

Believing that no better measure of Worcester County's importance to the world can be had than in the men and women it has produced, we have given space to the lives of its sons and daughters whose accomplishments have given them enduring fame.

We wish to express our appreciation of the many helpful courtesies extended by Clarence S. Brigham, director, and Robert W. G. Vail, librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, Professor U. Waldo Cutler, director of the Worcester Historical Society, and Robert Kendall Shaw, librarian of the Worcester Free Public Library; and our thanks to the gentlemen who, as an advisory board, have sponsored this book, and to others who have assisted in various ways in bringing together historical material.

JOHN NELSON.

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History of Worcester County

CHAPTER I.

Geography of Worcester County

Worcester County has within its borders an almost infinite variety of country. Its 1,577 square miles of surface is broken bewilderingly. There are plains and expansive intervales, great sweeps of rolling farm land, line after line of ledgy ridges, league upon league of a high plateau, which breaks here and there with gentle slope or quick descent into broad or narrow valleys. From it rise high hills and commanding mountains. The shire is dotted with ponds and lakes, and the rivers, with their hundred of headwater and tributary brooks, give running water everywhere.

The county is the largest in Massachusetts. It is situated midway of the State east and west, filling a great block of territory which extends north and south from the New Hampshire to the Connecticut line. Its eastern neighbors are the counties of Middlesex and Norfolk. On the west are the counties of Franklin, Hampshire and Hampden. It would be a complete quadrangle, symmetrical but for the jagged lines of its eastern and western borders, were it not for a group of Middlesex towns which project into the northeastern corner, and a smaller group of Hampden towns which intrude similarly on the southwest. The length of the county north and south is about forty-seven miles, the extreme distance east and west forty miles.

The intricacy of the contour of Worcester County is no cause for wonder. The geological history of the region would permit of no other result. We have no intention of entering upon a scientific discussion of its evolution, but a brief outline of what had taken place through the ages may be interesting and helpful by disclosing cause and effect. In remote time, all of New England had been worn down by the action of water and weather to a plain, the level of which was little above the sea. From it ascended huge mountain masses which alone had survived

erosive action. Geologists formerly believed that the mountains of New England were once like the present Alps of Europe, rising as high as 15,000 feet above the sea. The modern theory is that while they were immeasurably more massive than they are today, they were not very much higher.

There followed an uplifting of the earth's surface, not quickly as by a titanic convulsion, but unbelievably slowly, and continuing through tens of thousands of years. Scientists tell us that had man been living here then, the increasing elevation might never have been perceptible to him. Mountain ranges as well as plains were raised, the contour of the land changing little, excepting that erosion continued as torrents from the Arctic ice-cap poured down the North American continent.

Only such peaks remained as had best been able to resist the slow but irresistible action of water and climate. Most strictly typical of all of these is Mt. Monadnock, 3,166 feet above the sea, just over the line in New Hampshire, whose noble, naked summit is a landmark so familiar in the county as to make it almost a possession. Other "Monadnocks," to use the word in its adoption as a geological term, are Mt. Watatic in Ashburnham, Mt. Wachusett in Princeton, and Mt. Asnebumskit in Paxton and Holden, on the border of the city of Worcester. Such was the region of Worcester County at the beginning of the Ice Age.

The Polar cap spread down the continent until New England was buried under ice hundreds of feet thick. Nothing could be slower than the action of glaciers, but nothing could be surer in the immensity of their forces. With boulders great and small as their abrasive agents, they ground along the surface of the earth, continuing the work which the waters of previous ages had already carried far. They scraped and crumbled the mountains, widened and deepened the valleys and wore away the plains.

Then came the melting, the century-long withdrawal of the ice front. It left behind it immense deposits of sand and gravel and boulders. Masses of debris were dropped as moraines, which sometimes served as dykes to form lakes and even to change the courses of the ancient streams. A thin sheet of boulder clay was deposited upon the plateau, and here and there were left rocky areas. Sand deposits were formed in the valleys and filled some of them to a considerable depth. But, according to Keith, the form of the Great Central Plateau of the county was only slightly modified. The topographic lines of the region as a whole were not obscured. Some of our lakes and ponds owe their existence to basins fashioned by the glaciers.

By far the most picturesque and characteristic of all the reminders of the Ice Age are the drumlins, those lovely, swelling hills, the profile lines of which are as symmetrically curved as the arc of a strung bow. The immense mounds of glacial rubbish, some of them relatively small like Newton Hill in Worcester, some of them lofty, wide-spreading hills like Mugget Hill in Charlton, were formed under the ice. Down the county they march, row on row, lending a great beauty in themselves and in their contrasts with the rugged outlines of hills and ridges of granite and schist.

When, before the Ice Age, the plain was lifted, it was left uptilted from south to north, and this remains a characteristic feature of the county's surface today. The eastern region is comparatively low-lying, the western and larger portion is occupied by the Great Plateau, otherwise known as the Highlands of Central Massachusetts, which are the southern continuation of the New Hampshire Highlands. The average elevation of the shire lying east of a line running north and south through Lake Quinsigamond on the easterly border of Worcester, is considerably less than 500 feet above the sea. West of that line the average elevation approaches 1,000 feet.

From Worcester the land rises quickly to the edge of the plateau. The water level of Lake Quinsigamond is 356 feet. The crest of Mt. Asnebumskit, only eight miles distant to the westward, is 1,408 feet. The slope from lake to summit is almost continuous. A few miles south of Asnebumskit is the village of Leicester with an altitude of 1,000 feet, two miles west lies Paxton village, 1,130 feet above the sea, and a few miles to the northward is Rutland town, rising 1,200 feet. We mention this particular country only to illustrate the wide and sudden variation between the eastern and western regions of the county. The uptilt of the highlands gives an average greater height of 100 feet in the north. The extremes of elevation of the shire are significant. Blackstone, in the southeastern corner, is 200 feet above the sea. The city of Gardner, near the northwestern corner, is over 1,000 feet, Mt. Wachusett, top of the shire, is 2,108 feet above the sea.

The Highlands are dominated by Mt. Wachusett. It is a landmark seen from most of the towns of Massachusetts and from far beyond its borders. Its domed outline is the first land to greet the mariner as his ship approaches the southern New England coast. Fifteen miles to the northward is Mt. Watatic, almost on the New Hampshire line, 1,847 feet above the sea. Asnebumskit lies twelve miles to the southward. Though much lower than its sister "Monadnock," it is nevertheless a notable eminence, for it is the highest point of land between Wachusett

and Long Island Sound, and, south of the Princeton Mountain, in the hundred miles between the Connecticut River and the Atlantic Ocean.

The Watersheds—The central region of the Highlands controls the watersheds of the entire county, with the exceptions of those which drain the towns along the eastern boundary. It comprises the hill and mountain country extending twenty-five miles from the northerly base of Mt. Wachusett to the southerly slopes of Asnebumskit. It lies almost exactly in the center of the county. From it waters flow in every direction. In the township of Leicester are three brooks whose sources are hardly more than two miles apart. The waters of one of them reach the ocean through the Blackstone River at Narragansett Bay. Those of another finally enter Long Island Sound at the mouth of the Connecticut River, a hundred miles distant from where its sister stream mingles its freshness with the salt sea. The third Leicester brook runs away to the southward into French River, and on through the Quinebaug and the Thames to the open ocean midway between the destinations of the neighbor brooklets in the Highlands.

The largest of the watersheds is that of the north and south branches of the Nashua River, which occupies the northern and northeastern county. The North Branch rises on the northern slopes and foothills of Mt. Wachusett, the South Branch on its eastern and southern slopes and nearby hills. The two unite at Lancaster, and the river flows northward to join the Merrimac at Nashua, in New Hampshire.

The northwestern area is drained by Millers River, which rises in the westerly vicinity of Wachusett and flows to the Connecticut River. Its southerly neighbor in the west county is the watershed of the Swift River, south of which is the Ware River country, and south of that the watershed of the Quabaug River. These three streams have their headwaters in the central Highlands and unite as the Chicopee River, which enters the Connecticut at the city of Chicopee.

The westerly and central portions of the south county constitute the watershed of the Quinebaug and French rivers, which come together in Connecticut as the Thames. The Blackstone River system drains a large area of the southeasterly territory of the county, its sources being in Lake Quinsigamond, and in the Asnebumskit country. The Charles River basin extends only into the one township of Milford. The other towns of the eastern border have the Sudbury River at the south and the Assabet River at the north, the two forming the Concord River which enters the Merrimac at Lowell.

The Man-Made Lakes—Could an early settler of the Nipmuck Country return to earth and stand on Mt. Wachusett or other eminence, he would demand: "Whence came all the water?" The county has many natural ponds, and a few of them were large in the beginning. Notable in this respect is Lake Chaubungungamaug in Webster and Dudley, whose name nowadays is often simplified to Webster Lake. Some of the original ponds remain as they always were. Others have been enlarged by the building of dams at their outlets, one such being Lake Quinsigamond in Worcester and Shrewsbury. But the greater number of ponds and lakes which dot the landscape are man-made. There are scores of mill ponds and reservoirs which supply the cities and towns with water.

Much the greatest of these is the Wachusett Reservoir, whose gigantic masonry dam at Clinton impounds the waters of the South Branch of the Nashua River. A lake is formed, more than eight miles in length, and covering six and a half square miles in the towns of Clinton, Boylston and West Boylston. When full it stores sixty-five billion gallons, the run-off of a watershed of 105 square miles. Its waters enter a tunnel sixteen feet in diameter, generate, in passing, four thousand horsepower of electric energy, emerge into an open aqueduct, and finally reach distributing reservoirs which supply the needs of the people and industries of the Metropolitan District of Boston. The Wachusett Dam closes a rocky gorge, and is 944 feet long and rises 114 feet above the ground level.

The irregular shore line of the reservoir measures thirty-seven miles. In all but a small part of this distance the adjacent land is covered with thick forest in which are tens of millions of trees, most of which were planted by the foresters of the Metropolitan District Water Supply Commission. During the twenty-five years since the basin was completed, the woodlands of much of the ten square miles of protective border land have grown to maturity. They form an impressive part of landscapes in which Mt. Wachusett and other summits of the Highlands are mirrored in the spreading reaches of the lake.

Here was an instance of the welfare of the many demanding the sacrifice of the interests of the relatively few. At the same time it brought about important geographic changes. Where now is the Wachusett Reservoir, there were, previous to the taking of the lands in the early 1890s, fertile farms and the thriving town of West Boylston. The old village still remains, but the business center of the town is now eighty feet under water. A granite-walled church, now a storehouse for tools and materials, stands at the water's edge, lifting its Gothic

tower as a reminder of the days when clustered about it were many comfortable homes.

The Metropolitan District has grown very rapidly in population, and still more rapidly in its demand for water. Its big reservoir no longer gave complete assurance of adequate supply in years of drought. Means had to be found for augmenting its sources. The next move was the taking of the flood waters of the Ware River, which flows in the valley beyond the high hills to the westward, and drains a watershed of ninety-eight square miles. A tunnel nearly thirteen feet in diameter was bored under the townships of Holden and Rutland—in the latter town a thousand feet below the surface—to Coldbrook, a little village in Barre, on the Oakham line. For twelve miles straight as an arrow the tunnel leads from its outlet in Oakdale to a shaft at Coldbrook, into which the Ware River waters pour from intake works, 205 feet down, to start on their way to Boston. Only flood waters may be taken, and these only from autumn to spring, but normally in that period, including the melting of the snows, an immense quantity passes to the Wachusett Reservoir. This supply became available in 1931. Coldbrook is another deserted village.

Swift River, an Inland Sea—These undertakings were on a scale sufficiently impressive. Many millions of dollars were spent on them. But they sink into insignificance when compared with the proposed Swift River Reservoir, which will extend for many miles along the western boundary of the county, and upon which preliminary work is already under way. It will be another unit in the chain of metropolitan water sources, and a tremendously bigger one.

Two dams of titanic proportions and lofty dykes will hold back the waters flowing from a watershed of 186 square miles. A lake will be created covering thirty-nine and a half square miles, and having a capacity of 410,000,000,000 gallons. It will be nearly seven times the size of Wachusett Reservoir. The recently completed tunnel to Coldbrook will be extended another twelve miles. The water level of the Swift River Reservoir will be 135 feet above that of Wachusett Reservoir. Therefore its waters will flow by gravity through the twenty-four miles of tunnel. At the outlet, a short distance up the Quinapoxet River from the Wachusett basin, a power station will convert this huge flow and 135-foot drop into electric energy.

A lake so vast, created artificially to cover a region which, though sparsely populated, has been nevertheless the abode of many people, is not easy to visualize. It will be as large as Narragansett Bay in Rhode

Island, or as Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire. It will inundate much of the township of Dana, and will encroach upon Petersham and Hardwick. The neighboring Hampshire township of Greenwich will be almost completely under water, and so will large areas of Enfield, Prescott and New Salem. Land will be taken not alone for the reservoir itself. Surrounding territory of close to one hundred square miles will become the property of the Commonwealth. It will afford absolute protection against pollution. A large portion of these takings of land is not regarded as a necessity. But extensive areas will be worthless for any other purpose, and therefore will be included in the magnificently comprehensive plan of development.

The main body of Swift River Reservoir will lie on the county border. It will extend north and south for nearly twenty miles, from the north boundary of Ware Township to the southern border of Orange. Its maximum width will be about five miles. Its surface will be broken by islands, several of which will be of considerable size. Connected with this larger lake at the southern end and parallel to it, a narrow arm will stretch twelve miles to the northward. Between the two will be left a peninsula ten miles long and about three miles wide, which will be included in the protected lands.

In the Swift River country another exodus was demanded. Fortunately, very few manufacturing plants were involved, and there were great tracts of wild country. But also there were many farms, and these and several villages, including North Dana, had to disappear. Their business blocks, houses, churches, and cemeteries had to go. In the country the farm buildings were razed. On the nearly forty miles of land which is to be flowed, not even a blade of grass will remain, for the surface will be stripped down to bed rock and hard pan. Forest trees will be planted everywhere on surrounding lands. Years hence people will seek the western hills of Worcester County and gaze upon a magnificent panorama of water set in forests among the hills extending as far as the eye can reach.

Great Work of Conservation—In this age of intelligent conservation, the Swift River Reservoir and the preserved lands about it will have a very important influence upon the preservation of wild life. The animals and birds will find a sanctuary the like of which in southern New England had never been dreamed of. The Wachusett Reservoir has already proved its great value in this respect, not only for the creatures which remain with us all the year round and the nesting birds, but as a stopping-off place in the spring and autumn bird migrations. This is

particularly true of the waterfowl. Many thousands of geese and ducks and other aquatic birds in their long flights regularly seek its surface and shores, their instinct and experience teaching them that they are safe. Infinitely more valuable in this respect will be the Swift River Reservoir, for not only will it be very large, and always under the watchful eyes of wardens and forest guards, but it will be far removed from all large centers of population.

In other ways than in the creation of water supplies has the geography of Massachusetts been changed since the twentieth century came in. The work of reforestration alone has accomplished highly important results. The Commonwealth has established fourteen State forests in the county, with a total area of 10,000 acres. The Mt. Wachusett Reservation in Princeton, and the Purgatory Chasm Reservation in Sutton, maintained by the State, and the Doane's Falls Reservation in Royalston, maintained by the county, are similarly conserving and extending the woodlands, and so are the State Wild Life Sanctuaries of Little Wachusett Mountain and Mt. Watatic. The Forestry Department of Harvard University has a demonstration forest of 2,100 acres in Petersham. The movement has spread to the towns, many of which have their town forests, and particularly to private owners of land. Hundreds of thousands of saplings, chiefly white pine, are planted each season. These, coupled with a decreased cutting of the county woodlands for lumber and firewood, are tending to increase the proportion of forest-covered country.

Area and Altitudes of Towns—A map of Worcester County showing the town boundary lines resembles the craziest kind of a crazy quilt. The townships are laid out in a bewildering variety of shapes and sizes. A few have a four-sided regularity, but the outlines of most of them are peculiarly angular. As a whole, this was all for good and sufficient reasons. Many of the townships are the results of splitting up original grants, which were of unwieldy size. Various exigencies governed the fixing of boundaries, chief among them the locations of parishes, villages and farming districts.

Another perplexing variation in the geography of the cities and towns is in their altitudes. We have already referred to this in a general way in sketching the geological history of the region. They played an important part in the development and progress of the towns. Those of the highlands, as a rule, were much handicapped by their ruggedness, and the lot of their settlers was by no means as easy as that of their neighbors of the lowlands. In more recent years this matter of eleva-

tion has often had an essential place in the study of farming possibilities. Then, too, a great many people are naturally interested in the heights of country through which they travel, particularly in their motor journeys.

Therefore we are including a table in which are combined the area of each township in Worcester County, and the altitudes of its city or town center, and of its loftier eminences.

ELEVATIONS AND AREAS OF WORCESTER COUNTY CITIES AND TOWNS.

	Elevation in Feet Above Sea Level.	*Area in Square Miles.*
Ashburnham		40.9
Town	1,060	
Mt. Hunger	1,420	
Jewell Hill	1,460	
Nutting Hill	1,600	
Mt. Watatic	1,847	
Athol		33
Town	550	
Chestnut Hill	1,000	
High Knob	980	
Round Top	1,260	
Auburn		16.4
Town	508	
Growl Hill	840	
Barre		44.8
Town	935	
Allen Hill	1,225	
Hawes Hill	1,277	
Prospect Hill	1,000	
Berlin		13.2
Town	375	
Mt. Pisgah	700	
Sulphur Hill	620	
Blackstone		11.3
Town	200	
Candlewood Hill	300	
Waterbug Hill	440	
Bolton		20
Town	390	
Pine Hill	480	
Wataquodoc Hill	660	
Boylston		19.8
Town	430	
Brookfield		16.8
Town	706	
Stone Hill	900	
Wheelock Hill	1,000	
Charlton		44
Town	820	
Mugget Hill	1,012	
Prospect Hill	925	
Clinton		7.2
Town	340	
Dana		19
Town	680	
Raccoon Hill	940	
Rattlesnake Hill	840	
Douglas		38.1
Town	582	
East Douglas	400	
Wallum Pond Hill	778	
Dudley		22
Town	685	
Bisco Hill	808	
East Brookfield		10.3
Town	620	
Teneriffe Hill	880	
Fitchburg		28.3
City Center	433	
Brown Hill	1,180	
Pearl Hill	980	
Rollstone Hill	820	
Gardner		22.8
City Center	1,100	
Barber Hill	1,240	
Bickford Hill	1,260	
Grafton		23.3
Town	632	
George Hill	600	
Keith Hill	620	
Hardwick		39.9
Town	900	
Poverty Hill	1,080	
Dougal Mountain	1,060	

ELEVATIONS AND AREAS OF WORCESTER COUNTY CITIES AND TOWNS.

	Elevation in Feet Above Sea Level.	*Area in Square Miles.*
Harvard		27
Town	420	
Prospect Hill	557	
Vaughn Hill	640	
Holden		36.2
Town	860	
Holbrook Hill	980	
Pine Hill	1,140	
Hopedale		5.3
Town	260	
Neck Hill	420	
Hubbardston		41.7
Town	1,020	
Gates Hill	1,240	
Lancaster		27.9
Town	320	
Ballard Hill	465	
George Hill	540	
Leicester		24.5
Town	1,000	
Leominster		29.5
Town	.....	
Ball Hill	1,120	
Bee Hill	1,160	
Manoosnoc Hill	1,000	
Lunenburg		27.5
Town	.....	
Hunting Hill	542	
Turkey Hill	647	
Mendon		17.9
Town	.....	
Inman Hill	480	
Wigwam Hill	540	
Milford		15
Town	280	
Silver Hill	520	
Millbury		16.4
Town	400	
Brigham Hill	600	
Potter Hill	760	
Millville		5
Town	215	
New Braintree		21
Town	990	
Tuft Hill	1,179	

	Elevation in Feet Above Sea Level.	*Area in Square Miles.*
Northboro		18.7
Town	293	
Assabet Hill	454	
Bartlett Hill	673	
Ball Hill	720	
Northbridge		18
Town	300	
Northbridge Center	500	
North Brookfield		22
Town	960	
Batcheller Hill	920	
Cooly Hill	1,100	
Oakham		21.2
Town	1,100	
Prospect Hill	1,164	
Oxford		27.4
Town	480	
Fort Hill	860	
Rocky Hill	810	
Paxton		15.4
Town	1,130	
Mt. Asnebumskit	1,407	
Crocker Hill	1,180	
Petersham		39
Town	1,100	
Prospect Hill	1,360	
Soapstone Hill	880	
Phillipston		24.3
Town	1,165	
Prospect Hill	1,380	
Ward Hill	1,340	
Princeton		35.7
Town	1,140	
Pine Hill	1,440	
Mt. Wachusett	2,108	
Little Wachusett	1,563	
Royalston		42.4
Town	1,030	
Jacob Hill	1,100	
Rutland		36.1
Town	1,200	
Rice Hill	1,260	
Turkey Hill	1,080	
Shrewsbury		21.8
Town	670	
Rawson Hill	748	

ELEVATIONS AND AREAS OF WORCESTER COUNTY CITIES AND TOWNS.

	Elevation in Feet Above Sea Level.	*Area in Square Miles.*
Southboro		15.4
Town	320	
Wolfpen Hill	460	
Southbridge		20.7
Town	500	
Hatchet Hill	1,020	
Spencer		34
Town	800	
Moose Hill	1,120	
Sterling		31.6
Town	500	
Fitch Hill	740	
Justice Hill	920	
White Hill	740	
Sturbridge		39
Town	600	
Blake Hill	1,060	
Lead Mine Mountain	960	
Mt. Dan	860	
Sutton		34
Town	520	
Putnam Hill	783	
Templeton		32.2
Town	1,140	
Baldwinville	903	
Crow Hill	1,160	
Dolbier Hill	1,280	
Mine Hill	1,220	
Upton		21.8
Town	300	
Peppercorn Hill	580	
Pratt Hill	608	
Uxbridge		29.8
Town	234	
Goods Hill	400	
Warren		27.8
Town	650	
Marks Mountain	1,100	
Webster		14.5
Town	460	
Mt. Daniel	785	
Wood Hill	930	
Westboro		21.5
Town	300	
Boston Hill	560	
Fay Mountain	707	
West Boylston		13.8
Town	460	
French Hill	520	
Malden Hill	880	
West Brookfield		21.2
Town	680	
Coy Hill	1,100	
Ragged Hill	1,227	
Westminster		37.1
Town	1,000	
Bean Porridge Hill	1,120	
Beech Hill	1,160	
Winchendon		44
Town	1,000	
Mt. Pleasant	1,280	
Tallow Hill	1,100	
Worcester		38.5
City Hall	481	
Bancroft Hill	720	
Chandler Hill	721	
Green Hill	777	
Pakachoag Hill	693	
Parker Hill	1,000	
Winter Hill	980	

Climate of the County—The climate of Worcester County is as varied as the terrain. It gives a wide range of temperature and a moderate humidity. Weather changes are frequent and often rapid and sometimes severe. The winters have periods of intense cold and occasional storms of great severity, which bury the country under deep snow. The summers are moderately hot. The region has marked climatic variations within itself, as, for instance, between the relatively low country of the southeastern county and the lofty highlands of the northwestern area.

No part of the shire lies near enough to the ocean to feel, excepting rarely, the dampness peculiar to the coastal region. The average summer temperature is estimated at about 65 degrees, the average winter temperature at about 25 degrees. The normal annual rainfall is about 45 inches.

By and large, the county has a healthy climate. The highland country is famous for its pure and invigorating air. Rutland, 1,200 feet above the sea, is peculiarly well adapted in atmosphere and soil for the successful treatment of tuberculosis, and has great sanitariums, maintained by the Federal Government, the Commonwealth and private enterprise. Others of the hill towns are fashionable summer resorts, among them Princeton, Petersham, Harvard and Lunenburg.

Most of the time, at all seasons, the county's climate is delightful. At its worst, it is pleasantly endurable, owing to the present day comforts of home and business existence and of transport. But in the early days the pioneers found weather one of the great obstacles in effecting a settlement. In winter deep snows blocked the rude thoroughfares for weeks at a time. Because of the absence of bridges, the spring and autumn floods made streams impassable. The settlers had these things to contend with as well as the inhospitality of the soil of much of the territory. But the men and women who first entered the county, and those who came after them in the period of transition from wilderness to cleared and settled country, were not of the breed to be daunted by rugged climate or rugged land. The very difficulties which the forefathers encountered and overcame were powerful influences in creating that sturdy New England stock which, moving westward in succeeding waves of migration, has played so great a part in the expansion of the Union.

The Wild Life of the Shire—In its wild life, Worcester County is situated in what science calls the Allegheny or Transition faunal zone. To the northward is the Canadian zone, to the southward, extending up into southern Connecticut, is the Carolinian zone. The same divisions mark the floral life of the region. Neighboring zones may have much wild life in common, but each has its own distinctive mammals and birds, plants and trees, which under usual conditions are not found in any great numbers in adjacent zones. With the birds this means their breeding grounds, with the animals their usual habitat. A line drawn from the northeastern to the southwestern corners of New England is the northern edge of the Transition zone, and this line passes through northern Worcester County. The southern lowlands are not far

removed from the influence of the Carolinian zone. For these reasons wild life, and more especially bird life, is exceptionally diversified, because there is the natural overlapping of species.

Another influence is forest growth and elevation. The higher slopes of the mountains of the northern Highlands have an altitude which climatically is the equivalent of a more northerly latitude. Here we find nesting birds of the Canadian zone such as the white-throated sparrow and junco, and so we do in the spruce-grown country of Winchendon and Ashburnham. Not infrequently birds of the Carolinian fauna wander up into the south county. Occasionally a mockingbird winters in the Highlands of the central county.

There is the same intermingling of plant life. In the forested Highlands of the north county are found growing together trees of the three zones—red pines, canoe and yellow birch, beech and basswood, sugar maple and spruce, all of the Canadian zone; hickory, tupelo, sassafras, pitch pine and various oaks, which are characteristic of the northern limits of the Carolinian zone; and white pine, hemlock, red oak and white ash of the Transition zone. In the same forest region grow flowering plants, such as the little Linnæa, which are typically of the Canadian flora.

In the settlement of a new country, the advance of civilization, the operations of the farmer, lumberman, hunter, trapper and fisherman, bring about important changes in wild life. In Worcester County, the bear, panther and wolf disappeared, because they were hunted as dangerous animals, and because their natural haunts were violated. The beaver, otter and martin went because they were trapped to extinction for their fur, and the moose because its hide and meat were needed by the settlers. The wild turkey, once a common bird, was exterminated because it was very good to eat and its feathers were decorative. The salmon and shad were no longer able to pass up the rivers from the sea to their spawning grounds, because man blocked the way with dams. It is long since the wild cries of the trumpeter swan and the whooping crane were heard. Here, as everywhere, the passenger pigeon, a century ago so numerous as to darken the sky with its migrating flocks, is gone forever. The bald eagle is a rare visitor.

While animal life is far less numerous in the county nowadays, there still remain most of the species with which the early settlers were familiar. The deer, under protection, is now common. Numbers of bay lynxes are shot every winter, and in the north county we still have the hedgehog. The raccoon is successfully hunted in wild lands, and the red fox has held its own against the hunters and their hounds. In the

heavily wooded swamps lives the varying hare, and the little cottontail rabbit is common and even wanders into city gardens. Beyond a doubt there are dozens of woodchucks today to every one which inhabited the forest country of primeval central Massachusetts. Nor has the muskrat succumbed, even though the trappers have been constantly after it for many years.

Among the birds the changes have been infinitely greater. Edward Howe Forbush, in his *Birds of Massachusetts,* 1927, wrote: "The settlers of necessity cut away more or less of the forests and transformed the land into cultivated fields and pastures, driving out the forest birds, but increasing the birds of the open. It seems probable that there are in New England today more sparrows, orioles, robins, bluebirds and other birds that feed in the open than were here when the country was settled. The cultivation of the soil brought in numerous earthworms and greatly increased insects that feed on farm lands, such as grasshoppers and cutworms, thus providing an accession to the food supply of the field-birds. On the other hand, woodpeckers and forest birds may have decreased somewhat in numbers as the forest area was reduced. During the last fifty years, however, many farms in rough and rocky regions have been abandoned and are now overgrown with forest trees, thus adding to the breeding area of forest birds. There is more wild land than there was seventy-five years ago."

The greatest change of all has been with the waterfowl. Originally, the Canada goose and some of the ducks bred in Worcester County, and these we now know only in their migrations, and then, of course, in nothing like the numbers of the old days. Once upon a time there was a far greater abundance of game birds, notably the ruffed grouse and the quail. These have been kept from extermination by game laws, and the Mongolian pheasant has been acclimated and has increased rapidly, particularly, strange as it may seem, near populated neighborhoods. The changes in bird life which began when the early settlers started swinging their axes have never ceased, even to the present day.

The Growth of the County—The growth of Worcester County in population and wealth has been steady, and, for an old-established county, rapid. The census of 1930 gives it 491,242 people, and, based upon tax valuation, $747,829,888 of wealth. It ranks fourth among the fourteen Massachusetts counties both in population and wealth, being outranked only by Suffolk, Middlesex and Essex. Another measure of the progress and also the thrift of its inhabitants may be found in the approximately $500,000,000 of deposits in its banks, commercial, mutual

MT. WACHUSETT, TOP OF THE WORLD OF WORCESTER COUNTY

Photo by Dwight A. Davis

savings and coöperative. In 1790, when the first census was taken, the county had a population of 56,807, in 1830, 84,355, and in 1890, 280,787. In the intervening forty years, to 1930, the increase was more than 210,000.

The accompanying table of population contains two spans of a century each from 1790 to 1890, and from 1830 to 1930. Considered territorially, the growth has been most uneven. Insignificantly small towns are now important cities, other towns which were small a hundred years ago are even smaller today. We find Worcester grown from 4,173 in 1830 to 195,311, in 1930, Fitchburg from 2,169 to 40,692, Leominster from 1,930 to 21,810, and Gardner from 1,023 to 19,399. These are the four cities of the county. Among the fifty-seven towns are other communities whose increase in population is almost as impressive, and several that have attained a size sufficient to warrant a city status. Milford has 14,741 people, Southbridge 14,264, Webster 12,992, and Clinton 12,817.

Others of the towns have dwindled. To compare their present population with that of 1790 would not be fair, for at that time they had not finished the process of splitting up their territories to form other towns. Some of the original grants based on purchase from the Indians were very large. Rutland, for example, covered 144 square miles. From it were cut off all or a part of the present towns of Princeton, Hubbardston, Paxton, and Oakham. The original territory of Lancaster was sheared away in the laying out of the towns of Leominster, Bolton, Harvard, Berlin, Clinton, Sterling, and Shrewsbury.

But by 1830, the subdividing was practically finished, so far as it affected materially a comparison of population. Of the fifteen towns whose population was less in 1930 than in 1830, only Brookfield had given up populous area during the century, as it did in the establishment of East Brookfield. The fourteen others are Bolton, Charlton, Dana, Harvard, Hubbardston, Mendon, New Braintree, Oakham, Petersham, Phillipston, Princeton, Royalston, Sutton, and Sterling.

Growth has come only where manufacturing industry had prospered, or where the trend toward suburban residence has been felt, as it has in the towns adjoining Worcester. Some of the strictly farming towns have held their own, but usually this has been because of number of residents of the villages rather than those of the farms. The falling away has come in the towns where agricultural conditions were most difficult; where, until the coming of the motor truck, markets were not easily accessible; and where living conditions were neither happy nor

wholesome because of the semi-solitude and lonesomeness which preceded the telephone and radio and automobile, and electric light and power. Many farms were abandoned because the younger generation refused to repeat the toilsome and unremunerative lives of their parents. Another cause of decreasing population was the partial or complete disappearance of industries which gave local employment, such as woodenware manufacturing and lumbering.

In recent years, however, there has begun a movement back to the abandoned Worcester County farms. Participating in this, to some extent, are farmers who hope, under modern conditions, to make the venture profitable. More important than they are city people, who, because of their cars, and because of the comforts now available in the country, are buying old places and making of them summer homes, where they may farm a little, but where the chief attraction is the charm of environment. Nowhere are landscapes more beautiful than in these old hill towns.

POPULATION OF WORCESTER COUNTY—1790, 1830, 1890, 1930.

	1790.	*1830.*	*1890.*	*1930.*
Ashburnham	970	1,402	2,074	2,079
Athol	850	1,325	6,319	10,677
Auburn (Ward)	473	690	1,532	6,147
Barre	1,613	2,503	2,239	3,510
Berlin	512	692	884	1,075
Blackstone	.....	.....	6,138	4,674
Bolton	861	1,253	827	764
Boylston	840	820	770	1,097
Brookfield	3,100	2,342	3,352	1,352
Charlton	1,965	2,173	1,847	2,154
Clinton	.....	.....	10,424	12,817
Dana	.....	623	700	505
Douglas	1,080	1,742	1,908	2,195
Dudley	1,114	2,155	2,944	4,265
East Brookfield	.....	.....	.....	926
Fitchburg	1,151	2,169	22,037	40,692
Gardner	530	1,023	8,424	19,399
Grafton	880	1,889	5,002	7,030
Hardwick	1,725	1,885	2,922	2,460
Harvard	1,400	1,600	1,095	987
Holden	1,080	1,719	2,623	3,871
Hopedale	.....	.....	1,176	2,973
Hubbardston	1,000	1,674	1,346	1,010
Lancaster	1,460	2,014	2,201	2,897
Leicester	1,100	1,782	3,120	4,445
Leominster	1,190	1,930	7,269	21,810
Lunenburg	1,300	1,317	1,146	1,923
Mendon	1,555	3,152	919	1,107
Milford	840	1,360	8,780	14,741
Millbury	.....	1,611	4,428	6,957
Millville	.....	.....	.....	2,111
New Braintree	940	825	573	407
Northboro	620	992	1,952	1,946
Northbridge	570	1,053	4,603	9,713

POPUTATION OF WORCESTER COUNTY—1790, 1830, 1890, 1930.

	1790.	*1830.*	*1890.*	*1930.*
North Brookfield	.....	1,241	3,871	3,013
Oakham	772	1,010	738	502
Oxford	1,000	2,034	2,616	3,943
Paxton	558	597	445	672
Petersham	1,520	1,696	1,050	660
Phillipston (Gerry)	740	932	502	357
Princeton	1,016	1,346	982	717
Royalston	1,130	1,493	1,030	744
Rutland	1,072	1,276	980	2,442
Shrewsbury	963	1,386	1,449	6,910
Southboro	840	1,080	2,114	2,166
Southbridge	.....	1,444	7,655	14,264
Spencer	1,322	1,618	8,747	6,272
Sterling	1,428	1,794	1,244	1,502
Sturbridge	1,800	1,688	2,074	1,772
Sutton	2,642	2,186	3,180	2,147
Templeton	950	1,552	2,999	4,159
Upton	900	1,167	1,878	2,026
Uxbridge	1,310	2,086	3,408	6,285
Warren (Western)	900	1,189	4,681	3,765
Webster	.....	.....	7,031	12,992
Westboro	934	1,438	5,195	6,409
West Boylston	.....	1,055	3,019	2,114
West Brookfield	.....	.....	1,592	1,255
Westminster	1,176	1,696	1,688	1,925
Winchendon	950	1,463	4,390	6,202
Worcester	2,100	4,173	84,655	195,311
	56,742	84,355	280,787	491,242

Increasing Transport Facilities—The county has no water communications. Its rivers are not navigable for any craft larger than a skiff or canoe. A century ago the Blackstone Canal connected Worcester with the sea at Providence, but it was discontinued upon the advent of railroads. The region is well served by three great systems of competing railroad lines—the Boston & Albany division of the New York Central, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and the Boston & Maine, which with their branches constitute a network covering the county.

In the light of modern transportation facilities, of greatest importance is the constantly growing system of State highways, which give access not only to the cities and important towns, but to nearly every village in the shire. The county in 1932 had 293.5 miles of these modern thoroughfares. The sum total of all its highways is 4,308 miles, largest of any county in the State, and most of these have now been improved to permit of safe and comfortable driving of automobile and truck.

CHAPTER II.

The Nipmuck Country and Its People

To the uninformed imagination, Worcester County as the early settlers found it, appears covered, hill and plain, with dense forests of mighty trees shading a jungle-like growth of underbrush. Such, however, is not a true picture of the great wilderness which stretched from the thin fringe of English settlements on the east to the Connecticut Valley and beyond. The wet swamps were heavily wooded and well-nigh impenetrable. But the dry uplands had been burned over each autumn by many generations of Indians, to make their hunting easier and to remove the coverts in which raiding red enemies might skulk.

There remained only a sparse growth of old timber and a clean forest floor, over which explorers on their horses looked long distances through the vistas of tree-trunks. Here and there, old writers relate, were grassy lawns broken by groves or scattered trees, much like the oak-openings of the Wisconsin country of the Great Lakes. The meadows, too, along the streams in the valleys, and more particularly in the intervales, were kept clear of brush by fire, and their soil, enriched each year by the sediment of floods and the ashes of the burnings, yielded grasses and sedges lush and tall.

The character of the forests, in their variety of trees, was much as it is today. There were areas covered with white pine and pitch pine, and in the uplands were spruce and hemlock. But most of the timber growth was deciduous, comprising oak, walnut and chestnut, butternut and beech, maple, birch and ash. The old Indian trails followed the divides, avoiding the swamps and seeking the streams at their fords. Such was the home land of the group of tribes which are usually referred to by the general name of Nipmuck, or Nipnet, which translates as "Fresh Pond" Indians, as distinguished from the coast tribes and the river tribes of the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers and their tributaries.

The Indians of the Nipmuck Country and other Massachusetts tribes had not yet recovered from a plague which swept through their villages in 1612-1613, not many years before the landing of the Pilgrims. Their peoples had been decimated by some deadly disease, which the tribes of Connecticut and Rhode Island escaped. The total Indian population of the region was not large. The Nipmuck war strength was greatly inferior to that of the Pocanokets of the Plymouth country, the Narragansetts of Rhode Island, and the Mohegans of Connecticut. Until, in 1637, the English destroyed the power of the Pequods, a truculent tribe living along the Thames River, they, too, were a constant threat to the Nipmucks. Evidently they lived on friendly terms with the Merrimack Indians, and other tribes to the northward. But they were almost defenseless against the war parties of the fierce Mohawks of the Hudson Valley, who were hereditary enemies of the New England tribes, and at intervals raided the villages of the Connecticut Valley, and sometimes extended their depredations to the Nipmuck country.

One great reason why the southern tribes were so strong was the superiority of their food supply. They had the ocean to depend upon, yielding them fish, and oysters for the dredging, lobsters for the trapping, and clams for the digging. In winter as well as in summer, they could keep starvation away, while the inland Indians were frequently experiencing weakening famine. They lived well, and their lands supported a large population.

Because of their power, each of these southern neighbors at one time or another claimed sovereignty over the Nipmucks, which they denied, but to which, on occasion, they were compelled to yield.

The Fresh Pond Indians have been regarded by some historians as inferior in culture to the southern New England tribes. They had lost prestige with their own race before the English came. From the Indians' standpoint they demeaned themselves still farther by their docility in their relations with the whites, particularly by the spineless manner in which they threw aside their own ancient spiritual faith to accept the Christian teachings of Missionary John Eliot and his followers, an apostacy of which few Poconokets or Narragansetts or Mohegans were ever guilty.

But when King Philip, sachem of the Poconokets, sought the alliance of the Nipmucks, only the Praying Indians, and by no means all of these, failed to answer his call. They were on the warpath while many of his own people were still vacillating between him and the English. Only a few weeks elapsed after the attack on the settlers at Swansea in Rhode Island before the Nipmucks descended upon the settlement at Mendon. Theirs was the first act of real war. The Swansea killings were little more than the murder of next door neighbors. The Nipmuck warriors proved themselves as skillful and

brave, as treacherous and ruthless and cruel, as the best of the Narragansetts and Poconokets.

Nipmuck Tribes and Their Villages—The Nipmuck country extended from Natick to the easterly parts of what are now the counties of Hampden, Hampshire, and Franklin, and from north of Mt. Wachusett to Woodstock, then a part of Massachusetts, now over the line in Connecticut. The Nipmucks had a number of branches, each named for the locality it inhabited. There were the Nashways of Lancaster, and the Washacums of Sterling; the Wachusetts of the region of the mountain; the Pegans of Dudley, and the Quaboags of the Brookfields. But a great part of the tribe, occupying the principal portion of what is now central and southern Worcester County, and were actually "Pond Indians," had no other name than Nipmuck. At the time of the settlement of Plymouth it is estimated that in all Massachusetts there were no more than 10,000 natives. The Indian population of Worcester County must have been relatively meager. Not many years later, when Eliot was working among the Indians, the number was set at 1,150.

There were villages in Worcester, at Lake Quinsigamond and on Tatnuck and Pakachoag Hills; in Grafton; in Dudley, on the shore of Lake Chaubungungamaug; on the Sudbury, in Marlboro, which included the lands of the present towns of Westboro, Southboro, and Northboro; on the Quaboag in Brookfield; at Tantiusque in Sturbridge; on the Nashua River in Lancaster; on Lake Washacum in Sterling; at Wachusett, in Princeton; at Nichewaug, on the Swift River; in Petersham on the Ware River in New Braintree, in Oxford, and Uxbridge on the Blackstone. Doubtless, from time to time, the Nipmucks pitched their wigwams elsewhere.

The Indians of New England lived a simple and improvident life. Their tribal territories probably had no sharply defined boundaries so far as hunting grounds were concerned, but the tribes usually respected one another's rights of domain. Each territory had certain characteristics—ample hunting grounds, arable lands for the crops, groves of chestnut, oak and walnut, which were carefully guarded in the burning of the forests, and good fishing grounds on lake or stream.

Friendly tribes held certain fishing places as common property, particularly the river-sides, at the foot of falls of the larger rivers, where they gathered in great numbers for the annual run of salmon and shad, and at certain camp-sites on the smaller streams up which alewives ran in the spring of the year. Immense numbers of fish were taken from the rivers. As the salmon or shad ascended the stream they were caught in scoop-nets and with spears and shot with arrows. As they descended on their way back from their spawning grounds to the sea, they were caught with the aid of rudely

constructed weirs, which consisted of rude stone walls built out from the opposite banks, pointing down stream and nearly but not quite meeting. At this narrow opening was set a large trap of stout twigs fastened to hoops by withes of young elm or other tough bark. In this manner, great quantities of fish were caught. The Indians, old and young, gorged themselves with the bounteous food and held high festival with dances and general jollity. Until the white man came, it must be remembered, there was no drunken revelling, for the Indians knew no other drink than water. The surplus fish were cured by smoking, for want of salt, and carried back to the villages for storage.

In locating a village site certain requisites were demanded—a conveniently situated fishing place, on a river or not far from the outlet of a pond; large fields for planting; a level spot spacious enough to provide room for the wigwams and "long-houses," and also for the holding of the frequent councils and festivals and dances, and for the incantations, of the pow-wows, in which they invoked the spirits to help them in whatever emergency had arisen; and finally, strategic advantages over an attacking enemy. Certain of the villages were fortified with palisades, perhaps not all the time, but when there were strained relations with another tribe.

Podunk has a certain quality of sound to the modern ear that lends itself to jest. But no word in the Indian language is less deserving of merriment. Podunk was "the place of burning," where captives were given over to torture. The village of Quaboag in Brookfield had this grim convenience, and others in the Nipmuck country were no doubt equally well equipped for giving their prisoners the opportunity to display stoic courage.

Manners of Indian Living—The wigwam had for its framework poles or branches set in a circle and made to converge at the top and there tied together. To this structure was fastened a covering of mats or bark, leaving a small opening at the top to serve as chimney for the escape of smoke from the fire beneath in the center of the earthen floor. The better sort of wigwam had also lining of mats, or, in winter, of furs. A mat or skin, arranged to drop over a small opening in the side of the wigwam, served as a door, of which ordinarily there were two on opposite sides, so that one was always for the time being to the windward and could be kept closed.

Some of the villages had "long-houses" or lodges, stoutly built of poles and withes, and with weather-proof roofs of bark or rush mats. Gookin, writing in 1674, tells us that the smallest of these were twenty feet long, and others were forty feet, and he had seen them even a hundred feet long and thirty feet broad. In them the Indians developed a technique similar to that of the portable house of today, for sometimes they built their lodges

in removable slab-like sections. They stripped off great sections of the bark of trees when the sap was running and it was soft and pliable, and pressed together a number of them under heavy weights, such as a tree-trunk or rock. Then the slabs were set each in its place in the wall and there permitted to dry. When they were removed they retained their form. By this means, with a minimum of labor, a "long-house" could be taken down and set up again elsewhere.

In cold weather the lodges had more than one fire, the number depending upon the size of the structure, so that all the occupants would be kept comfortable. Each fire had its opening in the roof above it. On the roof, close to each hole, was suspended a small mat, which was manipulated from within by a cord. When the smoke beat down this windscreen was turned to the windward side, and the nuisance was abated. The walls of the lodges were hung with mats or skins, as in the wigwams, and the entrances were similarly closed. "I have often lodged in their wigwams," wrote Gookin, "and found them as warm as the best English houses."

In sleeping the Indians made use of a kind of "couch or mattress, firm and strong, raised about a foot from the ground; first covered with boards which they split out of trees; and upon the boards they spread mats generally, and sometimes bear skins and deer skins. These were large enough for three or four persons to lodge; and one might draw either nearer or keep at a more distance from the fire, as they pleased, for their mattresses were six to eight feet broad."

These were the apartment houses of the Indians, for in them lived, perhaps, several distinct families, or the ramifications of one family. Eliot did not approve of them, and preached against them, particularly as he tried to stamp out the common practice of polygamy.

Of greatest importance in the Nipmuck village were the "barns," in which the squaws stored their dried corn and peas and smoked fish, and probably smoked meats, likewise. These were circular excavations in the ground, commonly in the sloping side of a knoll or bank, to secure dryness by good drainage. The smaller "barns" were from three to five feet in diameter, and of an equal depth. The larger were from ten to fifteen feet in diameter by five to ten feet deep. In digging, the sides were left slightly converging, and in tenaceous soil were not likely to cave in. Where the soil was sandy the sides were lined with a coating of clay mortar, which was hardened by fire. Clay, thus treated by the Indians and used in their "barns," is sometimes found unbroken, even at this late day. When filled, the pits were covered with poles and long grass, brush and sod, and thus made weatherproof. They were placed close together, in order that they might

be encircled by a palisade, which was made strong enough to keep out bears, wolves, and other wild marauders.

The clothing of the male Indians in the summer was nothing more than a piece of skin, like an apron around the waist, in winter a bearskin or robe made of the skins of smaller animals. One old writer said: "Their coats are made of divers sorts of skins, whence they have their deer-skin coats, their beaver coats, their raccoon coats and their squirrel coats. Within this coat of skin they sleep very contentedly by day or night, in the house or in the woods. They also have the skin of a great beast called moose, as big as an ox, which some call a red deer, which they commonly paint for their summer wearing with a variety of forms and colors."

Of the women, head, arms and legs were uncovered. A mat or a skin, neatly prepared, tied over the shoulders and fastened to the waist by a girdle, extended from the neck to the knees. The summer garments of moose and deer-skin were painted in many colors, and they had mantles fashioned of the most brilliant feathers of the wild turkey, fastened by threads of wild hemp or nettle. These were made by the old men as well as by the women. The Nipmuck Indians carried their art beyond their raiment. Some of their earthenware was decorated, particularly around the brim, with characteristic handsome designs in color.

Upon the feet men and women alike wore moccasins of finely cured deer-skin. In winter their snowshoes made it possible to hunt the deer and moose in their "yards," no matter how deep the snow might lie.

The Nipmuck hunted the bear and deer and moose with bow and arrow, and, of course, after the English came and they had secured firearms, with powder and bullet. They also trapped the larger animals in pits. They were past masters in the art of snaring the smaller animals and the game-birds. The flesh of wild creatures was, naturally, a very important part of their diet.

They were husbandmen, also. They cleared and cultivated spacious fields, where their corn and beans, squash and pumpkins throve in rich, virgin soil. Corn to them was as much the staff of life as bread is to man today. As the ears came into milk they were boiled or roasted, and eaten as we eat our corn on the cob. Dried, it was pounded with a stone pestle in a stone or wooden mortar into a meal. Or it was hulled or cracked into hominy, in stone or earthen kettles, or boiled with beans as succotash. Parched corn was the mainstay of the hunter in the forest or the brave on the war-path. With a supply of it in a basket or pouch on his back or in his girdle, he had but to seize his bow or gun, his quiver of arrows or powder-horn and bullet pouch, his tomahawk and scalping knife, and he was ready for

action. Their meat they roasted in the embers or on spits before the fire, or boiled or broiled over the coals.

But we have only suggested the general diet of the Nipmuck Indians. In reality they had a considerable variety of foods. The wild bees gave them ample stores of honey. Generations before the whites came they had learned how to draw the sap from the maple and boil it down into syrup or sugar. Gookin, who must have known their cooking well, wrote of it: "Their food is generally boiled maize or Indian corn, mixed with kidney beans, or sometimes without. Also they frequently boil in this potage fish and flesh of all sorts, either new taken or dried, as shad, eels, alewives or a sort of herring, or any other sort of fish. Also they boil in this furmenty all sorts of flesh; as venizen, beaver, bear's flesh, moose, otter, rackoon, or any kind that they take in hunting; cutting this flesh into small pieces, and boiling it as aforesaid.

"Also they mix with the said potage several sorts of roots; as Jerusalem artichokes, and ground-nuts, and other roots, and pompions (pumpkins) and squashes, and also several sorts of nuts and masts, as oak acorns, chestnuts, walnuts, these husked and dried and powdered, they thicken their potage therewith. With this meal they make bread, baking it in the ashes, covering the dough with leaves. Sometimes they make of their meal a small sort of cakes, and boil them.

"They also make a certain sort of meal of parched maize. This meal they call nokake. It is so sweet, toothsome and hearty, that an Indian will travel many days with no other food but this meal, which he eateth as he needs, and after it to drinketh water. And for their need, when they travel a journey, or go a hunting, they carry this nokake in a basket or bag, for their use." It is conjectured that these "journey cakes," as they came to be called, were the original Johnnycake, the later name being a corruption of the former.

But the Indians were fearfully improvident. When there was plenty, they devoured food with no thought for the morrow, and, worse than that, no thought for the winter. Among the Nipmucks, early summer, too, was often a time of scarcity, and they were compelled to depend upon small game, little fish, fresh water clams, crawfish, ground-nuts, greens and berries. George Bancroft pictures "troops of girls with baskets of bark gathering the fragrant wild strawberry, and the blueberry and blackberry and raspberry."

The Indian's dishes and spoons and ladles were fashioned of a wood which had no tendency to split, and were of excellent craftsmanship and finish. Their kettles of earthenware were frail affairs, and they were quick to trade for the iron and copper utensils of the English. Their pails

with which to carry water were made of birch bark, artfully folded up with four corners to which were caught a handle. According to Gookin's description, some of these would hold two or three gallons, and one could be made in an hour's time.

From the same bark they made baskets great and small, some holding three or four bushels, and so downward to a pint. In these they kept their provisions, and they were, of course, indispensable. Other baskets were made of rushes, or splinths, corn husks, a wild hemp and a kind of silk grass. "Many of them were very neat and artificial, with the portraitures of birds, beasts, fishes and flowers."

The money of the Indians was wampumpeage, which was made from the shell of the quahaug clam, both white and purple parts being used for the purpose. It was fashioned into button-like pieces about a sixteenth of an inch thick and a quarter of an inch in diameter, with a hole in the center for stringing on a cord of bark or hemp. The purple and white pieces alternated on the string, and the purple was considered to have twice the value of the white. Until the white settlement, very little of it entered into the dealing of the inland tribes, however, for they were far removed from the source of raw material. Their trade was confined to barter. The English fixed a value on it of five shillings a fathom or six feet. After it ceased to have use as money, it was still valued highly by the natives in adorning their persons.

Our Indians had a deep knowledge of the medicinal values of the roots and barks, and seeds and leaves of the vegetable life about them. Their medicine men, whom they called pow-wows, were credited even by the English with having considerable skill in the treatment of the sick and injured. They certainly contributed notably to the sum total of European medicinal knowledge of the day. As with all primitive people, the pow-wows claimed for themselves supernatural powers, and accompanied their ministrations with grotesque ceremony and incantation. They played prominent parts in some of the festivals, such as those of the corn and the fishing, and had still more important rôles in times of trouble and stress, when their duty was to drive away or propitiate malignant or angry spirits. Naturally, they convinced the English that they were boon companions of the devil and all his minions. Daniel Gookin voices the general attitude of the Puritans, in the following paragraph:

"There are among them certain men and women whom they call powows. These are partly wizards and witches, holding familiarity with Satan, that evil one; and partly are physicians and make use, at least in show, of herbs and roots, for curing the sick and diseased. They are sent for by the sick and wounded, and by their diabolical spells, mutterings and exorcisms, they

seem to do wonders. Sometimes broken bones have been set, wounds healed, sick recovered; but together with these there sometimes are external applications of herbs, roots, splinters, and binding up the wound. These powows are reputed, and I conceive justly, to hold familiarity with the devil; and therefore are by the English laws prohibited from exercising their spells within the white settlements, under penalty of heavy fine."

Family Life of the Nipmucks—The Indians loved their children dearly and treated them kindly. Father and mother alike were very close to their offspring. Bancroft describes this relationship, thus:

"The squaw loved her child with instinctive passion; and if she did not manifest it by lively caresses, her tenderness was real, wakeful and constant. No savage mother ever trusted her babe to a hireling nurse. To the cradle, consisting of thin pieces of light wood, and gayly ornamented with quills of the porcupine, and beads, and rattles, the nursling was firmly attached, and carefully wrapped in furs; and the infant, thus swathed, its back at its mother's back, was borne as the topmost burden,—its dark eyes now gleefully flashing light, now accompanying with tears the wailings which the plaintive melodies of the carrier cannot hush. Or, while the squaw toils in the field, she hung her child, as spring does its blossoms, on the boughs of a tree, that it might be rocked by the breezes from the land of souls, and soothed to sleep by the lullaby of the birds. Did the mother die, the nursling—such is Indian compassion—shared her grave."

"On quitting the cradle, the children were left nearly naked in the wigwam to grow hardy, and learn the use of their limbs. Juvenile sports are the same everywhere; children invent them for themselves. There was no domestic government; the young did as they would. They were never earnestly reproved, injured or beaten; a dash of cold water in the face was the heaviest punishment. If they assisted in the labors of the household, it was as a pastime, not as a charge. Yet they showed respect to their chiefs, and deferred with docility to those of their wigwam.

"The attachment of savages to their offspring was extreme; and they could not bear separation from them. Hence every attempt at founding schools for their children was a failure. A missionary would gather a little flock about him, and of a sudden, writes Le Jeune, 'my birds flew away.' From their insufficient and irregular supplies of clothing and food, they learned to endure hunger and rigorous seasons; of themselves they became fleet of foot, and skillful in swimming; their courage was nursed by tales respecting their ancestors, till they burned with a love of glory to be acquired by valor and address. So soon as the child could grasp the bow and arrow, they were in his hand; and, as there was joy in the wigwam at his birth, and

his first cutting of a tooth, so a festival was kept for his earliest success in the chase."

The warriors held themselves above most manual labor. At home they did little but sit around with crossed arms, or engage in gambling games, or meet in council, of which they were very fond, or sing and play, and eat and sleep. Their greatest toil was to build the palisades of the fort, or fashion a canoe, or prepare for the hunt or war, perhaps to repair the wigwams, and always to adorn their persons.

Woman was the laborer. She cultivated the fields, with clamshell or wooden mattock. She planted the corn and beans and squash, guarded the growing crops against birds and beasts and gathered the harvest. She pounded the corn, dried the meat and fish, prepared winter stores of dried fruits, chopped and carried the wood, drew the water from the brook or pond, and prepared the meals. Her husband constructed the framework of the canoe, and she stitched the bark of elm or birch with slit ligaments of the pine root, and seared the seams with resinous gum. The man prepared and placed the poles of the wigwam, the squad completed it, and on the march she bore it on her shoulders.

The hospitality of the Indian was rarely withheld, wrote Bancroft. The stranger entered his wigwam by day or night, without asking leave, and was entertained "as freely as a thrush or a blackbird that regales himself on the luxuries of the fruitful grove." He would give up his own bed to his guest. Nor was the visitor questioned as to the purpose of his coming. He chose his own time to deliver his message. Festivals, too, were common, at some of which it was the rule to eat everything that was offered; and the indulgence of appetite surpassed belief. "But what could be more miserable than the tribes in the depth of winter—suffering from the annual famine; driven by the intense cold to sit indolently in the smoke round the fire in the cabin, and so fast for days together; and then, again, compelled by faintness for want of sustainance, to reel into the woods, and gather moss or bark for a thin concoction that might, at least, relieve the extremity of hunger?"

The Case for the Indians—As we recall the attacks upon the unprotected little settlements of the Nipmuck wilderness, we think of the Indians only as cruel, bloodthirsty human devils, just as the good Puritans thought of them. In their warfare on the English of New England, they slaughtered the men and many of the women and children. They tortured prisoners, scalped the victims of their war-lust. They carried helpless women and children into captivity. The case against them as barbarians, is a strong one.

But, for a moment, consider the pious Puritans. They sold hundreds of Indians into alien slavery. At the Great Swamp fight in Rhode Island, in 1675, they gave no quarter to the Narragansett warriors and burned alive

hundreds of the women and children and aged in their wigwams. They did not scalp their dead enemies, but they paid well for scalps and for heads, as well.

Hannah Dustin and her woman companion and Samuel Leonard, a Worcester boy, received four times as much money from the Massachusetts General Court for the scalps of the ten Indians they tomahawked in making their escape, as was paid the Sachem for all the land, and more, occupied by the city of Worcester. In King Philip's War, Colonial commanders, at the request of their Mohegan allies, delivered to them a captive Narragansett warrior, that they might put him to the torture. This they did, because according to Rev. William Hubbard, in his contemporaneous narrative, "The English, though not delighted in blood, yet at this time were not unwilling to gratify their humor, lest by denial they might disoblige their Indian friends; partly also that they might have an occular demonstration of the savage cruelty of these heathen." So the band of Englishmen looked on, but not unmoved. says this ancient chronicler, for "such barbarous and unheard-of cruelty they were unable to bear, it forcing tears from their eyes." Yet they let the fiendish work proceed to the death. Moreover, in comparing customs of the two races, there were men in the American colonies in that day who had endured the refined and terrible torments of the English torture chamber, with the inquisitor sitting at their side. And one cannot forget the octogenarian Giles Corey, one of the twenty "witches," who died at Salem, who was pressed to death under a great stone.

Let it be said for the red man, that in his war against the New England English, he respected his women prisoners, and as a rule treated his child captives with the same kindness he showed his own offspring, and finally ransomed most of his prisoners so that they returned to their homes unscathed.

"They revered unseen powers," wrote Bancroft," they respected the nuptial ties; they were careful of their dead; their religion, their marriages, and their burials show them possessed of the habits of humanity, and bound by a federative compact to the race. They had the moral faculty which can recognize the distinction between right and wrong; nor did their judgments of relations bend to their habits and passions more decidedly than those of the nations whose laws justified, whose statesmen applauded, whose sovereigns personally shared, the invasion of a continent to steal its sons."

These, however, were the New England Indians as they lived before they came into too close contact with European civilization. They deteriorated rapidly. The chief reason, of course, was the influence of strong drink, which was wholly new to them. The white man sold them rum and beer, and they yielded delightedly to intoxication. Orchards were planted for some of them and they were taught to make cider. They drank of it thirst-

ily. They learned to distill powerful spirits from the fermented juices of their grain, and joined in wild drunken orgies. They were unable to assimilate wholesomely the English manner of living. They accepted its evils, but were unable to absorb its good. It was inevitable that they should perish.

CHAPTER III.

The Early Settlement

The early settlement of Worcester County was attended by long years of hardship and unceasing labor, discouragement and hope deferred, sorrow and tragedy. With indomitable will and energy, the English freeman, denied in his home country, was bound to establish for himself and his family a landed estate and home and a competence in a new world. The first settlers were pioneers, but, not as a rule, woodsmen. Many of them were only recently from the cultivated countrysides and long-established cities and towns of Old England. Here they found a virgin wilderness, untouched by man excepting as the Indians were cultivating a few acres of field here and there. They lived in utter isolation, even from the Bay Colony, itself still in its infancy.

The settlers were completely dependent upon themselves and the few belongings they were able to bring with them over the rude and narrow trails. They were compelled to live cheek and jowl, as it were, with their savage neighbors. In the forests about them were fierce and dangerous animals. There were panthers here then, and bears and packs of wolves, and other marauders against which their few domestic animals must be protected. In some regions they were compelled to wage constant warfare upon the venomous rattlesnake and copperhead, which invaded their fields and even their homestead areas. Insect foes were more than an annoyance; they were an affliction. Anyone who knows the swamps and forests of central New England can readily visualize the torments inflicted by the swarms of black flies in their season, and the mosquitoes all through the warm months. Their cabins had no protection against these pests, excepting as they were kept air-tight or filled with stifling smudge. And the long winter, their cabins buried in the drifts, and communication with all but nearest neighbors cut off perhaps for weeks at a time!

The Puritans were a hardy crew. Their motto might well have been, "Never say die!" To put it slangily, they were gluttons for punishment. In

the Nipmuck country, they labored mightily and long, built their houses and farm buildings, and, of course, a church; cleared the land, planted crops, lived with Spartan-like frugality, went hungry at times, until finally they had created a thriving little settlement. The Indians descended upon them, massacred some, made captives of their wives and children, drove out the survivors, burned their buildings to the ground, robbed them of everything.

Were they disheartened? No sooner had the smoke of war cleared away than they returned to the blackened ruins of their homes and rebuilt their settlements, bigger and better than before and established new ones. Again came the Indians, this time the northern tribes and their French allies, and killed a few of the English and led away captives and burned some buildings. But these stout-hearted Puritans did not yield. They were now experienced fighting men. They gave the invaders blow for blow. Their garrison houses, for the most part, proved impregnable. They held the frontier of the Massachusetts Colony. Peace came again, and at last they received their reward. And in their prayers they took not one whit of credit to themselves. To their pious minds, it was all an act of Providence, and they the humble instruments!

But these later events came in the second period of the settlement of Worcester County. The first period, as we see it, opened in 1642, when the first Englishman built his cabin in the Nipmuck Country, and closed when the last of the English were driven from their settlements in 1676. In this interval were settled Lancaster, Mendon, Brookfield, and Worcester. Marlboro, too, settled in 1661, comes into the picture of Worcester County, for it then included the lands now occupied by the towns of Westboro, Northboro, and Southboro, and a number of families were living in Westboro.

Settlement of Lancaster—The first white resident of Worcester County was Thomas King, who established a trading post on George Hill in Lancaster in 1642. The Nashaway tribe occupied the Nashua Valley, to use the modern spelling, and had an important village at the junction of the North and South branches. Their chief was Sholan, who made the acquaintance of King at Watertown, took a fancy to him, and offered him a large tract of land if he would conduct a "trucking house" near the Nashaway village. The reason he gave was that his people wanted easy opportunity to trade their furs and other commodities for English goods. Probably a motive fully as impelling was the Sagamore's belief that the presence of Englishmen with their guns and their recognized skill in warfare would give his village immunity from the Mohawks and Mohegans, whose war parties had become active.

King thought well of the proposition, for he must have seen profit in the trading and in the future value of the land. So Sholan formally deeded to him and a partner eighty square miles of territory, in consideration of £12, the instrument containing the provision that the purchasers should refrain from "molesting the Indians in their hunting, fishing and usual planting places." Such a clause was included in all the deeds of Indian lands. Looking forward, it was as if two groups of people were forever to occupy and use the same ground at the same time, a condition fruitful of ill will and trouble. Sholan and his fellow sachems naturally could not visualize his meadows occupied by a large and active community of Englishmen, and probably such a vision, if it appeared at all to King, was exceedingly nebulous.

Both King and his partner died, and in 1643 there appeared the Nashaway Company, organized to exploit the King grant. Its "undertakers," as its members were styled, were the founders of Lancaster, first settlement in Worcester County. Three Watertown men built cabins near the wading place of the North River in 1643. But John Prescott was regarded as the real founder of the town, and was so recognized by his fellow-citizens at the time of its incorporation in 1653. For they petitioned the General Court that the town should be named Prescott, which was denied, because, it is conjectured, Prescott, the village blacksmith, did not carry sufficient dignity and prestige to warrant such an honor. So they compromised on Lancaster, for the English town where he was born.

In 1654 the settlement had grown to twenty families, and in that year came the first minister, Master Joseph Rowlandson, whose wife and children were destined to endure a long Indian captivity, the story of which will be told in due time. A church was built and organized, and a sawmill erected in 1658 by Major Simon Willard, who became a famous military leader in King Philip's War. He was the officer who, acting on his own initiative, and disregarding his orders from Boston, marched to the relief of beleaguered Brookfield, and rescued its garrison and townspeople from a swarm of determined savages. For this act, which probably prevented a massacre, the Major was reprimanded by his superior officers. Orders must be obeyed, said they, no matter what emergency of life or death might arise. In 1675, when the bloody war began, the Lancaster settlement had some 350 inhabitants. It was much the largest in the Nipmuck Country.

Mendon, Brookfield, Worcester—The second settlement was made at Mendon. In 1660 the General Court granted to residents of Braintree the right to establish a plantation eight miles square, and they bought the Mendon lands from the sachems who had Indian title to them for twenty-four pounds sterling. The first record of the settlement shows that before July 7, 1663, seven families had taken up land and occupied it, and the next year the num-

ber had increased to fifteen. In 1669 the proprietors expressed their fears of a land famine by resolving "to take into this town but six more families." A minister was settled and a church built; a "corn mill" was erected and an inn opened. Yet when the year 1675 opened, Mendon had only thirty-four families. Then came the raid of bloodthirsty half-Christianized Indians of the Praying Towns. "Blood was never shed in Massachusetts in the way of hostility before that day," wrote Cotton Mather. There was well-founded fear of further Indian attack, and the settlers withdrew to the safe side of the frontier.

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Brookfield was settled about 1665, when it is known five Englishmen had established themselves. Ipswich men had obtained from the Colony the required rights to hold land, and a tract six miles square was bought from the Quabaugs for "three hundred fathom of wapmuneage," Indian money of white sea-shells wrought into beads and strung, 360 to a fathom. Reduced to English money the price paid was about £75. Here, too, was the usual reservation as to Indian rights to hunt, fish and till the soil. About twenty families were living there in 1675, close neighbors of the Quaboag villages on the river.

The settlement of Worcester, fourth in order of the Nipmuck Country towns, proceeded slowly. The region of Quinsigamond had been explored, and the significance of its location midway between the Bay and Springfield was recognized. Hubbard's *Narrative of the Indian Wars* refers to it as "a village called Quonsigamog, in the middle way between Marlborough and Quabaog, consisting of six or seven houses."

Under the grant from the General Court there was no difficulty in effecting the purchase of a tract eight miles square from Woonaskochu, Sagamore of Tatassit, and Solomon, otherwise Hoorrawannonit, Sagamore of Pakachoag, the deed being signed July 13, 1674. The agreed price was £12, and a down payment was made of "two coats and four yards of trucking cloth valued at 26 shillings." The next year the two sagamores rose against their white neighbors, and would have wiped out the deed as well as the English if they had succeeded in their war of extermination.

The two first white settlers were Ephraim Curtis of Sudbury, and Daniel Gookin of Cambridge. Both built log houses in 1673, and tradition has it that Gookin was the first to occupy his wilderness home. But Curtis is always looked upon as the first settler of Worcester. He had previous ownership in the land through the purchase of an earlier grant. Gookin did not retain a residence. Land which Curtis owned during the settlement of Worcester has remained continuously in the possession of his descendants even to this day.

Both Ephraim Curtis and Daniel Gookin were conspicuous figures in Colonial affairs. Lieutenant Curtis was a famous scout in the Indian war,

Gookin was made a major-general, and long before he became a proprietor of Quinsigamond had attained much prominence, particularly as superintendent of affairs affecting the Praying Indians. In that office he was an enthusiastic co-worker of John Eliot in the task of elevating the religious character and bettering the social conditions of the aborigines. Another of the first settlers was Captain Daniel Henchman, who later commanded a company which was a constant source of terror to the warring Nipmucks, Pocanokets and Narragansetts.

At the outbreak of Indian hostilities in the summer of 1675, Quinsigamond had only a handful of settlers. Probably all were men, making homes for their families. They were too few in number to sustain an attack in force by the savages and they abandoned their property until such time as they might live there in peace and quiet. On December 2 following their departure their old neighbors burned their houses to the ground.

It so happened that the four Worcester County settlements and Marlboro were spaced wide apart. Strategically this was unfortunate, as it afterward turned out, for when the Indian trouble came a beleagured garrison could not hope for quick succor. Taking Worcester as the center, Lancaster was eighteen miles to the northward, Marlboro fifteen miles to the eastward, Mendon seventeen miles to the southward, and Brookfield fifteen miles to the westward. If the effort had been made to set them as far apart as possible, the result could not have been much better.

The reason, of course, was the advantage each obtained from the natural excellence of its site. The explorers in seeking places suitable for settlement were confronted by three conditions—"conveniency of home-lots, meadow lots and planting fields." These they found in prodigal abundance at Lancaster, and in the river country of Brookfield, and Worcester and Mendon had a sufficiency of the three qualifications. Of particular importance was the "conveniency of meadows." They were absolutely essential for the settler's income and support the first year of his occupancy. These bottom lands were exceedingly fertile and comparatively free from trees and undergrowth. In them a wild grass grew thickly, "up to a man's face," wrote one explorer; "some as high as the shoulders so that a good mower may cut three loads a day," wrote another. Cut while it was young, this grass was nutritious, and kept the cattle through the winter. For summer pasturage they were permitted to range the woods and commons, sometimes, if there was danger from wild beasts, guarded by a herdsman, but more often left to roam at will. The virgin soil of the uplands required no rotation of cultivated crops, and was planted with corn and rye year after year.

Division of Town Lands—In the orderly settling of a new town, an early and important matter was the division of the lands among the planters. The fee was commonly vested in the inhabitants as a body, which, either

through a committee or by corporate action, made distribution to individual engagers and families. The statutes provided no general rule of apportionment; each town established its own rules of equity. Usually, both persons and property were considered in making divisions. The head of the family and the older sons, and sometimes the wife and all the children were taken into account in estimating the needs of a household and its ability to cultivate the lands. Quite often the "home-lots" were equal in size, or put in two or four classes, representing wholes, halves and quarters; and the "meadow lots," and the proportions in "planting fields" varied according to pecuniary means and ability of labor. In the first Worcester County settlements the rule of division was simplified.

In Lancaster the apportionment was twenty acres each of upland for a home lot, twenty acres of intervale for planting, while the open tracts of grass lands was assigned on the basis of four acres per £100 of estate. The Mendon proprietors gave generously, each settler receiving thirty acres for a home lot, ten acres of meadow, five acres of swamp, and 105 acres "for great lotte" to each £100 of estate. In Brookfield each received twenty acres of home lot, and the same area of meadow, about half as much of plain land and forty acres of upland. In addition, undivided lands were held in common.

The proprietors of the Worcester grant divided up their lands into ninety lots of varying sizes, and these were grouped in six "squadrons" along the trail which later became the Boston-Worcester post-road, and on the route to Lancaster. The division called for the setting apart of the most convenient lot in the center of the town for the meetinghouse, a fifty-acre lot for the "first minister as near the church as might be; another lot in the next convenient place, not far from thence for the ministry that should succeed in all future times, twenty-five acres for a training field and to build a school house upon; a lot of twenty-five acres for the maintenance of a school and schoolmaster, and two hundred and fifty acres for the use of the country."

The early settlers seemed to have labored in the fear that their townships would become overpopulated, and that there would not be land enough to support properly all the inhabitants. In their early records we find them "resolving" that only so many additional families should be admitted to residence. But this illusion was dissipated after a while, and the settlements were permitted to take their normal course of increase.

Overcoming the Wilderness—In order truly to vizualize the early years of these settlements it is necessary to erase from the mind the picture of the prosperous towns and villages and farmlands with which we are now familiar. On these same lands in the middle years of the seventeenth century were a few scattered clusters of log cabins set in clearings where no time or labor had been wasted in creating even a semblance of orderliness.

There were no broad cultivated fields, only patches of a few acres here and there planted with corn and beans and squash, the mainstays of the Indians, and such other crops as English people might venture. In places the corn was planted in the forest itself, but a leafless, shadeless forest, robbed of its verdure by the simple process of girdling the tree and thus killing them, a trick learned from the natives. Neighbors traveled back and forth between their cabins in paths which existed only because of the trampling of their feet. No road existed anywhere. No wheeled vehicle, so far as known, ever entered the Nipmuck country previous to King Philip's War. There were Indian trails connecting the settlements simply because they happened to be close to Indian villages.

In the beginning pack horses and men's backs were the only means of conveyance. When continued use broadened the trails, some of the settlers hauled in their goods while there was still snow on the ground on sleds drawn by oxen. Live stock was driven in front of the sleds or pack-horses. There were no bridges and at times of freshet some of the streams were impassable. An occasional venturesome traveler lost his life trying to cross wild waters. The experience of John Prescott was typical. He left Watertown for Lancaster with his family in the spring of 1645, his household goods packed on horses. Attempting to ford Sudbury River he lost a horse and its lading, and his wife and children on another horse were barely saved from drowning. He was compelled to abandon the journey.

Some of the settlers left their families in the Bay villages during the first season of settlement, which they devoted to building house and barn and putting fields in shape for the next year's planting.

The sturdy Puritans kept busy. In each community there came together men of various trades—blacksmith and gunsmith, carpenter and brickmaker, millwright and perhaps a potter, and so on. Each contributed to the welfare and progress of the whole. Gristmill and sawmill were built. Log cabins were replaced by timber houses, and occasionally one of brick or stone. Such a building was the Rowlandson house in Lancaster, which was converted into a garrison house. Unfortunately, its essential defensive features were not perfected, and when the attack came in February, 1676, it withstood the Indians only a few hours.

Later the English settlers learned better how to make a blockhouse. Those in which they sought safety in King Philip's War were as a rule not wholly bullet proof. The garrison house at Brookfield, filled with soldiers and the people of the settlement, appears to have been riddled by the gunfire of the besieging Nipmucks. The improved type had sills, posts, girders and plates of heavy hewn timbers. Instead of studs in the lower story, logs split in half were set upright, face and back alternately, so as to match by overlapping the edges, and sometimes planks were similarly used. The space

under the windows was filled in with brick or heavy planking. The lathing was fastened with wooden pegs to the logs on the inside, and boarding in like manner on the outside. The doors were of heavy planks, and the windows had equally stout inside shutters.

The second story set out from the line of the lower walls, permitting the defenders to shoot down on attackers, or to pour boiling water upon them. Within the house access to the second story was confined to a ladder which could be drawn up and the opening made tight, so that in last resort, should the Indians gain entrance below, the defenders would still be able to continue the fight and hold out, perhaps, until help arrived. Some blockhouses had bullet-proof watch-towers on the roof.

Fear of Raiding Mohawks—In the early years of the Worcester County settlements there was little apprehension of attack from their Nipmuck neighbors. But the Mohegans of Connecticut had periodically raided the Nipmucks; and feared most of all the fierce Mohawks of the valley which bears their name, who were natural enemies of the Connecticut River tribes. Their war parties sometimes got into the Quaboag and other Nipmuck country, and the whites knew that these savages would like nothing better than the conquest and looting of an English settlement.

In 1647, three Indians living at Quaboag Old Fort were killed by marauding Naunotuks and a few Maquas, and the next spring a murderous raid was made on an out-settlement of the Quaboags on the Ware River, probably in Barre, when five of them were killed and their wigwams robbed.

In 1661 a war party of Mohegans, under Oneko, son of Uncas, made a surprise attack upon the Quaboags, killing three and carrying away six captives. The pretended motive was retaliation against Onopequin, a native of Quaboag, but then living at Pacomptuck, who in the spring of 1658 had led a war party into the Mohegan country and killed and captured several of the people of Uncas. According to the explanation offered by Uncas to the white authorities it was a case of an eye for an eye.

In 1664 the Mohawks came close to Brookfield and Lancaster. They entered the Connecticut Valley in force, destroyed the native fort at Deerfield and inflicted great injury on the Pacomptucks and neighboring tribes. The raid extended into the Nashua and Merrimack country, and for several weeks their scouting parties were raiding the Nipmuck and Nashaway villages.

The settlers were fortunate in having no enemy to the north of them. The Merrimack Indians declined to enter into any alliance to attack the English. Their attitude was attributed entirely to the farewell message to his people of their famous old chief Passaconaway, delivered to them at a great festival of the tribe, in which he said: "I am now going the way of all flesh, am ready to die and not likely to see you ever met together any more.

I will now leave this word of counsel with you, that you take heed how you quarrel with the English, for though you may do them much mischief, yet assuredly you will all be destroyed and rooted off the earth if you do. For I was as much an enemy to the English at their coming into these parts as any-one whatsoever, and did try all ways and means possible to have destroyed them, at least to have prevented them sitting down here, but I could in no way effect it. Therefore I advise you never to contend with the English, nor make war with them."

So, when the uprising came, his son and successor, Wonolancet, heeded the wise words, and his tribesmen were never accused of enmity to the whites.

The Nipmuck Indians welcomed the whites, if for no other reason because their presence would serve them as protection. Naturally they looked upon the English as superior beings. Such has always been the attitude of the savages toward the white man. To quote a writer of the last century: "Savage man instinctively holds civilized man in reverence, as a higher order of intelligence and power. The records of all original explorations and discoveries prove this. Suitable clothing is a moral force; good tools and weapons are a moral force; habits of industry are a moral force; ownership of a horse or ox is a moral force; a fixed home is a moral force; they indicate prescience and providence, and they imply dominion, as a consequent of intelligence, and thus directly, as well as by contrast, awaken awe in the untutored child of nature." It should be added that the savage probably respected above everything the white man's firearms and his brand of courage which urged him to stand up to an enemy in open fight, and never to yield until he was overwhelmed.

Of course European goods meant much to the Indians of that day, particularly guns and powder and ball, and for many of them, the fire water with which they had become acquainted for the first time after the landing of the Pilgrims and the coming of the Puritans. This is a surprising fact, for the southern Indians, ethnologists tell us, had been manufacturing intoxicating drink for centuries before Columbus discovered America.

As to the relations of the English and Indians in the new settlements, the following is probably an accurate description:

"The Indian men bartered their furs and venison, for guns and hatchets; and the women exchanged their baskets, brooms, and mats, for trinkets and kettles. The tidy housewife tolerated the dirty squaw in her kitchen, from womanly pity for her hard lot; and the farmer made friends with the dusky trapper who tramped his meadows, as a matter of policy, to save complaints about his roving cattle trespassing on the unfenced native cornfields—though it must be said, he could not always resist the temptation to sell the said trapper when very thirsty a mug of beer for two fathoms of wampum (equal to five shillings in money); and the thrifty trader would accept the offer of a

good beaver-skin for four quarts of rum. But the public frowned upon such practices. The squaws sometimes hired the English to plow their cornfields, so that better crops were raised with less labor. And it was not uncommon for them to take English fields to plant on shares; allowing the owner one-half the crop, divided on the ground."

The tenderfoot settlers owed to the Indians much more than is commonly understood. From them the English learned how to farm wild land, how to cure deerskin and make moccasins, how to fashion snowshoes without which they would have been helpless prisoners when deep snows fell upon the wilderness. From the squaws the white women learned how the sugar maple is tapped and its sap collected and boiled down to syrup or sugar. Indian cooking was important, too, particularly ways of preparing corn, a grain with which Europeans had never had acquaintance. The English woman gleaned from the Indians all they had that was good.

The settlers depended upon wild game for an important part of their food supply. After the first few years they had their cattle and sheep and swine, but these did not by any manner of means supply the demand for meat. The English could hardly have found a better game country. Deer were plentiful and there were moose, and when the men could not spare the time for hunting the Indians were generally able to supply the families with venison for some trifle which they needed or coveted. Small game must have been extraordinarily abundant, though the annual burning of the forests and meadow lands may have had some unfavorable local effects.

In the days before the country was well populated many waterfowl bred on the shore and islands of the ponds and rivers, among them several species of ducks and the Canada goose. The wild turkey was common, and doubtless much less wary and difficult to approach than its sophisticated twentieth century survivors. The site of the city of Fitchburg had so many of these noble and toothsome birds that in the days before its settlement it was known as Turkey Hill, and another county hill still bears the name.

In the migration seasons the forests were simply filled with passenger pigeons which could be killed by the hundred with no other weapon than a net, and even a stick was sufficient to secure enough to fill the wants of a family. Ruffed grouse and quail, woodcock and snipe and plover found a place upon the rude table of the settlers. In the coastal region the heath hen, the very last of whose family has just died on Martha's Vineyard, was very common, and possibly, though a creature of the open country, it may have been found occasionally in the Nipmuck lands, as it was along the coast and in the Connecticut Valley.

As for fish, the angler of today can realize what the brooks and rivers and ponds must have had waiting for the English—almost virgin waters which nature had stocked with brook trout, and salmon and shad in their season, bass and pickerel and the common small fish.

The natives did not improve in character by intercourse with the whites. English beer and cider and rum induced drunkenness, and its train of evils. The possession of guns rendered hunting more sure of success than his bow and arrows and yank-ups and deer-pits. The easing off of the necessity for protracted toil by improved means of cultivation, and the possibility of begging, induced habits of laziness and shiftlessness among the squaws. And continued contact was demoralizing to the English. The white boys—and some of the men—learned to hunt and trap, and imitated the shiftless ways of the Indians.

The Wilderness Trails—As to the highways open to the settlers, the inland trail in Massachusetts, of which we have the earliest account, is what was known as the Old Connecticut Path. It ran from Cambridge, up the northerly bank of Charles River to Waltham Centre, thence to the north end of Cochituate Pond in Framingham, thence southwesterly through South Framingham, Hopkinton, Grafton, Dudley, Woodstock (Connecticut), and so on to Hartford.

This trail first comes into notice in this wise: In the fall of 1630, Governor Winthrop's colony fell short of provisions. The hillsides of Woodstock were famous for their bountiful crops of Indian corn, and the old chief of the Wabbaquassets, hearing that the English at the Bay were in great want, and would pay a good price for corn, filled large sacks from his full granaries, and, with his son and other Indians, carried the heavy burdens on their backs to Boston, "when there was but one cellar in the place, and that near the Common." Their route was the Inland Trail. Their trading expedition brought the path to the knowledge of the whites, who made it their way of travel to the Connecticut Valley. John Oldham followed this trail in 1633, "lodging at Indian towns all the way."

It was over this rough path, in June, 1636, that the Rev. Thomas Hooker traveled from Cambridge with his company of a hundred men, women and children to become the actual founder of Hartford, in Connecticut. To them the destination was "the West." It was a long and fatiguing journey, for most of them were afoot and they drove ahead of them a hundred and sixty head of cattle, besides their hogs. Mrs. Hooker, tradition says, was carried in a horse litter. Two weeks were required to cross this hundred miles of wilderness.

A well-defined trail from Mount Hope and the Naragansett country, known as the Providence Path, struck the Old Connecticut Path in or near Woodstock. Another trail, known as the Nipmuck Path, came from Norwich to the same point. From here, a branch trail struck off to the northwest through Southbridge into Sturbridge, where it parted. One track went westerly past the lead mines to Springfield. The other kept a northwesterly course,

and crossing the Quinebaug River near Fiskdale, into Brimfield, to the southerly slope of Indian hill, over the southerly slope of Hubbard's Hill, and passing just north of Steerage Rock to the bend in Quaboag River near the mouth of Elbow Brook, and so on to "the Falls" in Connecticut River, now Holyoke. This northerly branch continued to be a well-known Indian trail till the time of King Philip's War, and was the white man's bridle-path and cartway till after the settlement of Brimfield in 1701.

Another early through trail is named by Winthrop in his Journal in 1648: "This year a new way was found out to Connecticut by Nashaway which avoided much of the hill way." This road left the Old Connecticut Path in the town of Weston, and ran through Sudbury Centre and Stow to Lancaster, thence through Princeton, the south of Barre, the north part of New Braintree, to Wekebaug Pond in West Brookfield. Thence it crossed Quabaug River, passed through the south central part of Warren, entering Brimfield just north of Hubbard's Hill, and struck the southern trail, east of Steerage Rock, and so continued to Springfield.

A branch of this path ran from Lancaster through Holden to Quaboag Pond in East Brookfield. From Weston to Lancaster, this soon became an English thoroughfare; but westerly from Lancaster it evidently followed old Indian trails. This continued to be an important line of travel, till the Bay Path was laid out in 1673.

The laying-out of this new path—which so quickly became an important factor in our local history—is thus recorded: "At a county court holden at Charlestown, Dec. 23, 1673, John Stone, Sen., of Sudbury, John Woods of Marlborough, and Thomas Eams, of Framingham, ... were appointed and impowered to lay out an highway for the use of the country leading from the house of John Livermore in Watertown, to a Horse Bridge near the house of Daniel Stone, Jun., and thence the nearest and best way to Marlborough, and thence to Quabaug." This new path left the Old Connecticut Path at "Happy Hollow" in Wayland, and ran through North Framingham, Marlborough, Worcester to Brookfield, where it parted, one branch following the old trail through Warren to Springfield, and the other leading through Ware and Belchertown to Hadley.

Besides these long through paths, there were numerous cross-trails and by-ways, which served the various exigencies of savage society, and inter-tribal wants and wars. For these early trails held the same relation to the native villages, as our established lines of travel do to our towns.

CHAPTER IV.

Apostle Eliot and His Praying Indians

John Eliot, Apostle of the Indians, was very closely associated with the Nipmuck Country in the first period of its English settlement. Hassanamesit, in Grafton, or Hassanamisco, as it is also called, was third to be established of the original Praying Towns, and its Indian church was the second to be conducted by the Indians themselves. Marlboro, whose lands extended well into the county, was another of the original seven, and so, too, was Nashobah, whose sphere of influence included the Indians of Harvard and perhaps Bolton.

In 1673-75, on the eve of the opening hostilities of King Philip's War, Eliot and his friend and co-worker, Daniel Gookin, Colonial superintendent of the Praying Towns, established another seven of these villages, all of them in what then was the territory which we now know as Worcester County. They were: Manchaug, in Oxford; Chaubungungamaug, on the lake of the name, in Dudley; Pakachoag, on the hill between Worcester and Auburn; Waruntug, in Uxbridge, and Manexit, Quantisset and Wabquasset, in Woodstock.

"Hassanamesit is the third town of the Praying Indians," wrote Daniel Gookin. "The name signifieth a place of small stones. This place lyeth about thirty-eight miles from Boston, and is about two miles to the eastward of Nipmuck River" (the Blackstone), "and near unto the old roadway to Connecticut. It hath about twelve families, and so, according to our commutation, about sixty souls; but is capable to receive some hundreds, as generally the other villages are, if it shall please God to multiply them.

"The dimension of the town is four miles square, and so about eight thousand acres of land. This village is not inferior with any of the Indian plantations for rich land and plenty of meadow, being well tempered and watered. It produceth plenty of corn, grain and fruit; and there are several good orchards in this place. It is an apt place for keeping cattle and swine, in which respect this people are the best stored of any Indian town of their size.

"Their ruler is Anaweakin; a sober and discreet man. Their teacher's name is Tackuppawillin, his brother; a pious and able man, and apt to teach. Their aged father, whose name I remember not, is a grave and sober Christian, and deacon of that church. They have a brother that lives in the town, called James,* that was bred among the English, and employed as a press man in the printing of the Indian Bible; who can read well, and, as I take it, write also. The father, mother, brothers and their wives are all reputed pious persons.

"Here they have a meeting house for the worship of God after the English fashion of building, and two or three other houses after the same mode; but they fancy not greatly to live in them. Their way of living is by husbandry, and keeping cattle and swine; wherein they do as well, or rather better than the other Indians, but yet are very short of the English in diligence and providence.

"In this town is the second Indian church gathered about three years since in summer, 1671. The pastor of this church is Tackuppawillin; the ruling elder, Plainbow; the deacon father of the pastor. There are in full communion in this church, and living in the town, about sixteen men and women, and about thirty baptized persons; but there are several others, members of this church, that live in other places."

All of the old Praying Towns had a semblance to English villages, with frame buildings, apple orchards, fields of corn and English grains, cattle, swine and poultry. The Apostle visited them all from time to time, and many a sermon he preached and many a catechism conducted in the open air or in the rude church.

The influence of Nashobah is felt even to the present day. The plantation was located on Magog Pond, between Acton and Littleton, a few miles over the county border. There the orchards did prodigiously well, and it was soon recognized that the soil of the hillsides was peculiarly well adapted to the growth of the apple. The name survives as that of a district containing a number of towns famous for their apples, and for their peaches, as well.

But the Praying Town orchards were not without their evils, as the Puritan fathers saw them. Wrote Superintendent Gookin: "The Indians make cider which some of them have not the wisdom and grace to use for their comfort, but are prone to abuse unto drunkenness." Samuel Eliot Morrison, in his tercentenary book, "Builders of the Bay Colony," 1930, tells us: "The superintendent confesses that he cannot reach the vice common to red men and white, 'for if it were possible, as it is not, to prevent the English selling them strong drink; yet they have a native liberty to plant orchards and sow grain and barley and the like, of which they may and do make strong drink that doth inebriate them: so that nothing can overcome and conquer this

*He signed his name "James Printer" to a document now owned by J. C. Deering.

exorbitancy, but the sovereign grace of God in Christ.' Poor benighted Gookin! Prohibition never occurred to him."

Eliot and his Indians were exceedingly fortunate in having the help of Daniel Gookin. When the Puritan mission was driven out of Virginia he came to Massachusetts Bay, settled in Cambridge, and became prominent in political and military affairs of the Colony. On the Apostle's recommendation, he was appointed superintendent of Praying Indians, with magisterial powers. It fell to him to appoint petty magistrates from among the Indians, to watch over their local government, to protect them and the whites from one another, and to help youths of promise to become teachers or preachers to their people.

In 1674, he made the rounds of the new Praying Towns with Eliot. On September 28 he held court in Pakachoag. First, under a warrant he had prepared, he exhorted the people "to yield obedience to the gospel of Christ and to those set in order there." He appointed Black James, of Dudley, chief constable for the seven New Towns, and named a magistrate and constable for each village. Their duty was "to suppress disturbances, Sabbath breaking, especially pow-wowing and idolatry; and after warning given, to apprehend all delinquents, and bring them before authority, to answer for their misdoings; the smaller faults before Wattascompanum, ruler of the Nipmuck Country, for idolatry and pow-wowing to bring them before me."

Wattascompanum was present at the court, and so was their host, Sagamore John, chief of the village. But the following July we find them both with faces hideous with war paint, rifle in hand and tomahawk in belt, bent upon wiping the English from the face of the earth. Wattascompanum, convicted as chief instigator of the uprising of the Christian Nipmucks, was later hanged on Boston Common. Sagamore John, guilty as sin though he was, begged for mercy and was pardoned, and then, to gain further favor, asked the privilege of executing a fellow-sachem captive, another Praying Nipmuck, Matoonas, and the boon was granted him. They tied Matoonas to a tree, and John shot him. Matoonas, as it happened, got only what he richly deserved.

"In proof that the obscure natives who once occupied this vicinity were not destitute of all the amenities of life," said the late Frank P. Goulding, eminent Worcester lawyer, in an address delivered in Grafton, many years ago, "when Hassanamesit was a Praying Town there occurred the first seizure of liquor in this county, under process of law, of which I have discovered any record. It appears the Petavit, otherwise called Robin, was one of the magistrates or rulers here at Hassanamesit, and he was, evidently, a magistrate not easily deterred from the performance of his official duty. Major Gookin gives an account of the seizure of the liquor, as follows:

"'I remember sundry years since, a Sagamore that lived up in the inland country came to Hassanamesit, and brought with him a rundlett of strong liquors, and lodging in his house, Petavit, in the morn, sent for the constable, and ordered him, and according to law, seized the rundlett of liquors. At which act the Sagamore drew a long knife, and stood with his foot on the rundlett, daring any to seize it. But Petavit thereupon rose up and drew his knife, and set his foot also on the rundlett, and commanded the constable to do his office, and the Sagamore . . . . '

"Here the ancient manuscript breaks off, like a serial novel, in the very crisis of a thrilling scene. We see a sudden flash of long knives in the morning sun, and the curtain falls. We shall never know with certainty what the issue was. But, considering the divinity that does hedge a magistrate, and the dauntless and resolute temper of Mr. Justice Petavit, *alias* Robin, I hasten to assure you that, in my opinion, the Sagamore from the inland country, after growling out sundry phrases in the Indian dialect, not strictly according to the discipline of the church then established as Hassanamesit, restored his long knife to his belt, removed his moccasin from the rundlett, and yielded to the inevitable."

Work of Conversion Begins—"Our fathers first fell upon their knees and then upon the aborigines," wrote a literary wit. However much of truth there may be in the epigram, taking the long span of years between the landing of the Pilgrims and the virtual extermination of the New England tribes, it certainly did not apply in the early years of the Colonies and of the settlement of Worcester County. In the beginning of their contacts with the Indians the English were weak and at the mercy of the natives, and naturally were conciliatory. The odds were irresistibly against them. Then, also, the Pilgrims and the early comers at the Bay were sincerely good and pious people, religious bigots, of course, but in a broad sense charitable to those whom they regarded as benighted heathen. If they had any thought of aggression it was to save souls from the burning. With increasing numbers and consequent military strength, and the mingling into the population of many whose coming to the New World lacked in unselfish and self-sacrificing motive, the attitude of a great majority of the people toward the natives became that of the traditional English-speaking pioneer, that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

For all that, the Colonies felt an obligation to carry their religion among the Indians. Morrison says: "The author of *New England's First Fruits,* 1643, evidently raked the annals of the Colony for instances of Indian conversion, but could only furnish his readers with such gleanings as the pious death of Sagamore John, who rebuked an Englishman for falling a tree on the Sabbath. An occasional gesture was made, as when Kutchamakin, the sagamore of the Massachusetts, the squaw sachem of Nashobah, Masconomo, the saga-

more of the Agawam, and Sholan and Wasamegin, 'two sachems near the great hill to the west called Wachusett' drifted into the General Court and tendered their allegiance to the Colony. Secretary Rawson, who must have had a sense of humor, records this dialog between the visitors and the 'Solons' of the Bay:

"Members of the General Court: Will you worship the only true God?

"Indians: We do desire to reverence the God of the English, because we see he doth better to the English than other Gods do to others.

"Members: You are not to swear falsely.

"Indians: We know not what swearing is.

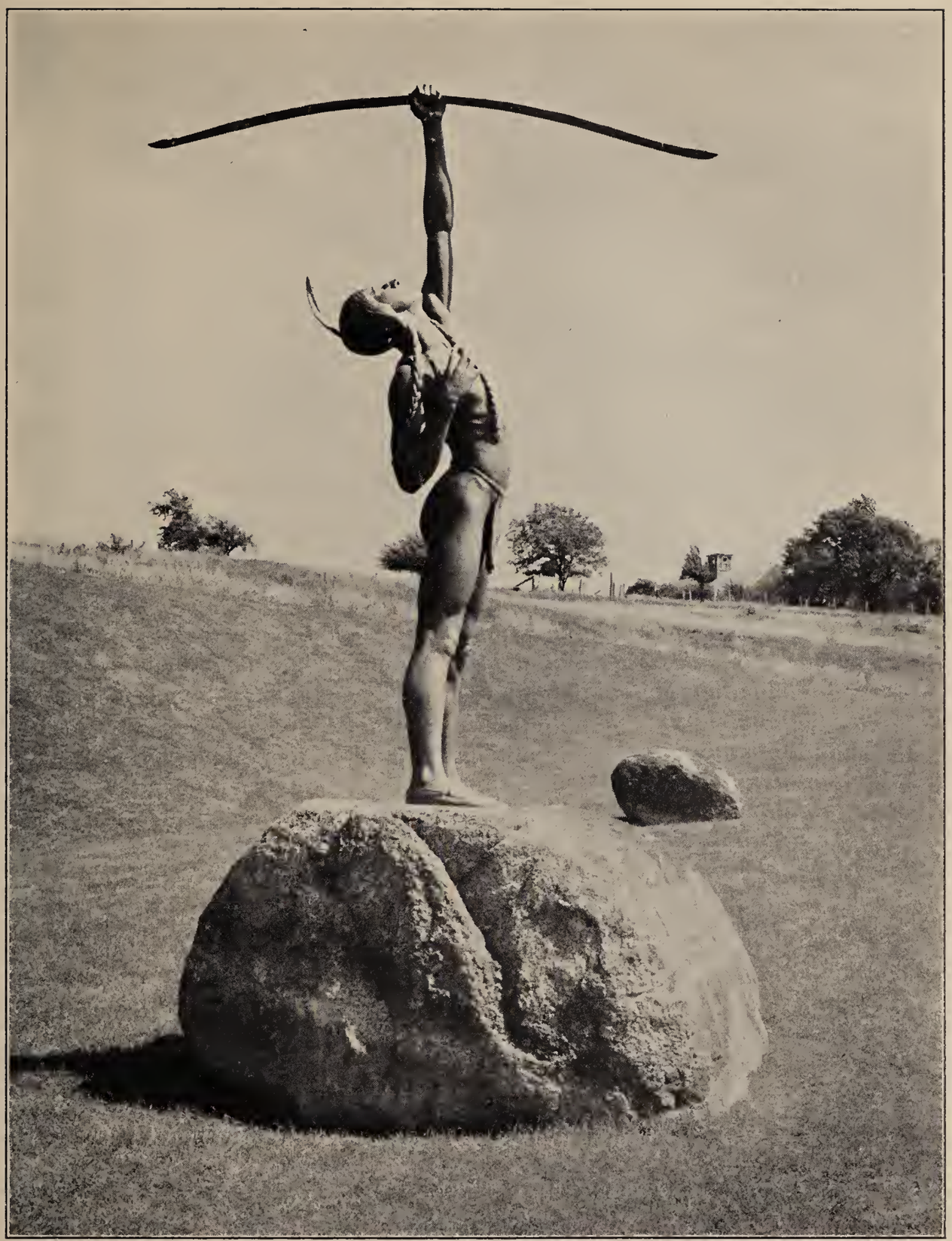
"Members: Will you refrain from working on the Sabbath?

"Indians: It is easy to us; we haven't much to do any day, and we can well rest on that day."

Then came John Eliot, a graduate of Cambridge University, who arrived at the Bay in 1632 to be pastor of the church of a village to be established at Roxbury, then called Rocksborough. He was a terrific worker. He conducted the affairs of his parish, established a school which has lived for three centuries, now the Roxbury Latin School, and was active in other important matters.

Socially he would not have fitted into twentieth century life. Cotton Mather wrote of him: "He was a man of prayer. When he heard any considerable news, his usual and speedy reflection thereupon would be 'Brethren, let us turn all this into prayer!' And he was perpetually jogging the wheel of prayer, both more privately in the meetings, and more publicly in the churches of his neighborhood. When he came to a house that he was intimately acquainted with, he would often say, 'Come, let us not have a visit without a prayer; let us pray down the Blessing of Heaven on your family before we go.' By prayers he bespoke blessings upon almost every person or affair that he was concerned with; and he carried everything to God with some pertinent Hosannahs and Hallelujahs over it. He was a mighty and an happy man, that had his quivers full of these heavenly arrows." Then Mather, lest he put his praise of Godliness too high, goes on, "He was indeed sufficiently pleasant and witty in company, and he was affable and facetious rather than morose in conversation."

"Eliot mixed with the Indians," says Bancroft. "He spoke to them of God and of the soul, and explained the virtues of self denial. He became their law-giver. He taught the women to spin, the men to dig the ground; he established for them simple forms of government; and in spite of menaces from their priests and chieftains, he instructed them in his own religious faith, and not without success. Groups of Indians used to gather round him as round a father, and, now that their minds were awakened to reflection, often perplexed him with their question.



PUMUGANGWET, HE WHO SHOOTS AT THE STARS

Bronze statue by Philip S. Sears, on estate of Miss Clara Endicott Sears, Harvard

"'What is a spirit?' said the Indians of Massachusetts to their apostle. 'Can the soul be enclosed in iron so that it cannot escape?' . . . . 'When Christ arose, whence came his soul?' Every clan had some vague conception of immortality. 'Shall I know you in heaven?' said an inquiring red man. 'Our little children have not sinned; when they die, whither do they go?' . . . . 'When such as never heard of Christ, where do they go?' . . . . 'Do they in heaven dwell in houses, and what do they do?' . . . . 'Do they know things done on earth?'

"'Why,' demanded the natives, 'did not God give all men good hearts?' . . . . 'Since God is all-powerful, why did not God kill the devil, that made men bad?' Of themselves, they fell into the mazes of fixed decrees and free will. 'Doth God know who shall repent and believe, and who not?'

"Cases of casuity occurred; I will cite but two of them, one of which, at least, cannot easily be decided. Eliot preached against polygamy. 'Suppose a man before he knows God,' inquired a convert, 'hath two wives; the first childless, the second bearing him many sweet children, whom he exceedingly loves; which of these two wives is to be put away?' And the question which Kotzebue proposed in a fiction, that has found its way across the globe, was in real life put to the pure-minded Eliot, among the wigwams of Nonantum. 'Suppose a squaw desert and flee from her husband, and live with another distant Indian, till, hearing the word, she repents, and desires to come again to her husband, who remains still unmarried; shall the husband, upon her repentence, receive her again?' And Eliot was never tired with their importunity, and his simplicity of life and manners and evangelical sweetness of temper, won for him all hearts, whether in the villages of the emigrants, or the 'smoaky cells' of the natives."

These and other questions got into tracts printed in England in the campaigns to raise funds for evangelical work in New England. Some of them are in the form of an Indian catechism. Here is a sample:

Q. "How comes it to passe that the Sea water was salt, and the land water fresh?"

Ans. "This so from the wonderful worke of God, as why are Strawberries sweet and Cranberries sowre?"

Q. "If God could not be seene with their eyes, how could hee bee seene with their soule within?"

Ans. "If they saw a great wigwam, would they think that Racoones or Foxes builte it that had no wisdome? No, but they would beleeve some wise workman made it though they did not see him; so should they beleeve concerning God, when they looked up to Heaven, Sunne, Moone, and Stars, and saw this great house he hath made, though they did not see him with their eyes."

The same tract neglects to make answer to some of the questions which Bancroft cites, the author getting out of the dilemma by an off-hand "lest I clog up your time with reading."

Occasionally came from an Indian a question which Eliot would not answer. On one occasion a somewhat inebriate Indian named George, a scapegrace who had the distinction of having stolen a cow, skinned it, and sold the carcass to President Dunster of Harvard College for a moose, disturbed the meeting before which the apostle was preaching by crying out: "Master Eliot, who made sack? Did God make sack?" George was thrown out.

The Nipmuck tribes, in common with all the other New England Indians, were prodigiously impressed by the prowess of the English in the ruthless but necessary war which nearly exterminated the Pequod nation in 1637. They were in a plastic mood as to the God to whom the whites in their frequent prayers attributed their successes. Eliot received a Pequod captive as a bond servant, and his learning of the Algonquin tongue was begun. He could have taught the Indians to read the English Bible. In fact, many of them became sufficiently familiar with the language. But his creed was that God spoke Indian as well as English, and therefore there must be an Indian Bible. He accomplished this seemingly impossible task, for the dialect was exceedingly difficult even to so profound a linguist. He translated the Bible complete and printed it on the only press in the Colony, at Harvard College. He also printed an Indian primer, catechism and other useful books.

In 1646 he was ready to begin the missionary work for which he had been yearning for years. He was, instinctively, extraordinarily wise in his methods of reaching the Indians. With all his fanatical zeal he was tactful, patient, tolerant and practical. The untutored people whom he took into his heart could not fail to recognize his utterly unselfish sincerity and goodness. His first appearance before them as a preacher was auspicious. In 1646 he visited the nearest village, Nonentum, on the bank of the Charles opposite Watertown, where he was welcomed by Waban, the sagamore. On a beautiful October day, under the sky, he preached a sermon of an hour and half in the Indian tongue, and the villagers said they understood him. Then—wonderful showmanship!—he distributed apples and biscuits to the squaws and children and tobacco to the men! John Eliot made good.

The next year when the Church Council met in Cambridge he staged a demonstration to prove that the conversion of the savages was no idle dream. He had gathered together there a great concourse of his converts and in the presence of the Council preached to them in their language, and followed with a catechism to which his proselytes roared out the answers, "which did marvellously affect all the wise and Godly ministers, magistrates, and people."

The good word spread among the tribes. From the Bay villages of the Massachusetts tribe, from Cape Cod and Nantucket, from the Nipmuck

Country, even from the powerful Passaconaway in his distant capital at Pennacook on the Merrimack (now Concord, New Hampshire) came word that they were "hungry for instruction." The Apostle was escorted by a guard of twenty sannups to far-away Quabaug.

The tidings got across the water of the successful Christianizing of the New England Indians. Money was quickly forthcoming. The savages must be brought into the fold and saved, no matter what it cost. The Rump Parliament granted incorporation to the Society for Promoting and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England, which, when Charles II ascended the throne, the Long Parliament renewed under the even longer name of "The Society or Company for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and the Parts Adjacent." It was a generous corporation, and well that it was, for it cost £10 per Indian to carry on the conversion, which in those days was high.

The sales resistance of the English people was quickly broken down. Powerful friends to the cause were made, notable among them Lady Mary Armine, childless widow of a famous parliamentarian, already a founder of hospitals. For twenty-five years she regularly furnished Eliot with funds for purposes of conversion. In ten years, more than $25,000 was transmitted to New England. The corporation even worked the British Army for £511 in four years, in spite of the fact that the soldiers had just emerged from the civil war.

In the very beginning, Eliot blocked out the policy that Christianity could travel no faster than the civilization which accompanied it. He determined that the Indians should be induced to "sit down orderly" in permanent communities, where they might learn civilized ways of living—English methods of agriculture, the useful trades and decent social conditions. He spent large sums of the corporation's money on such practical things as agricultural implements, tools, and cattle and swine.

"It did not do, from the Puritan point of view, to catch your Indian and baptise him and then turn him loose," writes Morrison. "From the way the ancient Hebrews used to break out into idolatry, the Puritans were convinced that a nomadic state was incompatible with good morals. Eliot wished to have his converts prosperous and self-respecting. Cleanliness he did not unduly insist upon, but one-family lodges he did require; and his converts were not only deprived of the pleasure of scalping their enemies, but they were urged to give up their mutual and friendly offices on that part of their anatomy.

"Nor did the English seek to cover the bronze, athletic bodies of the red men with the cast-off clothing of his parish, indeed he is said to have adopted the Indian undress himself in his wilderness visitations; but a settled life for the Indians meant a loss of both aptitude and opportunity to procure fur

garments. Eliot tried without much success to teach the squaws to spin and weave, and he had to call on his English supporters for blankets, cloth and clothing. Those who have laughed at the picture of Mrs. Jellyby, making red flannel undies for the natives of Barrioboola-Gha, may smile if they will at Lady Armine and her kind, providing the intergumentary emblems of civilization for the worthy red men of Hassanamisco, Wabaquasset, and Titicat."

In 1651 the General Court set off the first Praying Town at Natick. "A place of God's proving as a fruit of prayer," Eliot called it. A village was laid out astraddle the Charles River, with a connecting footbridge. In the center was a palisaded square containing a good sized meetinghouse. Each family had a house-lot and a share in the common cornfield and meadow. But the Indians stuck to their wigwams and lodges. This village was the model which was followed as the other Praying Towns were established one after another.

An Indian college was established as an adjunct of Harvard College, but this was not a success, for few of the young Indians had minds fitted for the assimilation of the classics. Some of them ran away; others stayed long enough to write Latin and Greek poetry, but did not graduate. Joel Hiacoomes, Harvard '65, went home to Nantucket to spend his vacation among his old cronies and one of them, a pagan, murdered him, perhaps because he insisted upon reciting poetry in Greek or Latin. His classmate, Caleb Cheeshateaumuck, took his degree of bachelor of arts and promptly died.

The most prolific of the Indian schools was at Natick. The Apostle picked likely young men as they finished the course, and made them preachers or teachers. To the preacher was given a Bible, to the teacher a supply of primers for pupils, to each a pair of spectacles, to lend distinction and dignity, and serve as a badge of office. Their salary was £10 per annum.

"King Philip's War, most devastating for Massachusetts of all the many wars she has survived, was started and prosecuted by pagan Indians who had absolutely refused to allow missionaries into their dominions," says Morrison. "Although a number of the recent converts in the Nipmuck Country fell away, those of the Old Praying Towns were loyal almost to a man. These seven towns, situated in an arc from the Merrimack to the Connecticut line, formed a natural first line of defense for the English. Daniel Gookin wished to use them as such. He begged the court to send a small file of soldiers to each praying town to keep up its morale and organize the men for scouting.

"But the Court would not listen. A war-time frenzy broke out against the 'enemy in our midst,' of the same sort that prevailed here a few years ago. Nothing would satisfy the people but to interne the Praying Indians in Boston Harbor. Even Eliot's ewe lambs of Natick were deported, 'patiently, humbly and piously without murmuring or complaining against the English.' Three forlorn winters they spent on Deer Island, living largely on shellfish, and more

than once threatened with extermination by the meaner sort of Bostonians, patriots too cowardly to fight at the front, but ready to fall on the helpless within their power.

"Daniel Gookin as a 'pro Indian' had his life threatened more than once and when he and Eliot were sailing down the harbor on a mission of mercy their boat was deliberately run down, and with difficulty they were saved by their companions. 'Some thanked God, and some wished that we had been drowned,' wrote Eliot. 'Soon after, one that wished we had drowned, was himself drowned about the same place.' That incident, one gathers, afforded Eliot the only pleasure he got out of the war, although he lost a 'good castor hat worth ten shillings.' "

John Eliot's work, considered by its permanent results, proved useless. This was inevitable. Here were living two peoples, racially so different and so mutually antagonistic that their mingling as a homogeneous community was impossible. The French and Spaniards accomplished this to a limited extent. But there was something in the Indian personality and manner of living which was repugnant and even abhorrent to the minds of English, Scotch and Irish people. Inexorable fate decreed that either white men or red men must disappear from the scene. Even if the Puritans had acted in the purest spirit of fair play, it could have been no different, provided they were eventually to occupy the land.

When the tribes were defeated in their abortive war of extermination of the whites, the Colonists had come to regard them as so many dangerous and malignant animals. There was much of cruelty in the treatment of the surrendered Indians. Hundreds of them, men, women, and children, were sold into captivity in the West Indies and Bermuda, Southern Europe, and even in the Barbary States. Many were executed. The spirit of the survivors was broken. The Praying Towns remained only as remnants to recall former prosperity, tranquility and contentment. Their Bibles and catechisms and primers had mostly disappeared. English interest in them, quite naturally, was destroyed. The morale of the Praying Indians in common with that of their pagan brethren deteriorated rapidly. Hardly a trace of usefulness remained to the credit of the years of effort and the money which had been devoted to this sincere and generous missionary effort.

But let it not be forgotten that to Eliot's Indians is due the credit for preventing what threatened to be a highly organized uprising against the English settlers, the consequence of which, beyond a doubt, would have been frightful. It is conceivable that the Colonies would have been completely wiped out in a massacre almost without precedent. Philip and his chiefs were perfecting and spreading a plot of simultaneous attack upon the unsuspecting settlers everywhere outside of the zones of the large coast towns. Bancroft says that he could find no evidence of such a conspiracy. But he stands almost alone

among historians, and there seems to be ample proof in the statements of the Indians themselves who told of Philip's visit among them and his persuading of the sagamores. His own Poconokets, the Narragansetts, the Nipmucks, who were not under Eliot's influence, and some that were, and other kindred tribes were in secret agreement. They held with Philip that the future of their people was dark indeed unless they succeeded in driving the whites from their ancestral lands, and their judgment was sound.

But in 1675, "The Day" had not arrived. Philip was not nearly ready to give the signal. He may have planned it for later in that year, but probably his thought was of the next year or even later.

The conspiracy was revealed by the Praying Indians. The aged Sagamore Waban of the Watertown village heard of it. But it was John Sausaman, a Natick Indian teacher, who learned the details and revealed them to the governor of Plymouth. In revenge for what the savages considered his treachery, he was murdered, the murder led to executions, the executions to a reprisal attack upon Swansea, in disobedience of Philip's orders, and the war was on. The Indians were caught unprepared.

Had the conspiracy been permitted to ripen to fruition, bands of Indians on a given night would have descended upon every white settlement, which, not suspecting danger, would have been unprepared for resistance. The survivors, where there were any, would have been driven back upon Boston and Plymouth and such other places as might offer safest refuge. The defense of these might or might not have been sufficient to drive off such hordes of exultant savages, thirsty for more blood and eager for more scalps. The settlement of New England might have been put back a generation. The "might have beens" mount up into a sinister total. Apart from conjecture they have no meaning, excepting to emphasize that Eliot through his Indian friends bestowed upon the Colonies one grand final blessing.

CHAPTER V.

Outbreak of King Philip's War

The year 1675 opened with the tension between the English and the Indians rapidly approaching the breaking point. King Philip was not ready to strike, but conditions were such that a conflict might easily be precipitated, even by some happening insignificant in itself, as actually happened. Yet the English, to judge from their lack of preparations to meet a warlike emergency, had small realization that raging and determined savages might descend upon them with little or no warning.

Perhaps, in the outlying settlements, like Lancaster and Brookfield and Mendon, the inhabitants had lived so long at peace with their red neighbors that they could not conceive of such a possibility. It may have seemed a fanciful thought that these indolent, easy-going, mildly troublesome, sometimes useful people could be suddenly transformed into painted warriors, yelling their war-whoop, thirsting for revenge and stern in their resolution to drive the intruders from their lands. There was little organization for defence. The experienced military men among the English must have been fully aware that such means as had been devised for meeting an Indian attack were quite inadequate. But nothing was done about it.

Things had been going from bad to worse. Each year the settlers had encroached further upon the Indian lands. They had paid their way, to be sure, according to English law. "I think I can truly say," wrote Governor Winslow, in May, 1676, "that before these present troubles broke out, the English did not possess one foot of land in this Colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian Proprietors. Nay, because some of our people are of a covetous disposition, and the Indians are in straits easily prevailed with to part with their lands, we first made a law, that none should purchase or receive of gift any land of the Indians without the knowledge and allowance of our courts and penalty of a fine, five pounds per acre for all that should be bought or obtained."

Such was the self-satisfied state of mind of the English regarding their real estate transactions with the original owners of the Colonial lands. Many of them took full advantage of people who had no knowledge whatsoever of land values as measured in English money. J. H. Denison in his book "Emotional Currents in American History," 1932, puts the case clearly, when he says: "To the Indian land can no more be bought and sold than sky and ocean, and when the white man thought he was purchasing territory, the Indians failed to grasp the idea that for a few gifts he was renouncing his fields and hunting ground in perpetuity. Consequently they were as much annoyed with the settlers upon their territory as is an Englishman with a poacher. . . . . There is a brutality about the advance of civilization which rivals that of the savage." No one will deny, we think, that if these same Englishmen had owned this vast area of wilderness, no man could have bought it from them for what, in the money of today, would have been a dollar or two a square mile.

King Philip, of Mount Hope, had brooded long. He may have had thoughts as lofty as those of white patriots whose names and glory are immortal. To his Indian mind his people had been stripped of their ancestral lands and of their liberty. He may have acted with purest motive in plotting to win back their freedom. He may have chanted "Poconokets never shall be slaves." He may have cried in gutteral Algonquin: "Give me liberty or give me death!" He, too, was a patriot. But this world of ours draws sharp distinction between Nipmucks and Narragansetts and Poconokets fighting for their liberty in 1675, and the American Colonies fighting for the same precious heritage in 1775.

But whether or not Philip, son of Massasoit, was a great-hearted patriot, he surely was nursing a formidable list of personal grudges against the English. He was a proud man, they tell us, descended from a line of powerful chieftains, whose lands had covered all of southeastern Massachusetts. He had been robbed of the greater part of his former power, and had been publicly humiliated more than once. He had been forced to sign an obnoxious confession of evil doings, and to give up the guns he had paid for.

He had seen his people grow poorer and poorer, to a condition of almost abject poverty. They had listened to the blandishments of the English and had sold their lands, for, conforming to their inbred trait of no thought for the morrow, the lure of money in the fist was a temptation easy to yield to. So Philip's country had become smaller each year, its northern and eastern borders had approached steadily closer to his stronghold on Mount Hope, which rises from the northern shore of the great eastern bight of Narragansett Bay. Finally there was nothing left but a few peninsulas, which the General Court had set aside for them—counterparts of the present-day Indian reservations. Even these were fenced off from English lands, on the plea that the cattle might not stray into the Indians' fields and destroy their growing crops.

According to Hubbard, Philip had first contemplated an uprising in 1671. Discussing the premature outbreak of 1675, he wrote: "Yet some are ready to think that if his own life had not been in jeopardy by the guilt of the murder of Sausaman, his heart might have failed him as it did before in the year 1671, which made one of his captains, of better courage and resolution than himself, when he saw his cowardly temper and disposition, fling down his arms, calling him a white-livered cur."

However, that may be, Philip, in 1675, was not ready for his uprising. His guns were gone and he had no means of replacing them. His organization of the three nations was far from being perfected. It is written that when he heard of the killing of the people at Swansea, his neighbor white village, he wept. His plans were knocked awry. He must have sensed that reprisal would be swift. There was left for him and his people and allies only the opportunity for a final brutal and bloody vengeance.

When this happened he was at his home on Mount Hope. It was the early summer of 1675. A year later, close by the home of his boyhood, he was shot down by a traitorous Indian companion. In the intervening months the outlying settlements of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were burned and laid waste, hundreds of their inhabitants were killed and other hundreds carried away as captives, the military forces of the Colonies, though triumphant because of their dogged Anglo-Saxon courage, were ambushed and slaughtered. Thousands of Indians were dead, the Poconokets and Narragansetts were almost exterminated, the Nipmucks, excepting some of the faithful Praying Indians, were decimated and broken. Nothing was left of the three conspiring nations but miserable remnants.

New England in 1675—"The prosperity of the Massachusetts colony portended danger," wrote Bancroft, "for the increase of the English alarmed the race of red men, who could not change their habits, and who saw themselves deprived of their usual means of subsistance. It is difficult to form exact opinions on the population of the several colonies in this early period of their history; the colonial accounts are incomplete; and those which were furnished by emissaries from England are extravagantly false. Perhaps no great error will be committed, if we suppose the white population of New England, in 1675, to have more than fifty-five thousand souls. Of these, Plymouth may have contained not many less than seven thousand; Connecticut nearly fourteen thousand; Massachusetts proper, more than twenty-two thousand; and Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, each perhaps four thousand.

"The settlements were chiefly agricultural communities, planted near the sea-side, from New Haven to Pemaquid. The beaver trade, even more than traffic in lumber and fish, had produced the villages beyond the Piscataqua;

yet in Maine, as in New Hampshire, there was 'a great trade in deal boards.' Most of the towns were insulated settlements near the ocean, on rivers, which were employed to drive the saw-mills, then described as a 'late invention'; and cultivation had not extended far into the interior.

"Haverhill on the Merrimack was a frontier town; from Connecticut, emigrants had ascended as far as the rich meadows of Deerfield and Northfield; but to the west Berkshire was a wilderness; Westfield was the remotest plantation. Between the towns on Connecticut river and the cluster of towns near Massachusetts Bay, Lancaster and Mendon and Brookfield and Worcester were the solitary abodes of Christians in the desert. The government of Massachusetts extended to the Kennebec, and included more than half the population of New England. The confederacy of the colonies had also been renewed, in anticipation of dangers.

"The number of the Indians of that day hardly amounted to 30,000 in all New England west of the St. Croix. Of these, perhaps about 5,000 dwelt in the territory of Maine; New Hampshire may have hardly contained 3,000; and Massachusetts, with Plymouth, never from the first peopled by many Indians, seems to have had less than 8,000. In Connecticut and Rhode Island, never depopulated by wasting sickness, the Mohegans, the Narragansetts and the Pokanokets, and kindred tribes, had multiplied their villages round the sea-shore, the inlets and the larger ponds, which increased their scanty supplies by furnishing abundance of fish.

"Yet, of these, exaggerated estimates melt away when subjected to criticism. To Connecticut, rumor, in the days of the elder Winthrop, gave three or four thousand warrior Indians; and there may have been half of the larger number. The Narragansetts, like so many other tribes, boasted of their former grandeur, but they could not bring into action a thousand bowmen. Thus, therefore, west of the Piscataqua, there were probably about 50,000 whites and 25,000 Indians; while east of the same stream, there were about 4,000 whites, and perhaps more than that number of red men."

Massasoit and His Sons—Massasoit, chief sachem of the Poconokets, was the friend of the Pilgrims. His friendship took practical form. His people went to the aid of the Colony in time of famine. They were the teachers of the tenderfoot settlers in the primitive methods of agriculture which alone were adapted to the initial opening of the wilderness, and in the woodsman's art, including the hunting and snaring of game. The settlers' seed corn came from Massasoit's people. Their debt to the Indians was a large one, and they realized it and were duly thankful. During the lifetime of Massasoit white men and red men lived as friendly neighbors.

Three months after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, Massasoit presented himself in their settlement and entered upon a

league with them, which was in effect an offensive and defensive treaty. By its provisions, Massasoit would make no attack upon the Colony, and "if any did unjustly war against him, they should aid him; and if any did war against them, he should aid them." Ten years later he brought with him his two young sons, Alexander and Philip, "desiring that there might be love and amity after his death, between his sons and them, as there had been betwixt himself and them in former times."

One bitter thought rankled with the good Pilgrims. The sachem would never permit them to make an attempt to bring his tribesmen into their religious fold. Their missionary zeal was frustrated again and again as a contemporary writer put it: "It is very remarkable that this Massasoit, how much soever he affected the English but would in his treaty with his neighbors at Plymouth have had them engage never to attempt to drawn away any of the people from their Pagan superstition and devilish idolatry to the Christian religion. This was a bad omen."

Alexander, however, succeeding to the leadership upon the death of his father, probably early in 1661, inherited none of this kindly regard for Englishmen. He renewed the treaty, but must have signed it with his tongue in his cheek. But his chieftainship was a short one. In the late summer of 1661 word reached the English authorities that his actions were unfriendly, and officials were sent to apprehend him and bring him to Boston, to answer charges lodged against him. He was found in a lodge where with some followers he was resting after hunting, and was placed under arrest. The journey to Boston had hardly begun when he became violently ill, and begged to be permitted to return home. The prayer was granted, but he died of his ailment almost immediately. The rumor spread that he had been killed by the Englishmen. The charge, of course, was groundless, but the Indians believed it, including his widow, the squaw sachem, Weetamoo, Queen of Pocassett, sister-in-law of Philip, and a power in her own right.

Philip succeeded his brother, and with the office of sachem took over all of Alexander's hatred and distrust of the English. He, too, renewed the offensive and defensive treaty framed by Massasoit, but only when, in 1662, he was ordered to report at Plymouth and do so. The years passed by, and the sachem's plot was born. "In 1671, the Devil who was a murderer from the beginning had so filled the heart of this savage miscreant with envy and malice against the English that he was ready to break into open war against the inhabitants of Plymouth, protesting some petite injuries done to him in planting land."

He was hailed before the magistrates at Taunton and charged with conspiring. The upshot of it was, he signed a remarkable confession and agreement, which stands as an example of the kind of document to which the

sachems occasionally became parties. It is absurd, naturally, to imagine the haughty Philip agreeing in his heart to any such contract as the following:

"TAUNTON, APRIL 10TH, 1671.

"WHEREAS my father, my brother and myself, have formally submitted ourselves and our people unto the Kings Majesty of England, and to the Colony of New Plymouth by solemn covenant under our hand; but I having of late through my indiscretion, and the naughtiness of my heart, violated and broken this my covenant with my friends, by taking up arms, with evil intent against them and that groundlessly; I now being deeply sensible of my unfaithfulness and my folly, so desire at this time solemnly to renew my covenant with my ancient friends, and my father's friends above mentioned, and do desire that this may testify to the world against me if ever I shall again fail in my faithfulness towards them (that I have now and at times found so kind to me) or any other of the English colonies; and as a real pledge of my true intensions for the future to be faithful and friendly, I do freely engage to resign up unto the government of New Plymouth all my English arms, to be kept by them for their security so long as they shall see reason."

So they took from Philip his English arms, for which he had paid his money, and he departed. One can imagine the raging tumult in his proud breast, and his avid thirst for revenge. From his point of view, he had been coerced, insulted, humiliated and robbed.

Philip, as sachem of the Poconokets, was chief of a group of tribes, comprising the Wampanoags, Pawtuxets, Namaskets and others which were established in the territory of the Plymouth Colony. The name Poconokets is a comprehensive one, signifying "those of the cleared land country." The Indian liked names descriptive of places. Early in his plotting he had enlisted the aid of Weetamoo of Pocassett, who soon afterward became the wife of Quennapin, a Narragansett sachem, who stood high in the councils of Canonchet. His principal allies were the Nipmucks and the Narragansetts. Canonchet and his counsellors probably were easily won over. The Narragansetts had lived in friendship with the Poconokets for years and Roger Williams, founder of the Rhode Island Colony, had deemed it to the advantage of the English to foster this union of interests.

More important, still, the Narragansetts had never forgiven the English for their share in the death of their old chief, Miantonomo. Their hereditary enemies, the Mohegans of Connecticut, had taken sides with the English in the Pequod War, and had rendered them great services, particularly in the final battle which destroyed the power of that savage people.

At the insistence of the Colonial Confederation, the Mohegans and Narragansetts had pledged themselves not to engage in war between themselves, without first laying their quarrel before the English officials. Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans, was an able man, and as sly and cunning as they make them.

Drake, in his edition of Hubbard's "Indian Wars" declares "there is no more detestable character in all Indian history." He succeeded in convincing the Confederation that Miantonomo was plotting not only against the Mohegans but against the English as well, and made charges to that effect. So the Narragansett sachem was summoned to Boston to appear before the court and make answer.

Winthrop in his journal says that when Miantonomo was arraigned, none of his accusers appeared, and he was told by the court that it did not know who his accusers were. He then demanded why he had been summoned to Boston, so much to his detriment, and showed that the grounds for so doing rested solely on false reports instigated by Uncas.

"Where is Uncas?" he demanded. "Why is not my accuser here? I am ready to prove his treachery to his face. I am not afraid to see the faces of the English, though I was told that if I came to Boston I would be put to death. I fear nothing, for I have not wronged the English."

The Massachusetts members of the court were satisfied of his innocence, but the Connecticut judges, whose people depended much upon the good will of the Mohegans, insisted upon a conviction. So he was declared guilty, but, however, was permitted to return home.

In the same year war broke out between the Narragansetts and Mohegans and Miantonomo was made a prisoner. Uncas demanded from the Confederation permission to kill his enemy, and the plea was granted, "it being justly feared that there never would be any firm peace, either between the English and Narragansetts or the Narragansetts and the Mohegans, while Miantonomo was left alive." So Uncas chopped off his head.

The Narragansetts were furious at this act of the English. They threatened to rise against the whites, but a display of force and the memory of the fate of the Pequods persuaded them to desist. But their resentment smouldered hotly. The Indians had long memories, and twenty years later when Philip laid his plan before the sagamores they were not difficult to convince. Canonchet, their chief, son of Miantonomo, must have been only too eager for the opportunity to avenge at last his father's ignominious end.

But the Narragansetts did not jump immediately into the fray. They harbored Philip's non-combatants, and probably their young braves joined in some of the war parties. But as a nation they stayed out of it, until the English forced their hand. But the Nipmucks were up and doing the minute messengers reached them, telling that war was on.

John Sausaman, educated at Harvard, a Praying Indian employed as a school teacher at John Eliot's Natick village, was the direct cause of bringing matters to a climax. He committed some offense against Eliot, and fled to Philip at Mount Hope. He became the sachem's friend and confidant and was his secretary. He was with Philip in that capacity in 1662, when the sachem

renewed his father's compact with the Plymouth Colony. But Sausaman's Christian conscience got the better of him, or perhaps he pined for the comforts of Natick, and he sought the apostle's forgiveness and was taken back into the fold.

In 1671 he had occasion to visit the Plymouth country, probably on a fishing trip, and ran across some of the Poconokets, and finally met Philip himself. Apparently they got to talking over old times, and present conditions, and Philip may have aired his grievances to his old friend. Anyhow, Sausaman learned of the Indian conspiracy, and lost no time in communicating the facts to the governor of Plymouth.

This was black treachery, from the Indian viewpoint, and to square matters, a trio of Philip's men waylaid the teacher on the ice of Assawomset Pond in Middleboro, beat him to death, and placed his body under the ice, so that should it be found, it would appear that he had broken through and drowned. But murder will out. The crime was detected, the murderers apprehended, and the trio executed. Whereupon a party of young Poconoket warriors fell upon Swansea and killed several men. The war cloud burst.

The Confederated Colonies struck hard and without delay. The Poconokets were completely demoralized. The plunge into war was too sudden for them. They did not know which way to turn. Many of them rushed to join Philip. Many others were at first inclined to stand by the English. The attack on Swansea was on June 24. Captain Moseley's company started immediately for Mount Hope, hoping to meet Philip and his warriors. They found field after field of growing corn, and the wigwams, but the sachem and his people had disappeared.

After some skirmishing, word came that the fugitives were in the great Pocasset swamp. Moseley followed, and, reinforced, surrounded the place. But Philip and a hundred warriors escaped over the flats at the night's low tide, taking with them many of their women and children. Many others were left behind, to fall into the hands of the whites. Two days later, at Rehoboth, the fleeing Poconokets encountered a strong war party of Mohegans led by Oneko, son of Uncas, and a force of Natick Indians, and were badly defeated, losing, among others, Philip's trusted counselor, Nimrod.

But the remnant of Philip's band succeeded in effecting a retreat. They were without adequate food supply, and were burdened with the women and children. Nevertheless, taking to the old Providence trail, they reached Quabaug Old Fort in Brookfield on August 5.

According to the narrative of George Memicho, a Christian Indian captured in the Quabaug fighting, and a prisoner in the camp, Philip "brought with him about forty men, but women and children many more, the number I cannot tell. Philip's men were thirty of them armed with guns, the rest with bows and arrows. About ten of them were wounded. He gave to each of the

sachems about a peck of unstrung wampum. Philip, as I understood, told Quabaug and Nipmuck Indians that when he first came toward the Nipmuck Country and left his own, he had in his company about two hundred and fifty men, besides women and children, including the squaw sachem (Weetamoo) and her company, and now they had left him and some of them were killed."

The war of 1675-76 is known in history as King Philip's War, and so it was in its inception and plan. But from the day of his flight from Pocasset swamp, Philip was not the commander-in-chief, nor the leading spirit, nor is there evidence that he took part in any assault or battle, although he was present at the sacking of Lancaster. "He abated nothing of haughtiness, and malice, and artful designs, and intrigue," according to Temple, "but the wise in counsel and the leaders in battle, were the Quabaugs, the Nashaways and the Nipnets."

Another writer aptly puts it: "The fear of the colonists, indeed, made Philip the omnipresent arch-fiend who planned each cunning ambush, ordered each bloody massacre, and directed every incendiary torch; the foremost in every attack, the most daring of his race. But the evidence of history fails to sustain these assumptions."

CHAPTER VI.

The War in Worcester County

At the outbreak of King Philip's War, Lancaster had about 350 people, Mendon had thirty-four families, Brookfield twenty, and Worcester ten. Reckoning five to a family, and including the few Marlboro settlers whose habitations were within the present borders of the county, the total white population was in the vicinity of 700. They could not have been located more unfortunately in the event of Indian troubles. Not only were they far beyond the frontier of safe territory, and far removed from immediate succor from the established settlements as well as from one another, but the Nipmuck Country formed the one corridor left open to the southern tribes in their retreat from the enemies which hemmed them in. To the east and northward were the English, to the west the Mohegans.

After the defeat of King Philip's forces in the summer of 1675, and of the Narragansetts at the Great Swamp Fight the following winter, the only avenue over which they could flee was to the northwestward, up the Blackstone and Quinebaug valleys and the highlands adjoining them, which led them into Central Massachusetts. In spite of the heavy losses which they had sustained by death and capture and desertion, hundreds of warriors, ugly and revengeful, with their women and children, were wandering over the country. Besides the attacks on the settlements, there were various engagements between them and the English company, which were sent out to capture or destroy them.

The first blood was shed at Mendon. On July 14, a war party of Nipmucks, led by Matoonas, a Praying Indian and a rascal, attacked men working in the fields and killed five of them. Later the wife and child of Matthias Puffer were murdered, and there may have been others. No records remain to tell the story in its completeness. The inhabitants were taken completely by surprise. They had not the slightest suspicion that their red neighbors were unfriendly.

They communicated their predicament to the authorities at Boston and tried to persuade them to move the Hassanamisco Praying Indians to Mendon, together with their arms and supplies, and organize the place for defense. The request was refused because of a growing distrust of all Indians, Christian as well as Pagan. As applied to the seven new Praying Towns of Worcester County this suspicion was well founded. Nor were the Indians of Hassanamisco wholly to be relied upon. Even James Printer, who set the type of the Indian Bible, reverted to type, and escaped execution at the end of the war only because of his promised usefulness to the Colony.

Instead, a garrison was established and soldiers made Mendon a base from which to raid the Indian villages. The Colonial Council ordered "that the people should not remove from the place without leave, and that those who that have done so should immediately return." But neither the presence of the soldiers nor the command of the Council could prevail over the anxious dread of the Indians, and before the end of the year the settlement was completely deserted. The savages promptly burned their buildings.

The Massachusetts authorities, informed of Philip's warlike intentions, on June 13 dispatched an embassy to the Nipmucks and Quaboags to discover their state of mind, and if possible prevent an alliance between them and the Poconoket sachem. They visited the whole line of Indian villages, including the Praying towns, and found no signs of dissatisfaction or hostility. Each willingly entered into a treaty satisfactory to the English officials, the sachems pledging themselves to give no assistance to Philip, but to hold themselves subject to the Bay Colony. Here is a sample of what transpired at the several Councils:

"The Ruler of Quaboag being examined by us where his men were; he said that they were at home. Then we asked him whether there were none of them gone to help King Philip to fight against the English at Plymouth. He said No; and neither would he help him, for he has been false to him already, and therefore 'I will not help him; but I will continue unto the English of the Massachusetts Colony; neither will I suffer any of my men to go to help him; and in confirmation of the same I do set my hand.'

"June 25, 1675."

The sachems were lying, of course. They were already in league with Philip. Black James of Chaubungungamaug, chief constable of the seven Worcester County Praying Towns; Konkewasco of Quaboag, and Sagamore John of Pakachoag were among those who ambushed the English troop of horse at Wenimesset a few weeks later, and were leaders in the Brookfield fighting. Only the day before the signing of the Quabaug treaty the attack had been made at Swansea. Yet the villages had planted their corn as usual,

and were living their usual existence. It is likely that swift runners were already on the trail from Mount Hope, carrying the message, which translates aptly into modern slang—"the beans had been spilled." Evidently it required only such a word to call the warriors of the Nipmuck Country to arms. It was unexpected, but they were ready.

The Governor and Council were not convinced by the report of the messengers to the tribes. They were suspicious. They must have learned of what was happening in Rhode Island. Therefore they sent for Ephraim Curtis of Sudbury, the same who is known as Worcester's first settler. He had a wide acquaintance among the Indians, and was a skillful scout. They instructed him to proceed into the Nipmuck Country "to make a perfect discovery of the motions of the Nipmug or western Indians." Upon his return from an adventurous journey, he presented to the Chief Magistrate what he entitled his "Return and Relation," dated July 16, 1675. It is an accurate picture of the ferment into which the Nipmuck tribes were thrown. Not only was he a good scout, but he wrote a good story, as follows:

"In my journey my chief endeavor was to inquire after the motions of the Indians. The first information which I had was that my house at Quinsigamond was robbed. The Indians to confirm it showed me some of the goods; and also some other goods which was none of mine. They told me it was very dangerous for me to go into the woods, for that Mattoonas which they said was the leader of them that robbed my house was in company with fifty of Phillip's accomplices ranging between Chaubungungamaug and Quanteseck and Mendon and Warwick, and they might happen to meet me; and if I missed them, yet it was dangerous to meet or see the other Nipmuk Indians which were gathered together, for they would be ready to shoot me as soon as they saw me.

"With this news those three Natick Indians which were with me as volunteers, were discouraged, and told me that if I did not provide more company, they were not willing to go with me. Hearing this, I repaired to the constable at Marlboro and to the military officers and they pressed two men with horses and arms to go along with me. And so as we passed Hassanamet we could not find any Indians, neither in tents nor fields. But after we passed Seneck-sik some miles into the woods westward we found an Indian path newly made. There was with me a volunteer Indian that came from the Indians out of the wilderness but two or three days before, and he told me he would find them out. So in our travel we followed this track many miles, and found many tents built wherein I suppose they might keep the rendezvous for a day or two. And so we found three places where they had pitched, but found no Indians.

"And following still in pursuit of the track we came to the lead mines by Springfield old road (Sturbridge), where we saw new footing of Indians.

And so looking out sharp, in about two miles riding we saw two Indians, which when we saw, I sent the Indian that went with me from Marlboro to speak with them. But so soon as they had discovered us, they ran away from us. But with fast riding and much calling two of our Indians stopped one of them. The other ran away. We asked this Indian where the other Indians were. He being surprised with fear could scarcely speak to us, but only told us that the Indians were but a little way from us. So I sent the Marlboro Indian before to tell them that the Governor of Massachusetts, his messenger, was coming with peaceable words. But when he came to them they would not believe him. He therefore came riding back and met us.

"These Indians have newly begun to settle themselves upon an Island containing about four acres of ground, being compassed round with a broad mirey swamp on the one side, and a muddy river (headwaters of Ware River, the Indian name of which was Wenimesset) with meadow on both sides of it on the other side, and but only one place that a horse could possibly pass, and there with a great deal of difficulty by reason of the mire and dirt. Before we came to the river there met us at least forty Indians at a little distance from the river, some with their guns in their hands ready-cocked and primed. As we came near to the river most of them next to the river presented their guns to us. All my acquaintances would not know me, although I saw near twenty of them together, and asked their welfare, knowing that many of them could speak good English. I spoke to many of them in the Governor's name which I called my Master the Great Sachem of the Massachusetts English, requiring them to own the fidelity and engagement to the English, telling them that I came not to fight with them or to hurt them, but as a messenger from the Governor to put them in mind of their engagement to the English. I think some of them did believe me, but the most of them would not.

"There was a very great uproar amongst them. Some of them would have had me and my company presently killed, but many others, as I understood afterwards, were against it. I required their sachems to come over the river, but they refused, saying that I must come over to them. My company were something unwilling, for they thought themselves in very great danger, where we were. Then they said: 'What shall we be when we come over the river amongst all the vile rout?' I told them we had better never have seen them than not to speak with their sachems, and if we ran from them in the time of this tumult, they would shoot after us, and kill some of us.

"So with much difficulty we got over the river and meadow to the Island where they stood to face us at our coming out of the mire. Many Indians with their guns presented at us ready-cocked and primed, so we rushed between them, and called for their sachem. They presently faced about and went to surround us. We rushed between them once or twice, and bid them

stand in a body, and I would face them. But still the uproar continued with such noise that the air rang. I required them to lay down their arms, and they commanded us to put up our arms first and come off our horses, which I refused to do. Some of them which were inclinable to believe us or were our friends laid down their arms, but the others continued the uproar for a while. With much threatening and persuasion, at last the uproar ceased. Many of them said they would neither believe me nor my master, without he would send them two or three bushels of powder.

"At length I spoke with their sachems, which were five, and other grandees, which I think were about twelve more. Our Natick Indians seemed to be very industrious all this time to still the tumult and so persuade the Indians. And as soon as I came to speak with the sachems, we dismounted and put up our arms. I had a great deal of speech with them by an interpreter, being brought to their Court and sent out again three or four times. The names of the sachems are these: 1. Muttaump. 2. Konkewasco. 3. Willymachen. 4. Upchattuck. 5. Keehood. 6. Noncatonsoo. Muttaump I perceive is chosen to be head over the other five, and was the chief speaker. Their company in numbers I judge to be near two hundred men. They would fain have had me to stay all night. I asked the reason of some that could speak English. They said that they had some messengers at Connecticut and some southward, and that was the reason they would have me stay. I asked them the reason of their rude behavior towards us. And they said they heard that the English had killed a man of theirs about Merrimack river, and that they had an intent to destroy them all. I left them well appeased when I came away. More might be added; but thus far this is a true relation.

Pr y humble Servt

"July 16, 1675. EPHM CURTIS"

Of the Indian sachems named by Curtis, Muttaump was a Quaboag, who without doubt later was the leader in the ambush of Captains Hutchinson and Wheeler, and at the siege of Brookfield. He was one of the shrewdest and bravest plotters and warriors of the war. Konkewasco was also a Quaboag sachem. Upchattuck was a Nashaway chieftain, commonly known as Sagamore Sam, and Keehood and Noncatonsoo were Wabaquassets.

This "Return and Relation" evidently surprised and alarmed the Governor and Council. They were unprepared to learn of the widespread disaffection among the natives, and especially of the strong combination already formed by the Quaboags. And the full significance of Curtis' Relation is seen when we recall that two days before, on July 14, and at the very time when he was in conference with the Indians at Menameset, the war party had surprised the town of Mendon, only thirty miles from Boston, and killed five men.

Curtis Again Braves the Sachems—Immediately the authorities despatched Curtis on a second visit to Brookfield and Wenimesset (in New Braintree), with a message to the Indians and letters to Major Pynchon. He returned to Boston July 24 and made this report: "I proceeded according to your order in my journey to the Indians, and going through Brookfield, I delivered your letters directed to Maj. Pynchon to the constable Brookfield. From this I went directly to the Indians, and found them at the same place where they were before. We sent one Indian before us to give an account of our coming, at which they made a great shout.

"When we came to the river we called to have the Sachems come over to us. The reply was made to us that if we had any business to them we must come over to them; and when we understood that they would not come to us we went to them. I first asked for the chief speaker Muttaump. They told us he was at present gone from them, but might be spoken withal, it may be the next day. We then required to see the Sachems that were there. And these appeared, Keehood, Willymachen, John Apeckgonas and Samuel, sachem of Washacum, with whom we treated.

"We had pretty good quarter with them. There was no abuse offered to us. I read your Honor's letter deliberately to them. They seemed to accept of it very well. They promised that Keehood and one more of their principal men would come to the Massachusetts Bay within four or five days, and speak our Great Sachem. Many questions they asked of us to which we answered; but in the close of all we told them that if they were not satisfied, if Muttaump and Keehood, or some of their principal men would come to the Bay, our Great Sachem would use them kindly, and well fill their bellies, and answer all their questions. We asked them why they were so abusive the last time. They said that Black James, the constable of Chaubunagungamaug had told them that the English would kill them all without any exception, because they were not Praying Indians.

"When we were come back about twelve miles, one of our Indians told us that there was one man there which had been with Philip, and was come there three days before us, and had brought English goods with him which they thought he had robbed the English of. We asked him why he had not told us of it while we were there. He said he did not know of it while we were come over the river, but we rather judge he concealed it through fear that we would make a disturbance for that man's sake. This is the substance of what I have to acquaint your Honors withal.

"July 24, 1675. EPH. CURTIS."

Governor Leverett and his Council did not wait for the arrival of the sagamores, who never came. Word of the Mendon massacre had reached them, and on July 27 they ordered Captain Edward Hutchinson, who had con-

ducted a farm in the Nipmuck Country and knew the Indians, and Captain Thomas Wheeler of Concord, with his troop of twenty horse, to proceed immediately into the wilderness, seek out the Indians, and discover the exact status of affairs among them. The order, as it turned out, was almost the equivalent of a death warrant. Its very wording indicated great hazard.

It set forth that the Council had been informed that a hundred armed Narragansett Indians "are come down in the Nipmuck Country," and the two captains, with Ephraim Curtis as a guide, were "forthwith to repair to those parts, and there labor to get a right understanding of the motions of the Narragansett Indians and the Indians of Nipmuck." They were to demand of the Nararganseett leaders "an account of ye grounds of their marching into that country, and require to understand the orders of their sachems." On top of this, the English captains were informed that "Matoonas and his accomplices who have murdered and robbed our people at Mendon are now among them, and we require of them (Narragansetts and Nipmucks) to deliver them to you or forthwith to bring in to us those our enemies, otherwise we must look at them as no friends to us, but as aiders and abettors." The captains were ordered, if it became necessary, to use force of arms on "any Indians that stand in opposition to you." The brave little troop found no Naragansetts, but more than enough of Nipmucks.

The story of the expedition, the ambush into which it was betrayed, the retreat to Brookfield and the siege of the garrison house, was written in simple, direct narrative form by Captain Wheeler, who omitted none of the lurid details. Much of it will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Ambush at Wenimesset and Siege of Brookfield ---Captain Wheeler's Narrative

"Captain Hutchinson, and myself, with twenty men or more, marched from Cambridge to Sudbury, July 28, 1675. From thence into the Nipmuck Country, and found that the Indians had deserted their towns. We having gone until we came within two miles of New Norwich, on July 31 (only we saw two Indians having an horse with them, whom we would have spoke with, but they fled from us and left their horse, which we took), we then thought it not expedient to march any further that way, but set our march for Brookfield, whither we came on the Lord's day about noon. From thence the same day (being August 1), we understanding that the Indians were about ten miles north west from us, we sent out four men to acquaint the Indians that we were not come to harm them, but our business was only to deliever a Message from our Honored Governor and Council to them, and to receive their answer, we desiring to come to a Treaty of Peace with them (though they had for several days fled from us), they having before professed friendship, and promised fidelity to the English.

"When the messengers came to them they made an alarm, and gathered together about an hundred and fifty fighting men as near as they could judge. The young men amongst them were stout in their speeches, and surly in their carriage. But at length some of the chief Sachems promised to meet us on the next morning about 8 of the clock upon a plain within three miles of Brookfield, with which answer the messengers returned to us. Whereupon, though their speeches and carriage did much discourage divers of our company, yet we conceived that we had a clear call to go to meet them at the place whither they had promised to come.

"Accordingly we with our men, accompanied with three of the principal inhabitants of that town, marched to the plain appointed. But the treacherous heathen intending mischief (if they could have opportunity), came not

to the said place, and so failed our hopes of speaking with them there. Whereupon, the said Captain Hutchinson and myself, with the rest of our Company, considered what was best to be done, whether we should go any further towards them or return. Divers of us apprehended much danger in case we did proceed, because the Indians kept not promise there with us. But the three men who belonged to Brookfield were so strongly persuaded of their freedom from any ill intentions towards us (as upon other grounds, so especially because the greatest part of those Indians belonged to David, one of their chief Sachems, who was taken to be a great friend to the English) that Captain Hutchinson, who was principally intrusted with the matter to Treaty with them, was thereby encouraged to proceed and march forward toward a swamp where the Indians then were.

Marched Into An Ambush—"When we came near the swamp, the way was so very bad that we could march only in a single file. There was a very rocky hill on the right hand, and a thick swamp on the left, in which there were many of those cruel blood-thirsty heathen, who there waylaid us, waiting an opportunity to cut us off. There was also much brush on the side of the hill, where they lay in ambush to surprise us. When we had marched there about sixty or seventy rods, the said perfidious Indians sent out their shot upon us as a shower of hail, they being (as was supposed), about two hundred men or more.

"We seeing ourselves so beset, and not having room to fight, endeavored to fly for the safety of our lives. In which flight we were in no small danger to be all cut off. There was a very miry swamp before us, into which we could not enter with our horses to go forwards, and there was no safety in retreating the way we came, because many of their company, who lay behind the bushes, had let us pass by them quietly. When others had shot, they came out and stopped our way back, so that we were forced as we could to get up the steep and rocky hill. But the greater our danger was, the greater was God's mercy in the preservation of so many of us from sudden destruction.

"Myself being gone up part of the hill without any hurt, and perceiving some of my men to be fallen by the enemies' shot, I wheeled about upon the Indians, not calling on my men who were left to accompany me, which they in all probability would have done had they known of my return upon the enemy. They fired violently out of the swamp and from behind the bushes on the hill side. They wounded me sorely, and shot my horse under me, so that he faultering and falling, I was forced to leave him, divers of the Indians being then but a few rods distant from me.

"My son, Thomas Wheeler, flying with the rest of the company, missed me amongst them, and fearing that I was either slain or much endangered,

returned towards the swamp again, though he had then received a dangerous wound, where he saw me in the danger aforesaid. Whereupon, he endeavored to rescue me, showing himself therein a loving and dutiful son, he adventuring himself into great peril of his life to help me in that distress, there being many of the enemies about me. My son set me on his horse, and so escaped a while on foot himself, until he caught an horse whose rider was slain, on which he mounted, and so through God's great mercy we both escaped. But in this attempt for my deliverance he received another dangerous wound by their shot in his left arm. There were then slain, to our great grief, eight men. There were also then five persons wounded. They also then killed five of our horses, and wounded some more, which soon died after they came to Brookfield.

"Upon this sudden and unexpected blow given us (wherein we desire to look higher than man the instrument), we returned to the town as fast as the badness of the way and the weakness of our wounded man would permit, we being then ten miles from it. All the while we were going, we darest not stay to staunch the bleeding of our wounded man, for fear the enemy would have surprised us again, which they attempted to do, and had in probability done, but that we perceiving which way they went, wheeled off to the other hand. And so by God's Good Providence towards us, they missed us, and we all came readily upon and safely to the town, though none of us knew the way to it, those of the place being slain, and we avoiding any thick woods and riding in open places to prevent danger by them. Being got to the town, we speedily betook ourselves to one of the largest and strongest houses therein, where we fortified ourselves in the best manner we could in such straits of time, and there resolved to keep garrison though we were but few, and meanly fitted to make resistance against so furious enemies.

Siege of Garrison House—"The news of the Indians' treacherous dealing with us, and the loss of so many of our company thereby, did so amaze the inhabitants of the town, that they presently left their houses, divers of them carrying very little away with them, they being afraid of the Indians sudden coming upon them. And so they came to the house we were entered into, very meanly provided of clothing or furnished with provisions.

"I perceiving myself to be disenabled for the discharge of the duties of my place by reason of the wound I had received, and apprehending that the enemy would soon come to spoil the town and assault us in the house, I appointed Simon Davis, of Concord, James Richardson and John Fiske of Chelmsford, to manage affairs for our safety with those few men whom God hath left us and were fit for any service, and the inhabitants of the said town. They did well and commendably perform the duties of the trust committed to them with much courage and resolution through the assistance of

our gracious God, who did not leave us in our low and distressed state, but did mercifully appear for us in our greatest need, as in the sequel will clearly be manifested.

"Within two hours after our coming to the said house, or less, Captain Hutchinson and myself posted away Ephraim Curtis of Sudbury, and Henry Young of Concord, to go to the Honored Council at Boston, to give them an account of the Lord's dealing with us, and our present condition. When they came to the further end of the town they saw the enemy rifling of houses which the inhabitants had forsaken. The post fired upon them, and immediately returned to us again. They discerned no safety in going forward and were desirous to inform us of the enemies' actings, that we might the more prepare for a sudden assault by them.

"Which indeed presently followed, for as soon as they were come back to us, the barbarous heathen pressed upon us in the house with great violence, sending in their shot amongst us like hail, through the walls, and shouting as if they would have swallowed us up alive. But our good God wrought wonderfully for us, so that there was but one man wounded within the house, *viz.,* Henry Young, who, looking out of the garret window that evening, was mortally wounded by a shot, of which wound he died within two days after. There was the same day another man slain, but not in the house. A son of Sergeant Pritchard's, adventuring out of the house wherein we were to his father's house not far from it, to fetch more goods out of it, was caught by these cruel enemies as they were coming towards us, who cut off his head, kicking it about like a foot-ball, and then putting it upon a pole, they set it up before the door of his father's house in our sight.

"The night following the said blow, they did roar against us like so many wild bulls, sending in their shot amongst us till towards the moon rising, which was about three of the clock. At which time they attempted to fire our house by hay and other combustible matter which they brought to one corner of the house, and set it on fire. Whereupon some of our company were necessitated to expose themselves to very great danger to put it out.

"Simon Davis, one of the three appointed by myself as Captain to supply my place by reason of my wounds, he being of a lively spirit, encouraged the soldiers within the house to fire upon the Indians, and also those that adventured out to put out the fire (which began to rage and kindle upon the house side), with these and the like words, 'God is with us, and fights with us, and will deliver us out of the hands of these heathen.' Which expressions of his the Indians hearing, they shouted and scoffed, saying, 'Now see how your God delivers you, or will deliver you,' sending in many shots whilst our men were putting out the fire. But the Lord of Hosts wrought very graciously for us, in preserving our bodies both within and without the house from their shot, and our house from being consumed by fire. We had but two men

wounded in that attempt of theirs, but we apprehended that we killed divers of our enemies.

Curtis Penetrates Invaders—"I being desirous of hastening intelligence to the Honored Council, of our present great distress, we being so remote from any succor (it being sixty and seventy miles from us to Boston, where the Council useth to sit), and fearing our ammunition would not last long to withstand them, if they continued so to assault us, I spake to Ephraim Curtis to adventure forth again on that service, and to attempt it on foot, as the way wherein there was most hope of getting away undiscovered. He readily assented, and accordingly went out, but there were so many Indians everywhere thereabouts, that he could not pass without apparent hazard of life. So he came back again. But towards morning the said Ephraim adventured forth the third time, and was fain to creep on his hands and knees for some space of ground, that he might not be discerned by the enemy, who waited to prevent our sending if they could have hindered it. But through God's mercy he escaped their hands, and got safely to Marlborough, though very much spent, and ready to faint by reason of want of sleep before he went from us, and his sore travel night and day in that hot season till he got thither, from whence he went to Boston.

"Yet before the said Ephraim got to Marlborough, there was intelligence brought thither of the burning of some houses, and killing some cattle at Quabaug, by some who were going to Connecticut. But they seeing what was done at the end of the town, and hearing several guns shot off further within the town, they durst proceed no further, but immediately returned to Marlborough, though they knew not what had befallen Captain Hutchinson and myself and company, nor of our being there. But that timely intelligence they gave before Ephraim Curtis his coming to Marlborough, occasioned the Honored Major Willard's turning his march towards Quabaug, for their relief who were in no small danger every hour of being destroyed; the Major being, when he had that intelligence, upon his march another way, as he was ordered by the Honored Council.

"The next day being August 3d, they continued shooting and shouting, and proceeded in their former wickedness, blaspheming the name of the Lord, and reproaching us, his afflicted servants, scoffing at our prayers as they were sending in their shot upon all quarters of the house. And many of them went to the town's meeting house (which was within twenty rods of the house in which we were), who mocked saying, 'Come and pray, and sing psalms,' and in contempt made an hideous noise somewhat resembling singing. But we, to our power, did endeavor our defence, sending our shot amongst them, the Lord giving us courage to resist them, and preserving us from the destruction they sought to bring upon us.

"On the evening following, we saw our enemies carrying several of their dead or wounded men on their backs. They proceeded that night to send in their shot, as they had done the night before, and also still shouted as if the day had been certainly theirs, and they should without fail have prevailed against us. Which they might have the more hopes of, in that we discerned the coming of new companies to them to assist and strengthen them, and the unlikelihood of any coming to our help. They also used several stratagems to fire us, namely, by wild fire in cotton and linen rags with brimstone in them, which rags they tied to the piles of their arrows, sharp for the purpose, and shot them to the roof of our house, after they had set them on fire. Which would have much endangered the burning thereof, had we not used means by cutting holes through the roof, and otherwise, to beat the said arrows down, and God being pleased to prosper our endeavors therein.

"They carried more combustible matter, as flax and hay, to the sides of the house, and set it on fire, and then flocked apace towards the door of the house, either to prevent our going forth to quench the fire, as we had done before, or to kill our men in their attempt to go forth, or else to break into the house by the door. Whereupon we were forced to break down the wall of the house against the fire to put it out. They also shot a ball of wild fire into the garret of the house, amongst a great heap of flax or tow therein, which one of our soldiers, through God's good Providence, espyed, and having water ready presently quenched it.

"And so we were preserved by the keeper of Israel, both our bodies from their shot, which they sent thick against us, and the house from being consumed to ashes, although we were but weak to defend ourselves, we being not above twenty and six men with those of that small town, who were able for any service. Our enemies, I judged about (if not above) three hundred. I speak of the least, for many there present did guess them to be four or five hundred. It is the more to be observed, that so little hurt should be done by the enemies' shot, it commonly piercing the walls of the house and flying amongst the people, and there being in the house fifty women and children besides the men before mentioned. But abroad in the yard, one Thomas Wilson of that town, being sent to fetch water for our help in further need (that which we had spent in putting out the fire), was shot by the enemy in the upper jaw and in the neck. The anguish of which wound was such at the first that he cried out with a great noise, by reason whereof the Indians hearing him rejoiced, and triumphed at it. But his wound was healed in a short time, praised be God.

Saved by a Shower of Rain—"On Wednesday, August the 4th, the Indians fortified themselves at the meeting house and the barn belonging to our house, which they fortified both at the great doors, and at both ends, with

posts, rails, boards, and hay, to save themselves from our shot. They also devised other stratagems to fire our house. On the night following they took a cart, and filled it with flax, hay and candlewood, and other combustible matter, and set up planks fastened to the cart, to save themselves from the danger of our shot.

"Another invention they had to make the more sure work in burning the house. They got many poles of a considerable length and bigness, and spliced them together at the ends one of another, and made a carriage of them about fourteen rods long, setting the poles in two rows, with peils laid cross over them at the front end, and dividing them about three foot asunder. And in the front of this their carriage they set a barrel, having made an hole through both heads, and put an axle-tree through them, to which they fastened the poles. And under every joint of the poles where they were spliced, they set up a pair of truckle wheels to bear up the carriages, and they loaded the front or fore-end thereof with matter fit for firing, as hay, and flax, and chips, etc. Two of these instruments they prepared, that they might convey fire to the house with the more safety to themselves, they standing at such a distance from our shot, whilst they wheeled them to the house. Great store of arrows they had also prepared to shoot fire upon the house that night, which we found after they were gone, they having left them there. But the Lord who is a present help in time of trouble, and is pleased to make his people's extremity his opportunity, did graciously prevent them of effecting what they hoped they should have done by the aforesaid devices, partly by sending a shower of rain in season, whereby the matter prepared being wet would not easily take fire as it otherwise would have done, and partly by aid coming to our help.

"For our danger would have been very great that night, had not the only wise God (blessed forever) been pleased to send to us about an hour within night the worshipful Major Willard with Captain Parker of Groton, and forty-six men more, with five Indians, to relieve us in low estate into which we were brought.

"When they saw their divers designs unsuccessful, and their hopes therein disappointed, the Indians then fired the house and barn (wherein they had before kept to lie in wait to surprise any coming to us) that by the light thereof they might the better direct their shot at us, but no hurt was done thereby, praised be the Lord. And not long after they burnt the meeting house wherein their fortifications were, as also the barn, which belonged to our house. Perceiving more strength come to our assistance, they did, as we suppose, despair of effecting any more mischief against us. And therefore the greatest part of them, towards the breaking of the day, August the fifth, went away and left us, and we were quiet from any further molestations by them.

"On the morning we went forth of the house without danger, and so daily afterwards. Only one man was wounded about two days later, as he was out to look after horses, by some few of them skulking thereabouts. We cannot tell how many of them were killed in all that time, but one that was afterwards taken, confessed that there were killed and wounded about eighty men or more. Blessed be the Lord God of our salvation, who kept us from being all a prey to their teeth. But before they went away they burnt all the town except the house we kept in, and another that was not then finished. They also made great spoil of the cattle belonging to the inhabitants, and after our entrance into the house, and during the time of our confinement there, they either killed or drove away almost all the horses of our company."

CHAPTER VIII.

Dark Days in the Nipmuck Country---Lancaster Attacked---English Victory in Great Swamp Fight

As soon as word of the fighting reached Springfield and Boston strong reinforcements were dispatched to Brookfield, and soon a force of three hundred men was in pursuit of the Indians. They first moved on to Wenimesset, but found the camp deserted. The savages had had no difficulty in eluding them. In fact the English captains seem to have been either wholly ignorant of Indians' methods of warfare, or arrogantly confident of their own impregnability. They had learned nothing from the ambush of Captain Wheeler's company, nor did subsequent similarly tragic experiences teach them early in the fighting the wisdom of constant watchfulness and preparedness.

On August 25, Captains Lothrop and Beers were marching from Brookfield in pursuit of the enemy "at a great pace," with neither vanguard nor flankers to give warning of a lurking foe, when ambushing Indians "let fly about forty guns at them" from a swamp by the pathside, and inflicted very serious losses. Ten days later, Captain Beers and his company, again unprotected by scouts, walked directly into the fire of one hundred and thirty warriors under Sagamore Sam. Soon after Captain Lothrop and his men were moving along a narrow path and halted at a little stream to which they gave the enduring name of Bloody Brook. "Many of them were so foolish as to lay down their arms and step aside to gather grapes, which proved dear and costly grapes to them," wrote Mather. The Colonial soldiers were brave men, but as Indian fighters they had much to learn.

Upon the relief of Brookfield most of the settlers departed, some to Marlboro, some to Springfield, under escort of soldiers. A garrison was established, and it was planned to maintain a strong military post there, midway

between Marlboro and Springfield. But following a series of disasters to English companies and because of the imperative need of fighting men to protect the remaining settlements, particularly those of the Connecticut Valley, Brookfield was abandoned by both soldiers and settlers, and the Indians soon burned the few remaining buildings.

Lancaster was the next settlement to suffer. Its own tribe, the Nashaways, had been active in the Brookfield affair, led by Sagamore Sam and One-Eyed John, whose Indian names were Monoco and Apequinash. The former was a capable leader. With him at Lancaster, according to Gookin, were a score of Philip's warriors, and there seems to be no reason to doubt it, for the two chiefs had met at Wenimesset, and Monoco was one of those to whom the Poconoket sachem had given a quantity of wampum.

On the evening of August 15, Captain Moseley with a company of sixty dragoons arrived at Lancaster, having been sent there by Major Willard to pursue a band of Indians which had been reported skulking in the forest in the vicinity of the village. The troop started out the next morning to search for the enemy, which was what the wiley Sagamore Sam was hoping for. The Nashaways had no difficulty in getting in the rear of the dragoons, for Sam knew every foot of the country thereabouts, and as soon as they were at a safe distance, fell upon the village.

The attack was made on a Sunday afternoon, August 22. The Indians gave no quarter. Mordecai McLeod and his wife and two children lived in the northernmost house of the village, and they were killed, as were three other men the same day, and another a day or two later. All were frightfully mangled. Two of them, George Bennett and Jacob Farrar, Jr., were heads of families. The others were soldiers detailed from Concord or Watertown for garrison duty. But the settlers were not yet discouraged. That came later, following one of the great tragedies of the war.

The Scalp in the Moon—The Colonial authorities were not slow in carrying the war to the Indians. Expeditions were sent against them, and one of most skillful and daring of the commanders was Captain Daniel Henchman, who was among the first permanent settlers of Worcester and prominent in town affairs. It was he who commanded a foot company dispatched out of Boston, toward Mt. Hope, which figured in the incident of the eclipse of the moon in Capricorn and filled the people with superstitious dread. The soldiers had come to the Neponset River in the evening when the light of the moon began to fade as the shadow of the earth bit into its surface. "Some melancholy fancies would not be persuaded, but that the eclipse falling out at that instant of time was ominous, conceiving also that in the center of the moon they discerned an unusual black spot, not a little resembling the scalp of an Indian." Others thought it the form of a bow, and there was talk among

the Colonists of hearing the whistling of bullets through the air. It was an orgy of shivery fancies.

Captain Henchman was operating in the Nipmuck country. November 1, 1675, we find him marching from Boston to visit the Indians of Hassanemesco (Grafton). The third day they saw some Indian fires but no Indians. On the fourth day they arrived in Hassaneamesco. "The Captain would have taken up his quarters a mile on this (east) side, but some of his officers overruled him, to whose importunity he gave way, and marched a mile further toward the enemy, and by that means saved a youth, taken the week before at Marlborough. For in the morning very early, as the scouts were looking out, they spied a wigwam where some Indians who had carried away the youth had lodged all night. When the Indians saw our soldiers they hastened away and left the Marlborough youth behind them, who by that means escaped their hands.

"Our men under Capt. Henchman marched on to the Pappachuog, and finding the Indians all fled (although they perceived by a messenger sent back, that the Indians followed them on the way as they marched) they came back to Mendon to settle things in that town. Some of the inhabitants informed them of Indian wigwams about ten miles off. The captain with Philip Curtice, his lieutenant, resolved to give them a Camisado in their wigwams that night. To that end they mounted two and twenty upon horses, and riding up ten miles into the woods, when they came near the wigwams (on Keith Hill, Grafton) they dismounted, and intended presently to march up and give an assault upon them after they had first made a shout to fright the enemy.

"They ordered one half to follow the lieutenant, the other to follow the captain. When they came within a quarter of a mile of the place, their dogs began to bark, at which they stopped, and by and by marched again, intending presently to fire in upon them, but the Captain's foot slipping he could hardly recover himself. When suddenly looking behind him, he saw no man following him. The lieutenant had five behind him, who with those five resolutely fired on that side he was appointed make the assault upon.

"But they were repulsed by the Indians, who firing out of their dens shot down the lieutenant and another. The rest presently ran away to a fence. The captain with all vehemency urged them to stay. They replied they went back only to charge, yet went clear away. By which cowardice so sad a loss befell the company, which could not easily be repaired. However, the enemy presently deserted the wigwam, and gave our men the next day the opportunity to fetch off their two dead men, and so with grief and shame were constrained to return to their quarters at Mendon." Gookin wrote of the incident: "Philip Curtice of Roxbury, a stout man. His hands they cut off and placed upon a crotched pole at the Wigwam Door faced against each other, which were seen a few days after."

Narragansetts Driven Into Worcester County—After Moseley's defeat of King Philip's forces, the Colonial Federation determined to come to a settlement with the Narragansetts, for "there was no small ground for suspicion that they might join with the enemy." So ambassadors under the protection of a strong military force proceeded into their country, and demanded of the sachems not only the neutrality of their people, but their active assistance against the Poconokets. The chiefs were placed in a most unpleasant quandary. It is beyond question that they had made a solemn compact with Philip, and in their villages were many of his non-combatants, and probably some of his fighting men, seeking safety for the time being, or being healed of their wounds. On the other hand the English companies were there, standing back of the English messengers.

They had no option but to sign a treaty, under which "they would carefully seize and, living or dead, deliver to the English every one of Sachem Philip's subjects whatsoever, that shall be found within the precincts of any of the sachems' lands," and that they would "use all acts of hostility against the said Philip and his subjects, entering his lands or other lands of the English to kill and destroy the said enemy, and that all acts of hostility on the part of the sachems shall forever cease." Then, at the insistence of the English, no doubt, they delivered up four of their near kinsmen as hostages, to bind the fulfillment of these impossible conditions. It is not recorded what happened to the unfortunate kinsmen. The sachems may have planned to play fair with them, but subsequent events would indicate that they were offered up as a sacrifice to save their people from immediate attack.

When winter came conditions in the Colonies were desperate. The attacks of the Indians had continued, and none but those in the old settled communities felt safe. The future was one of menace. The Narragansetts had shown in various ways that they had no intention of doing anything to injure the cause of King Philip.

"As for the late League," wrote Hubbard, "made or renewed with the Narragansetts, it was sufficiently evident and known that they had all along from the first day when it was confirmed, broken every article of it, specially in not delivering up the Enemies which had sheltered themselves with them all this while, which though they did not positively deny, yet did nothing but find excuses, to defer it one week after another, till at the last they would be excused till the next spring, upon pretence that they could not before the time get them together. And besides the favoring of those who fled to them and supplying the whole body of the enemy with victuals upon all occasions, it was likewise strongly suspected that in all the late proceedings of the enemy, many of their young men were known to be actually in arms against us, many of whom were found wounded amongst them in their wigwams, or else were seen occasionally turning back after exploits abroad, to be healed of their wounds at home."

Then information reached the authorities that the Narragansetts had assembled practically their whole tribe in winter quarters, in a fortified camp in the midst of a great swamp. It was fully realized that a winter campaign would be a desperate venture. There could be no shelter for an army. It might be caught in a blizzard or a spell of zero weather. "The sharpness of winter of these parts might hazard the loss of a thousand men in one night, if they were forced to lodge in the open field," and it would be impossible to "send any relief to them at any distance, the depth of snow usually making the ways impassible for divers months at a time."

On the other hand it was argued that "there was every reason to fear if they were let alone till the next spring, they might all rise together as one man round us, and that one town after another might easily be destroyed before any help could be dispatched to them."

It was not the way of these Colonists to hesitate in the face of danger. The decision was soon reached by the consent of all to assemble an army of a thousand men from the three colonies, Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, "to cast themselves upon the Providence of a merciful and gracious God, rather than by delays to expose themselves to the treachery and cruelty of a perfidious enemy." With the Massachusetts companies was a small force of friendly Indians, and the Connecticut forces were augmented by a large body of Mohegans. Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, was in command.

The suffering of the soldiers may be imaigned. Not a house had been left standing to give them shelter. On the march they were harassed by small war parties, which now and then cut down some imprudent straggler. On December 18, they started on the final stage of their march, under the guidance of a Narragansett renegade, who offered to take them to the fort where his people were living in fancied security. It was stormy and very cold. They could find "no other defence save the open air, nor other covering than a cold and moist fleece of snow." There was no fire to warm them, and no food except what they might eat on the way. They had proceeded fourteen miles when they arrived in the vicinity of the Kingston Swamp.

The fort was a formidable affair. It occupied the raised land of an island covering four or five acres, and the whole was enclosed with high palisades outside of which was piled an impenetrable mass of felled trees and brush, their branches intertwining in impassable confusion. Through it were openings familiar to the defenders. But for the English forces there was but one entrance and that could be reached only by passing single file the length of a long tree-trunk. It was guarded by a sort of blockhouse in which were posted Indian marksmen.

It was a gallant attack. The English captains led the way, and some of them were the first to die. As Hubbard vividly described it:

"Some were shot dead upon the tree, as Capt. Johnson, and some as soon as they entered, as was Capt. Davenport, so they that first entered were forced presently to retire and fall upon their bellies till the fury of the enemies' shot was pretty well spent. Some companies that did not discern the danger, not observing, lost sundry of their men. But at the last, two companies being brought up besides the four that first marched up, they animated one another to make another assault, one of the commanders crying 'They run, they run!' Which did so encourage the soldiers, that they presently entered amain.

"After a considerable number had entered, they presently beat the enemy out of a flanker on the left hand, which did a little shelter our men from the enemies' shot till more companies came up, and so by degrees made up higher, first into the middle of the fort, till at last they made the enemy all retire from their sconces and fortified places, leaving multitudes of their dead bodies upon the place.

"The brunt of the battle or danger that day lay most upon the commanders whose part it was to lead on their several companies in the very face of death, or else all had been lost. No less than six brave captains fell that day in the assault, *viz.,* Capt. Davenport, Capt. Gardner, Capt. Johnson of the Massachusetts, besides Lieut. Upham, who died some months after of his wounds received at the time. Capt. Gallop, also, and Capt. Siely and Capt. Marshal were slain of those who belonged to the Connecticut Colony. The soldiers were rather enraged than discouraged by the loss of their commanders, which made them double their courage and not give back after they were entered a second time, till they had driven out their enemies. So after much blood and many wounds dealt on both sides, the English seeing their advantage, began to fire the wigwams, where was supposed to be many of the enemies' women and children destroyed by the firing of at least five or six of those smoky cells.

"Most of their provisions as well as their huts were then consumed with fire, and those that were left alive were forced to hide themselves in a cedar swamp, not far off, where they had nothing to defend them from the cold but the boughs of spruce and pine trees. For after two or three hours' fight, the English became masters of the place, but not judging it tenable, after they had burned all they could set fire upon, they were forced to retreat, after the daylight was almost quite spent, and were necessitated to retire to their quarters, full fifteen or sixteen miles off, some say more, whither with their dead and wounded men, they were to march, a difficulty scarce to be believed, as not to be paralleled almost in any former age."

It was a bloody and awful battle. Eighty Englishmen were killed and one hundred fifty wounded, to be borne through the snowbound wilderness, their wounds untended. The dead included some who died on this dreadful journey. The slaughter of the Indians was beyond description. Hubbard's estimate of seven hundred warriors slain and an even greater number of

women and children and old men perished in the hundreds of burning wigwams is not considered an exaggeration. These wigwams were formidable in the fighting, for they were lined with baskets and tubs of corn and other winter provisions and were practically bullet proof. They had to be burned. The loss to the Narragansetts of their food was a great disaster in itself, for they had no means of replenishing their supplies.

The Great Swamp Fight was the turning point of the war. It made certain that it could not continue for long. But it proved most unfortunate for the settlers of the Nipmuck Country, for it added to the horde of Nipmucks and Poconokets, hundreds of Narragansetts, their hearts burning for revenge.

As the winter advanced the Indians in the Nipmuck Country were in extreme straits. Food was extremely scarce. The Narragansetts, following the Poconokets, had thrown themselves upon the hospitality of the Nipmuck tribes, whose cornfields had been destroyed the previous summer. The English troops had been in pursuit, and there had been several engagements in which the savages had been defeated and had suffered losses. The last encounter was on February 1. But the English were also short of supplies and had been reduced to killing some of their horses for food for their Indian allies. Therefore, on February 3, it was decided to return to headquarters at Wickford, Rhode Island, six days' march distant.

Immediately the Indians discovered the departure of their pursuers their thoughts turned to replenishing their larder. Lancaster offered the opportunity for food and loot and the killing of the English. On February 10, a force of fifteen hundred savages descended upon the settlement. Philip was present, but, not, it is believed, in command. Sagamore Sam and others among the Nipmuck chiefs are given the credit for the bloody exploit. After killing a number of persons in different parts of the village, they concentrated upon the garrison house of Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, which was occupied by soldiers and inhabitants to the number of fifty, more or less. Only one man escaped. The remainder of the men were killed, together with some of the women and children. The clergyman himself was in Boston, soliciting military protection for his people. His wife and children were carried into captivity. The swarm of redskins was attacking other parts of the settlement when a relief force of forty English soldiers arrived from Marlboro, and they withdrew. Shortly afterwards Lancaster was abandoned. Let Mrs. Rowlandson herself tell of what befell her garrison and of her captivity.

CHAPTER IX.

Mary Rowlandson's Narrative

The dramatic narrative of the experiences of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, wife of the minister of the frontier village of Lancaster, which she wrote immediately upon her return from her three months' captivity among the Indians, is one of extraordinary interest, not only as a thrilling story, vividly told, but in the insight it affords of the customs and character of the savages of that period. Her master was Quennapin, an important Narragansett chief. She was the servant of Weetamoo, recently become his third wife, a squaw sachem and widow of Alexander and sister-in-law of Philip. Philip enters into the narrative in its closing "removals," as Mrs. Rowlandson divided her experiences, indicating the journeys from one camping place to another. Her opinion of the sagamore does not make him the heroic, romantic figure which many picture him at this late day.

After the Lancaster massacre, her captors and the rest of the band drifted from camp to camp through Princeton, to Menamesit in New Braintree, Nichewaug in Petersham, Orange, Northfield, and up the Connecticut into the Ashuelot Valley of New Hampshire, and finally by easy stages back again, over much the same route, to Wachusett Lake at the eastern base of Mt. Wachusett. Preliminary negotiations had been proceeding between the Governor and the Indian sagamores for the ransom of Mrs. Rowlandson. The emissaries of the Governor were two Christian Indians, Tom Dublet, whose Indian name was Nepanet, and Peter Conway, otherwise Tataquines.

It was John Hoar, ancestor of the late United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Worcester, who came to the appointed rendezvous, a conspicuous ledge in the shadow of Wachusett, which today is known far and wide as Redemption Rock. He was a brave man, this John Hoar. With only the two Christian Indians as his companions, he entered the camp of a demoralized horde of bitterly hostile savages. He probably knew that King Philip would be present and opposed to the ransoming of prisoners. He was met by a

fusillade of gunfire. The braves jostled him insultingly. His answer was an invitation to the sagamores to be his guests at dinner. The final gift to Quennapin of a bottle of rum clinched the case. The ransom was paid, May, 1676, and Mr. Hoar departed with the ransomed captive.

The book of Mrs. Rowlandson's story, a tiny leather bound volume, now a precious treasure of Americana, was published in 1682. On its title page, in the quaint type of the day, is the inscription: "Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson. Written by Her Own Hand for Her Private Use. And now made public at the earnest desire of some friends, and for the benefit of the afflicted." We have selected a series of episodes from the Narrative, which combine to tell sufficiently the events of this long captivity, as follows:

"On the tenth of February, 1675, came the Indians in great numbers upon Lancaster. Their first coming was about sun-rising. Hearing the noise of some guns we looked out. Several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to Heaven. At length they came and beset our house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that mine eyes ever saw. The house stood upon the edge of a hill. Some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind anything that could shelter them. From all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seem to fly like hail, and quickly they wounded one man amongst us, then another, and then a third.

"About two hours (according to my observation at that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it, which they did with flax and hemp which they brought from the barn, and there being no defense about the house, only two flankers at opposite corners and one of them not finished, they fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took."

(There followed the killing of the men and the capture of women and children as they were forced to leave the blazing buildings.)

Her Captivity Begins—"Now is the dreadful hour come, that I have often heard of (in time of war), but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out, 'Lord, what shall we do?' Then I took my children and one of my sister's, to go forth and leave the house. But as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken a handful of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir, though another time, if any Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down.

"The Lord hereby would make the more to acknowledge his hand and to see that our help is always in him. But out we must go, the fire increasing and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house but my brother-in-law, being before wounded in defending the house, in or near the throat, fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and halloed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same, as would seem, through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. The Indians laid hold of us, pulling me one way and the children another, and said, 'Come go along with us.' I told them they would kill me. They answered if I were willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.

"Oh, the doleful sight that now was to behold! 'Come, behold, the works of the Lord, what dissolutions he has made in the Earth.' Of thirty-seven persons who were in this one house, none escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity, save only one, who might say as he, Job 1, 15, 'And only I am escaped alone to tell the news.' There were twelve killed. Hell-hounds roaring, singing, ranting and insulting, as if they would have torn our hearts out. Yet the Lord by his Almighty power preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

"I had often before this said, that if the Indians should come, I should rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial my mind changed. Their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit that I chose rather to go along with these, as I may say, ravenous beasts, than that moment to end my days.

The First Remove—"Now away we must go with those Barbarous Creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill (George Hill) within sight of the town, where they intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians). I asked them whither I might not lodge in the house that night to which they answered, 'What, will you love English men still?' This was the dolefulest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh, the roaring and singing, and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And as miserable was the waste that was there made, of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowl (which they had plundered in the town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling to feed our merciless enemies, who were joyful enough though we were disconsolate.

"To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the

Bay, and to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home and all our comforts within door and without, all was gone (except my life) and I knew not but the next moment that might go too. There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe.

"But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure. But God was with me, in a wonderful manner, carrying me along and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse. It went moaning all along, 'I shall die, I shall die.' I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms till my strength failed, and I fell down with it.

Savage Brutality—"Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill, we both fell over the horse's head, at which they like inhuman creatures laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still and carried me along, that I might see more of his power; yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

"After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on, they stopped (in Princeton, south of Mt. Wachusett). And now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap, and calling much for water, being now (through the wound) fallen into a violent fever. My own was also growing so stiff, that I could scarce sit down or rise up, yet so it must be, that I must sit all this cold winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life; and having no Christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. Oh, I may see the wonderful power of God, that my spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction. Still, the Lord upheld me with his gracious and merciful spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.

"The next day was the Sabbath. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper, a man belonging in Roxbury, who was taken in Captain Beers' fight and had now been a considerable time with the Indians, and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing it said that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg in Captain Beers' fight, and was not able some time to go.

But as they carried him, he took oaken leaves and laid to his wound, and through the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then I took oaken leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also.

"I sat much alone with a poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned all night and day, having nothing to revive the body, or cheer the spirits of her. But instead of that, sometimes one Indian would come and tell me one hour that 'your Master will knock your child in the head,' and then a second, and then a third, 'your Master will quickly knock your child in the head.'

"This was the comfort I had from them, miserable comforters are ye all, as he said. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again. My child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bade me carry it out to another wigwam (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles). Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night (at Wenimessit, Oakham) my sweet babe like a lamb departed this life, on February 18, 1675. It being about six years and five months old.

"God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at this same Indian town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another. She was about ten years old, and taken from the door at first by a praying Indian and afterward sold for a gun. When I came in sight, she would fall a weeping, at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but made me begone, which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one child dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where, the third they would not let me come near to.

"I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, when my son came to me, and asked me how I did. I had not seen him before since the destruction of the town, and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself that he was amongst a smaller percel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off. With tears in his eyes, he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead, and told me he had seen his sister Mary, and prayed me that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time was this: There was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his captivity, and at this time, there were some forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some also from them (among whom was my son's master) to go to assault and burn Medfield. In this time of the absence of his master, his dame brought him to see me.

Scalp-hunter Gives Her Bible—"The next day, the Indians returned from Medfield. But before they came to us, Oh! the outrageous roaring and whooping that there was! By their noise and whooping they signified how

many they had destroyed, which was at that time twenty-three. Those that were with us at home were gathered together as soon as they heard the whooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rang again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the sagamore's wigwam. And then, Oh, the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some Englishmen's scalps that they had taken, as their manner is, and brought with them.

"I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians that came from Medfield fight had brought some plunder, came to me and asked me if I would have a Bible. He had got one in a basket. I was glad of it, and asked him whether he thought the Indians would let me read? He answered yes. So I took the Bible, and in that melancholy time it came into my mind to read first the 28 Chap. of Deut., which I did, and when I had read it my dark heart wrought on in this manner, that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and the curses come in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity. But the Lord helped me still to go on reading till I came to Chap. 30, the seven first verses, where I found there was mercy promised again if we would return to him for repentence. And though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our enemies. I do not desire to live to forget this scripture and what comfort it was to me.

"Now the Indians began to talk of removing from this place (Oakham) some one way, and some another. There were now besides myself nine English captives in this place, all of them children except one woman. I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them, they being to go one way and I another.

"And now (at Nichewaug, Petersham) I must part with that little company I had. Here I parted from my daughter Mary (whom I never saw again till I saw her in Dorchester, returned from captivity), and from four little cousins and neighbors, some of which I never saw afterward. The Lord only knows the end of them.

"The occasion (as I thought) of their moving at this time (to Nichewaug in Petersham) was the English Army (Massachusetts and Connecticut forces under Captain Thomas Savage), it being near and following them. For they went as if they had gone for their lives, for some considerable way, and then they made a stop, and chose some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the English Army in play whilst the rest escaped. And then, like Jehu, they marched on furiously, with their old and with their young. Some carried their old decrepit mothers, some carried one, and some another. Four of them carried a great Indian upon a bier, but going through a thick

wood with him, they were hindered, and could make no haste. Whereupon they took him upon their backs, and carried him, one at a time, till they came to Baquaug (Miller's) River. (At Orange) upon a Friday, a little after noon, we came to this river. When all the company was come up, and were gathered together, I thought to count the number of them, but they were so many, and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skill.

"In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favoured in my load. I carried only my knitting work and two quarts of parched meal. Being very faint I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees to make rafts to carry them over the river, and soon my turn came to go over. By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the raft to sit upon, I did not wet my foot (which many of themselves at the other end were mid-leg deep), which cannot but be acknowledged as a favor of God to my weakened body, it being a very cold time.

"The first week of my being among them I hardly ate anything. The second week I found my stomach grow very faint for want of something, yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash. But the third week, though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this or that, and I could starve and die before I could eat such things, yet they were sweet and savory to my taste. I was at this time knitting a pair of white cotton stockings for my mistress, Weetamoo, and had not yet wrought upon a Sabbath day, and desired them to let me rest, and told them I would do as much more tomorrow. To which they answered me they would break my face.

"And here I cannot but take notice of the strange providence of God in preserving the heathen. There were many hundreds, old and young, some sick and some lame; many had papooses at their backs, the greatest number at this time with us were squaws and they traveled with all they had, bag and baggage, and yet they got over this river. And on Monday they set their wigwams on fire, and away they went.

"On that very day came the English Army after them to this river, and saw the smoke of their wigwams, and yet this river put a stop to them. God did not give them courage or activity to go over after us. We were not ready for so great a mercy as victory and deliverance. If we had been, God would have found out a way for the English to have passed this river, as well as for the Indians with their squaws and children and all their luggage.

"It was a cold morning and before us there was a great brook with ice on it. Some waded through it up to the knees and higher, but others went till they came to a beaver-dam, and I amongst them, where through the good providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning, leaving farther my own country, and traveling in the vast and howling wilder-

ness, and I understood something of Lot's wife's temptation, when she looked back.

"We came that day to a great swamp (in Northfield), by the side of which we took up our lodgings for the night. When I came to the brow of the hill that looked toward the swamp, I thought that we had been come to a great Indian town, though there were none but our own company. The Indians were as thick as the trees. It seemed as if there had been a thousand hatchets going at once. If one looked before one there was nothing but Indians, and behind one, nothing but Indians, and so on either hand. I myself in the midst, and no Christian soul near me, and yet how hath the Lord preserved me in safety? Oh, the experience I have had of the goodness of God, to me and mine!

"We travelled (from Northfield) on till night, and in the morning, we must go over the river to Philip's crew. (Connecticut River at South Vernon, Vermont.) When I was in the canoe, I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of pagans that were on the bank on the other side. When I came ashore they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a weeping, which was the first time to my remembrance that I wept before them. Although I had met with so much affliction, and my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I not shed one tear in their sight, but rather had been all this while in a maze, and like one astonished. But now I may say as Psal. 137, 1: 'By the Rivers of Babylon, there we sate down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.'

"There one of them asked me why I wept. I could hardly tell what to say. Yet I answered they would kill me. 'No,' said he, 'none will hurt you.' Then came one of them and gave me two spoonfuls of meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was more worth than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King Philip, he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it (a usual compliment nowadays amongst saints and sinners), but this no way suited me.

She Swears Off Smoking—"For though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait the devil lays to make men lose their precious time. I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is. But I thank God, he has now given me power over it. Surely there are many who may be better employed than to lie sucking a stinking tobacco pipe.

"Now the Indians gather their forces to go against Northampton. Overnight one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. Where-

upon they fell to boiling their provisions, and in the morning away they went. During my abode in this place, Philip spake to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did, for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my master, but he bade me keep it, and with it I bought a piece of horse flesh. Afterwards he asked me to dinner. I went, and he gave me a pancake, about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten, and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life.

"There was a squaw who spake to me to make a shirt for her Sannup" (husband), "for which she gave me a piece of bear. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings, for which she gave me a quart of peas. I boiled my peas and bear together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner, but the proud gossip, because I served them both in one dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife.

"Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat upon the ground. I asked him how he could sleep so? He answered me that he was not asleep, but at prayer, and lay so, that they might not observe what he was doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At this place (the sun now getting higher) what with the beams and heat of the sun, and the smoke of the wigwams, I thought I should have been blind. I could scarce discern one wigwam from another. There was here one Mary Thurston, of Medfield, who seeing how it was with me lent me a hat to wear. But as soon as I was gone, the squaw who owned that Mary Thurston came running after me, and got it away again. Here was the squaw that gave me one spoonful of meal. I put it in my pocket to keep it safe. Yet notwithstanding somebody stole it, but put five Indian corns in the room of it, which corns were the greatest provisions I had in my travel for one day.

"Instead of going to Albany or homeward. (from South Vernon). We must go five miles up the river, and then over it. (To the Ashuelot Valley in New Hampshire.) "Here we abode awhile. Here lived a sorry Indian, who spoke to me to make him a shirt. When I had done it, he would pay me nothing. But he living by the river side, where I often went to fetch water, I would often be putting of him in mind, and calling for my pay. At last he told me if I would make him another shirt, for a papoose not yet born, he would give me a knife, which he did when I had done it.

"I carried the knife in, and my master asked me to give it to him, and I was not a little glad that I had anything they would accept of, and be pleased with.

"When we were at this place, my master's maid came home. She had gone three weeks into the Narragansett Country to fetch corn, where they had stored up some in the ground. She brought home about a peck and a half of

corn. This was about the time that their great captain, Naananto (Canan-chet, chief of the Narragansetts) was killed in the Narragansett Country.

"My son being now about a mile from me, I asked liberty to go and see him. They bade me go, and away I went, but quickly lost myself, traveling over hills and through swamps, and could not find the way to him. And I cannot but admire the wonderful power and goodness of God to me, in that, though I was gone from home, and met with all sort of Indians, and those I had no knowledge of, and there being no Christian soul near me, yet no one of them offered the least imaginable miscarriage to me.

"I turned homeward again, and met with my master. He showed me the way, to my son. When I came to him I found him not well, and withal he had a boil on his side which much troubled him—and my poor girl, I knew not where she was, nor whither she was sick, or well, or alive, or dead.

"But I was fain to go and look after something to satisfy my hunger, and going among the wigwams (in Ashuelot Valley in New Hampshire) I went into one, and there found a squaw who showed herself very kind to me, and gave me a piece of bear. I put it into my pocket, and came home, but could not find an opportunity to broil it, for fear they would get it from me, and there it lay all that day and night in my pocket. In the morning I went to the same squaw, who had a kettle of ground nuts boiling. I asked her to let me boil my piece of bear in her kettle, which she did, and gave me some ground nuts to eat with it, and I cannot but think how pleasant it was to me. I have sometimes seen bear baked very handsomely among the English, and some like it, but the thoughts that it was bear made me tremble. But now that was savoury to me that one would think was enough to turn the stomach of a brute creature.

"One bitter cold day, I could find no room to sit down before the fire. I went out, and could not tell what to do, but I went into another wigwam, where they were also sitting round the fire, but the squaw laid a skin for me, and bid me sit down, and gave me some ground nuts, and bade me come again, and told me they would buy me, if they were able, and yet these were strangers to me that I never saw before."

CHAPTER X.

Mary Rowlandson's Narrative (Continued)

"It was upon a Sabbath day morning, that they prepared for their travel. (From Chesterfield, New Hampshire, in Ashuelot Valley.) This morning I asked my master whither he would sell me to my husband. He answered me yes, which did much rejoice my spirit. My mistress, before we went, was gone to the burial of a papoose, and returning, she found me sitting and reading in my Bible; she snatched it hastily out of my hand, and threw it out of doors. I ran out and catched it up, and put it into my pocket, and never let her see it afterward. Then they packed up their things to be gone, and gave me my load. I complained it was too heavy, whereupon she gave me a slap in the face, and bade me go. I lifted up my heart to God, hoping the Redemption was not far off, and the rather because their insolency grew worse and worse.

"But the thoughts of my going homeward (for so we bent our course) much cheered my spirit, and made my burden seem light, and almost nothing at all. But (to my amazement and great perplexity) the scale was soon turned, for when we had gone a little way, on a sudden my mistress gives out. She would go no further, but turn back again, and said I must go back with her, and she called her Sannup, and would have had him gone back also. But he would not, but said he would go on, and come to us again in three days.

"My spirit was upon this, I confess, very impatient, and almost outrageous. I thought I could as well have died as went back. I cannot declare the trouble that I was in about it, but yet back again I must go. As soon as I had an opportunity, I took my Bible to read, and that quieting Scripture came to my hand, Psal. 46, 10. 'Be still, and know that I am God.' Which stilled my spirit for the present. But a sore time of trial, I concluded, I had to go through.

"My master being gone, who seemed to me the best friend that I had of an Indian, both in cold and hunger, and quickly so it proved. Down I sat, with my heart as full as it could hold, and yet so hungry that I could not sit neither,

DOANE'S FALLS, ROYALSTON

THE OAKS, TIMOTHY PAINE MANSION

Now the home of Timothy Bigelow Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Worcester. Built just before the Revolution, it was the home of a famous family of Loyalists, where the birthday of English King or Queen was marked by a toast to the Royal Highness for generations after the United States became an independent nation

Photo by Paul W. Savage

but going out to see what I could find, and walking among the trees, I found six acorns, and two chestnuts, which were some refreshment to me.

"Towards night I gathered me some sticks for my own comfort, that I might not lie cold. But when we came to lie down they bade me go out, and lie somewhere else, for they had company (they said) come in more than their own. I told them I could not tell where to go. They bade me go look. I told them if I went to another wigwam they would be angry and send me home again. Then one of the company drew his sword, and told me he would run me through if I did not go presently. Then was I fain to stoop to this rude fellow, and to go out in the night, I knew not whither. Mine eyes have seen that fellow afterwards walking up and down Boston, under the appearance of a friend-Indian, and several others of the like cut.

"I went to one wigwam, and they told me they had no room. Then I went to another, and they said the same. At last an old Indian bade me come to him, and his squaw gave me some ground nuts. She gave me also something to lay under my head, and a good fire we had, and through the good Providence of God, I had a comfortable lodging that night. In the morning, another Indian bade me come at night, and he would give me six ground nuts, which I did. We were at this place and time about two miles from Connecticut River. We went in the morning to gather ground nuts, to the river, and went back again that night. I went with a good load at my back (for they when they went, though but a little way, would carry all their trumpery with them). I told them the skin was off my back, but I had no other comforting answer from them than this, that it would be no matter if my head were off too.

She Hears From Home—"About this time (at Hinsdale, New Hampshire) they came yelping from Hadley, where they had killed three English men and brought one captive with them, *viz.*, Thomas Reed. They all gathered about the poor man, asking him many questions. I desired also to go and see him, and when I came, he was crying bitterly, supposing they would quickly kill him. Whereupon I asked one of them whether they intended to kill him. He answered me they would not. He being a little cheered with that, I asked him about the welfare of my husband. He told me he saw him such a time in the Bay, and he was well, but very melancholy. By which I certainly understood (though I suspected it before) that whatsoever the Indians told me respecting him was vanity and lies. Some of them told me he was dead, and they had killed him. Some said he was married again, and that the Governor wished him to marry, and told him he should have his choice, and that all were pursuaded I was dead. So like were these barbarous creatures to him who was a liar from the beginning.

"As I was sitting once in the wigwam here, Philip's maid came in with the child in her arms, and asked me to give her a piece of my apron, to make

a flap for it. I told her I would not. Then my mistress bade me give it, but still I said no. The maid told me if I would not give her a piece, she would tear a piece off it. I told her I would tear her coat then. With that my mistress rises up, and takes up a stick big enough to have killed me, and struck at me with it, but I stepped out, and she struck the stick into the mat of the wigwam. But while she was pulling of it out, I ran to the maid and gave her all my apron, and so that storm went over.

"Hearing that my son had come to this place, I went to see him, and told him that his father was well, but very melancholy. He told me he was as much grieved for his father as for himself. I wondered at his speech, for I thought I had enough upon my spirit in reference to myself, to make me mindless of my husband and every one else, they being safe among their friends.

Mohawks Attack Powder Messengers—"He told me also that a little while before his master, together with other Indians, were going to the French for powder, but by the way the Mohawks met with them and killed four of their company, which made the rest turn back again, for which I desire that myself and he thank the Lord. For it might have been worse for him had he seen sold to the French, than it proved to be in his remaining with the Indians.

"I went to see an English youth in this place, one John Gilbert, of Springfield. I found him lying without doors upon the ground. I asked him how he did? He told me he was very sick with a flux, with eating so much blood. They had turned him out of the wigwam, and with him an Indian papoose, almost dead (whose parents had been killed) in a bitter cold day, without fire or clothes. The young man himself had nothing on but his shirt and waistcoat. This sight was enough to melt a heart of flint. There they lay quivering in the cold, the youth round like a dog, the papoose stretched out, with his eyes and nose and mouth full of dirt, and yet alive and groaning. I advised John to go and get to some fire. He told me he could not stand, but I persuaded him still, lest he should lie there and die. And with much ado I got him to a fire, and went myself home.

"As soon as I was got home, his master's daughter came after me to know what I had done with the English man. I told her I had got him to a fire in such a place. Now I had need to pray Paul's prayer, 2 Thess. 3:2, 'That we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.' For her satisfaction I went along with her, and brought her to him. But before I got home again, it was noised about that I was running away and getting the English youth along with me. As soon as I came in they began to rant and domineer, asking me where I had been, and what I had been doing, and saying they would knock him on the head. I told them I had been seeing the English youth, and that I would not run away. They told me I lied, and taking up a hatchet, they

came to me and said they would knock me down if I stirred again, and so confined me to the wigwam. Now I may say with David, 2 Sam. 24:14, 'I am in a great strait.' If I keep in, I must die with hunger, and if I go out I must be knocked in head. This distressed condition held that day and half the next. And then the Lord remembered me, whose mercies are great.

"Then came an Indian to me with a pair of stockings that were too big for him, and he would have me ravel them out, and knit them fit for him. I shewed myself willing, and bid him ask my mistress if I might go along with him a little way. She said, yes, I might, and I was not a little refreshed with that news, that I had my liberty again. Then I went along with him, and he gave me some roasted ground nuts, which did again revive my feeble stomach.

"Then my son came to see me, and I asked my master to let him stay awhile. He told me that he was very hungry, but I had nothing to relieve him, and bid him go into the wigwams as he went along, and see if he could get anything from them. Which he did and, it seems, tarried too long, for his master was angry with him, and beat him, and then sold him. Then he came running to tell me he had a new master, and that he had given him some ground nuts already. Then I went along with him to his new master, who told me he loved him, and he should not want. So his master carried him away, and I never saw him afterwards till I saw him at Piscatauqua in Portsmouth.

"That night (at Hinsdale) they bade me go out of the wigwam again. My mistress' papoose was sick, and it died that night, and there was one benefit in that there was more room. I went to a wigwam, and they bade me come in, and gave me a skin to lie upon, and a mess of venison and ground nuts, which was a choice dish among them. On the morrow they buried the papoose, and afterward, both morning and evening, there came a company to mourn and howl with her, though I confess I could not much condole with them.

"We began this remove (from Orange to Athol) with wading the Baquag (Miller's) River. The water was up to the knees, and the stream very swift, and so cold that I thought it would have cut me asunder. I was so weak and feeble, that I reeled as I went along, and thought there I must end my days at last, after my bearing and getting through so many difficulties. The Indians stood laughing at me staggering along. But in my distress the Lord gave me experience of the truth and goodness of that promise, Isai. 43:2, 'When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overthrow thee.' Then I sat down to put on my stockings and shoes, with the tears running down mine eyes, and many sorrowful thoughts in my heart. But I got up to go along with them.

"Quickly there came up to us an Indian, as who informed them that I must go to Wachusett to my master, for there was a letter come from the

Council to the sagamores about redeeming the captives, and that there would be another in fourteen days, and that I must be there ready. My heart was so heavy before that I could scarce speak or go in the path, and yet now so light, that I could run. My strength seemed to come again, and recruit my feeble knees, and aching heart. Yet it pleased them to go but one mile that night, and there we stayed two days.

Indian Horsemen Raise False Hopes—"In that time came a company of Indians to us, near thirty, all on horseback. My heart skipped within me, thinking they had been Englishmen at the first sight of them, for they were dressed in English apparel, with hats, white neckcloths, and sashes about their waists, and ribbons upon their shoulders; but when they came near, their was a vast difference between the lovely faces of Christians, and the foul looks of those heathens, which much damped my spirit again.

"They said, when we went out, that we must travel to Wachusett this day. But a bitter weary day I had of it, traveling now three days together, without resting any day between. At last, after many weary stops, I saw Wachusett hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great swamp, through which we traveled, up to the knees in mud and water, which was heavy going to one tired before. Being almost spent, I thought I should have sunk down at last, and never get out; but I may say, as in Psal. 94:18, 'When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.' Going along, having indeed my life, but little spirit, Philip, who was in the company, came up and took me by the hand, and said, 'Two weeks more and you shall be mistress again.' I asked him if he spoke true? He answered: 'Yes, and quickly you shall come to your master again,' who had been gone from us three weeks. After many weary steps we came to Wachusett (south of the mountain), where he was, and glad I was to see him. He asked me when I washed me? I told him not this month. Then he fetched me some water himself, and bid me wash, and gave me a glass to see how I looked, and bid his squaw give me something to eat. So she gave me a mess of beans and meat, and a little ground nut cake. I was wonderfully revived with this favor showed me, Psal 106:46, 'He made them also to be pitied, of all those that carried them captives.'

"My master had three squaws, living sometimes with one, and sometimes with another one: this old squaw, at whose wigwam I was, and with whom my master had been those three weeks. Another was Weetamoo, with whom I had lived and served all this while. A severe and proud dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself neat as much time as any of the gentry of the land; powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with necklaces, with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. When she had dressed herself, her work was to make girdles of wampum and beads. The third squaw was a younger one, by whom he had two papooses.

"By that time I was refreshed by the old squaw, with whom my master was. Weetamoo's maid came to call me home, at which I fell aweeping. Then the old squaw told me, to encourage me, that if I wanted victuals I should come to her, and that I should lie there in her wigwam. Then I went with the maid, and quickly came again and lodged there. The squaw laid a mat under me, and a good rug over me. I understood that Weetamoo thought that if she should let me go and serve with the old squaw, she would be in danger to lose, not only my service, but the redemption pay also. And I was not a little glad to hear this, being by it raised in my hopes, that in God's due time there would be an end of this sorrowful hour. Then came an Indian, and asked me to knit him three pair of stockings, for which I had a hat and a silk handkerchief. Then another asked me to make her a shift, for which she gave me an apron.

Governor's Second Letter—"Then came Tom and Peter, with the second letter from the Council, about the captives. Though they were Indians, I got them by the hand, and burst out into tears. My heart was so full that I could not speak to them, but recovering myself, I asked them how my husband did, and all my friends and acquaintances? And they said: 'They were all very well but melancholy.' They brought me two biscuits and a pound of tobacco. The tobacco I quickly gave away. When it was all gone, one asked me to give him a pipe of tobacco. I told him it was all gone. Then began he to rant and threaten. I told him when my husband came I would give him some. 'Hang him Rogue' (says he) 'I will knock out his brains, if he comes here.' And then again, in the same breath, they would say, that if there should come an hundred without guns, they would do them no hurt. So unstable and like madmen they were.

"When the letter was come, the sagamores met to consult about the captives, and called me to them to enquire how much my husband would give to redeem me. When I came I sat down among them, as I was wont to do, as their manner is. Then they bade me stand up, and said they were the General Court. They bid me speak what I thought he would give. Now knowing that all we had was destroyed by the Indians, I was in a great strait. I thought if I should speak of too little, it would be slighted, and hinder the matter; if of a great sum, I knew not where it would be procured. Yet at a venture I said twenty pounds, yet desired them to take less. But they would not hear of this, but sent the message to Boston for twenty pounds I should be redeemed.

"It was a Praying Indian that wrote their letter for them. There was another Praying Indian who told me he had a brother that would not eat horse, his conscience was so tender and scrupulous (though as large as Hell for the destruction of poor Christians). There was another Praying Indian, who when he had done all the mischief that he could, betrayed his own father into

the English hands, thereby to purchase his own life. Another Praying Indian was at the Sudbury fight, though, as he deserved, he was afterward hung for it. (At Sudbury fight Captain Samuel Wadsworth, of Milton, and Captain Samuel Brocklebank, of Rowley, with some thirty men were killed in ambush.)

"It was their usual manner to remove, when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out. And so they did at this time. We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great wigwam, big enough to hold a hundred Indians, which they did in preparation to a great day of dancing. (At south end of Wachusett Lake, near Redemption Rock.) They would say now amongst themselves that the Governor would be so angry for his loss at Sudbury, that he would send no more about the captives, which made me grieve and tremble.

"My sister being not far from the place where we now were, and hearing that I was here, desired her master to let her come and see me, and he was willing to it, and would go with her. But she being ready before him, told him she would go before, and was come within a mile or two of the place. Then he overtook her, and began to rant as if he had been mad, and made her go back again in the rain, so that I never saw her till I saw her in Charlestown. But the Lord requited many of their ill doings, for this Indian, her master, was hanged afterward at Boston. The Indians now began to come from all quarters, against their merry dancing day. Among some of them came one Goodwife Kettle. I told her my heart was so heavy that it was ready to break. 'So is mine, too,' said she, but yet said, 'I hope we shall hear some good news shortly.'

"I could hear how earnestly my sister desired to see me, and I as earnestly desired to see her, and yet neither of us could get an opportunity. My daughter was also now about a mile off, and I had not seen her in nine or ten weeks, as I had not seen my sister since our first taking. I earnestly desired them to let me go and see them. Yea, I entreated, begged, and persuaded them, but to let me see my daughter, and yet so hard-hearted were they, that they would not suffer it. But through the Lord's wonderful mercy, their time was now but short.

John Hoar Gets Warm Reception—"On a Sabbath day, the sun being about an hour high in the afternoon, came Mr. John Hoar, the Council permitting him, and his own foreward spirit inclining him, together with the two forementioned Indians, Tom and Peter, with their third letter from the Council. When they came near I was abroad. Though I saw them not, they presently called me in, and bade me sit down and not stir. Then they caught up their guns, and away they ran, as if an enemy had been at hand, and the guns went off apace. I manifested some great trouble, and they asked me what was the matter? I told them I thought they had killed the Englishman

(for they had in the meantime informed me that an Englishman was come). They said no, they shot over his horse and under, and before his horse; and they pushed him this way and that way at their pleasure, showing what they could do. Then they let them come to their wigwam. I begged of them to let me see the English man, but they would not. But there was I fain to sit their pleasure.

"When they had talked their fill with him, they suffered me to go to him. We asked each other of our welfare, and how my husband did, and all my friends? He told me they were all well, and would be glad to see me. Amongst other things which my husband sent me, there came a pound of tobacco, which I sold for nine shillings in money. For many of the Indans for want of tobacco, smoked hemlock and ground-ivy. It was a great mistake in any who thought I sent for tobacco, for through the favor of God, that desire was overcome.

"I now asked them, whither I should go home with Mr. Hoar? They answered 'no,' one and another of them. And it being night, we lay down with that answer. In the morning, Mr. Hoar invited the sagamores to dinner, but when he went to get it ready, we found that they had stolen the greatest part of the provisions Mr. Hoar had brought out of his bags in the night.

"And we may see the wonderful power of God in that one passage, in that when there was such a great number of Indians together, and so greedy of a little good food, and no English there but Mr. Hoar and myself, that they did not knock us in the head, and take what we had, there being not only some provision, but also trading cloth, a part of the twenty pounds agreed upon. But instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the fact, and said it were some Matchit Indian that did it. Oh, that we could believe that there is no thing too hard for God! God showed his power over the heathen in this, as he did over the hungry lions when Daniel was cast into the den.

Weetamoo and Quennapin Dance—"Mr. Hoar called them betime to dinner, but they ate very little, they being so busy in dressing themselves, and getting ready for their dance. Which was carried on by eight of them, four men and four squaws. My master and mistress being two. He was dressed in his Holland shirt, with great laces sewed at the tail of it. He had his silver buttons, his white stockings, his garters were hung round with shillings, and he had girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders.

"She had a Kersey coat, and covered with girdles of Wampum from the loins upward. Her arms from her elbows to her hands were covered with bracelets. There were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings and white shoes, her hair powdered and face painted red, that was always before black. And all the

dancers were after the same manner. There were two other singing and knocking on a kettle for their music. They kept hopping up and down one after another, with a kettle of water in the midst, standing warm upon some embers, to drink of when they were dry. They held on till it was almost night, throwing out wampum to the standers by.

"At night I asked them again, if I should go home? They all as one said 'No,' except my husband would come for me. When we were lain down, my master went out of the wigwam, and by and by sent in an Indian called James Printer, who told Mr. Hoar that my master would let me go home tomorrow, if he would let him have one pint of liquor. Then Mr. Hoar called his own Indians, Tom and Peter, and bid them go and see whither he would promise it before them three. And if he would, he should have it. Which he did, and he had it. Then Philip smelling the business called me to him, and asked me what I would give him to tell me some good news, and speak a good word for me. I told him I could not tell what to give him. I would anything I had, and asked him what he would have? He said two coats and twenty shillings in money, and half a bushel of seed corn, and some tobacco. I thanked him for his love. But I knew the good news as well as the crafty Fox.

"My master, after he had had his drink, quickly came ranting into the wigwam again, and called for Mr. Hoar, drinking to him, and saying he was a good man. And then again he would say, 'Hang him rogue.' Being almost drunk, he would drink to him, and yet presently say he should be hanged. Then he called for me. I trembled to hear him, yet I was fain to go to him, and he drank to me, showing no incivility. He was the first Indian I saw drunk all the while that I was amongst them. At last his squaw ran out, and he after her, round the wigwam, with his money jingling at his knees. But she escaped him. But having an old squaw he ran to her. And so through the Lord's mercy, we were no more troubled that night. Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest. For I think I can say I did not sleep for three nights together.

"On Tuesday morning they called their General Court (as they call it) to consult and determine whether I should go home or not. And they all as one man did seemingly consent to it, that I should go home, except Philip, who would not come among them."

So Mary Rowlandson's captivity ended. She thus describes her departure: "At first they were all against my going home, except my husband would come for me. But afterwards they assented to it, and seemed much to rejoice at it. Some asked me to send them some bread, others some tobacco, others, shaking me by the hand, offering me a hood and scarf to ride in, not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desire, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me.

"In my travels an Indian came to me, and told me, if I were willing, he and his squaw would run away and go home along with me. I told him no, I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time, that I might go home quietly and without fear. Oh, the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experience I have had! I have been in he midst of those roaring lions and savage bears, that feared neither God nor man, nor the Devil, by night and day, alone and in company, sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered me the least abuse of unchastity to me, in word or action.

"So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and was almost swallowed up in the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the sun being down, Mr. Hoar and myself and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongst my relations and neighbors, and now not one Christian to be seen, nor one house left standing. We went on to a farmhouse that was yet standing, where we lay all night, and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, and before noon, we came to Concord."

Weetamoo had not much longer to live. She returned to her home country, and was betrayed to the English. Her band of twenty-six Indians were killed to a man, but she made her escape by swimming, supported by fragments of wood. Hunger and exposure proved too much for her, however, and the next day her dead body was found lying on the shore at the very spot where she had helped Philip to get away from his English pursuers in the preceding summer. Quennapin died about the same time, shot at Newport for his crimes against the English.

CHAPTER XI.

Second Period of Settlement---The Tragic Romance of the Huguenot Village at Oxford

The second period of the settlement of Worcester County comprises the more than half century which elapsed between the close of King Philip's War and the erection of the territory as a county in 1731. In this time Lancaster, Brookfield, Mendon and Worcester were resettled, and nine other towns were incorporated and established—Oxford in 1693, Leicester in 1713, Sutton and Rutland in 1714, Westboro in 1717, Shrewsbury in 1720, Uxbridge and Lunenburg in 1727, and Southboro in 1728.

Not until after 1726 was the region free from the threat of Indian attack. The settlements were still on the frontier of the Bay Colony. War followed war, as England and France fought over one dispute after another. King William's War endured from 1689 to 1697, Queen Anne's War from 1702 to 1713, and Lovewell's war, of minor importance in a broad sense, but nevertheless bringing its tragedy into the Nipmuck Country, from 1722 to 1726.

The French commanders made full use of their Indian allies in harassing the white settlements. Frequent descents were made upon New England and our county towns were often their objectives. Sometimes small war parties of Indians roamed the country, picking off a settler here and there, and occasionally taking captives. At other times attacks were made by large forces of French and Indians combined. With the stories of the atrocities of the war with the Nipmucks, Narragansetts and Poconokets still fresh in mind, and with tidings of outrages by Canadian and New York savages, all along the English frontier, it is small wonder that the proprietors of newly organized plantations were slow to encourage settlement. Had there been peace instead of war, all of the original towns and others, as well, would undoubtedly have come into being much earlier.

The only new settlement of the seventeenth century was that of Oxford. Its establishment and the early years of its original existence constitute one of the tragic romances of American history. Its people were Huguenots, transported from genial, old-settled France and set down in a virgin wilderness and austere climate, with only savages as near neighbors. The Huguenots were not of tough and sturdy peasant stock. They were not of the type of the natural pioneer. Love of adventure was foreign to their minds. They represented the very best of French civilization of their day, in blood and intellect and culture. Their farmers and craftsmen were the best in Europe.

In the period following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV, in October, 1685, the persecution of these zealous Calvinists, deprived of their religious liberty, took awful forms of torment and death. Though forbidden to emigrate, half a million of them, the flower of the population of France, escaped the vigilance of the authorities and sought asylum in other countries. Many thousands of them fled to England, and of these many hundreds crossed the ocean to America. Their natural choice was the south Atlantic coast, where they found a climate not unlike that of their homeland. Substantial settlement was made in South Carolina, chiefly in Charleston and its neighboring country. But one little band was guided by a fate which proved unkind to the very heart of the Nipmuck Country.

They were few in number, perhaps never more than a hundred souls of all ages. But they faced the situation squarely and bravely, and entered upon the long and toilsome task of creating out of lands mostly forest-covered, a farming village, which, had they been able to carry on, would have become a replica of a countryside of sunny France. They built neat little houses and a chapel. They planted vineyards with vines from home and cottage gardens in which blossomed the French flowers that were dear to them. They opened and cultivated broad fields and had their orchards. They labored hard and intelligently, bringing into use, so far as they could with facilities at hand, the best farming technique the world then knew.

In fact, a chief motive of Charles II and of the English proprietors of these lands in encouraging the settlement by Huguenots, was the belief that the plantations would prove a valuable working example to English settlers of agricultural methods far beyond what they themselves had known in England. The proprietors had also in mind the craftmanship in various trades possessed by these Frenchmen, which apart from any natural sympathy, had made them welcome wherever they had gone seeking new homes. Their skill in these arts might be passed on the English-speaking people, it was argued, and further improve conditions in the Colony. All these hopes might have been realized had not the French and English sovereigns indulged in war, the scenes of which were extended into New England.

In 1682, the General Court, "having information that some gentlemen in England are desirous to remove themselves into the colony, and (if it may be) settle themselves under Massachusetts," granted to Major Robert Thompson, William Stoughton and Joseph Dudley, a tract of land eight miles square, "in any free place," for a township. Surveys were made, and the territory selected was that about the Praying Town of Manchaug, which had been broken up in the recent war. The plantation was named New Oxford. Plans for settlement proceeded slowly, and probably their fulfillment would have been long deferred, had it not been for the strange repercussion from the unbridled cruelty of King Louis' soldiers three thousand miles away.

Among the French refugees in England was Gabriel Bernon, who, until his self-imposed banishment in 1685, had been a merchant in Bordeaux, and was evidently a person of ample fortune. In 1687 he made the acquaintance of Robert Thompson, who, by-the-bye, chanced at the time to be president of John Eliot's supporting body, the "Society for Promoting and Propagating the Gospel in New England." Incidentally, he made Bernon a member of that body. What was really important, he interested him in the New Oxford plantation. The French merchant considered the enterprise in the light of an opportunity offered his fellow-exiles, and presently we find a share in New Oxford transferred to his ownership. Doubtless he pictured a safe refuge where his friends could establish homes and farms and rear their families in the faith of Calvin, with no fear of the torture chamber and stake.

His next move was to send to Boston one Isaac Bertrand De Tuffeau to serve as his agent in the Bay Colony and to do preliminary work toward founding the settlement. In April of the next year, 1688, he himself set sail for New England with his family and servants and a band of emigre compatriots, whose passage he paid, and arrived in Boston July 5. By then he held grants for 2,500 acres of the plantation. The same summer thirty Huguenot families were living in New Oxford, and with them was M. Bondet, their minister.

A scattered village took form rapidly. They built houses and a little church, and on the river in the valley a gristmill, sawmill and wash leather mill, driven by waterwheels. Their farms increased in size year by year, and, under their expert tillage, produced prodigally. They pressed familiar wines from their grapes. M. Bernon did not join them, but established himself in Newport and purchased from them large quantities of specially dressed furs, which were sent over the trail to Providence, whence they were shipped by water to their destination. Their patron's business was to supply the hatters and glovers of Boston and Newport with their raw materials. Hat making was a specialty with these French people. They "alone possessed the secret of a liquid composition to prepare rabbit, hare and beaver skins." The dressing of chamois skins and the making of gloves were also among the arts in

which they excelled. At Oxford their "wash-leather mill" was their "chamoiserie." There they dressed the skins not only of rabbit, hare and beaver, but of otter, raccoon, deer and other animals.

The Oxford Huguenots, under the initiation and enterprise of Bernon, also went into the production of naval stores, especially pitch and tar from the forests. Bernon crossed the sea to promote this industry and made sales in England in spite of vigorous opposition. It was even suggested to the Board of Trade that he be appointed Superintendent of Manufacture in America, but the idea was not favorably received, the policy of the government being to discourage colonial manufactures.

These French people might have been happy, even in this strange, alien country, had it not been for their well-warranted distrust and fear of the Indians. It is quite likely that they experienced petty annoyances from the thievery and begging of their immediate native neighbors, for there was a village not far distant from their homes. They must have heard the true stories of the savage cruelties of the war which had ended only a little more than a decade before.

High on the eminence now known as Fort Hill, which rises steeply from French River, they built a citadel the like of which was not to be found in all New England. It was of solid masonry, and impregnable to any foes who had no artillery. It is easily understood that these people could not associate safety with a fortification made of wood. They were accustomed to castles massively constructed of stone. So they built their fort with walls of stone.

The fort was an enclosure about seventy-five by one hundred and five feet, built of the rough surface stones, without mortar, and having loopholes. Within were the blockhouse, a well and other conveniences for the garrison. In 1884, the Huguenot Memorial Society of Oxford caused the removal of the debris from the ruins, which brought to light the cellar and the chimneys and other details of the structure.

The main building of the blockhouse was eighteen by thirty feet, with a double-walled cellar twelve by twenty-four feet and six feet deep. The inner walls supported the floor beams. The outer wall, three feet from the inner, was made of heavy boulders laid on a foundation three feet deep, and supported the logs forming the walls of the house. The workmen came upon a covered drain seventy feet long, most of it in good condition. The main fireplace, in the middle of the north side of the house, was nearly ten feet wide at the opening. The broad foundation supporting it and the chimney was almost wholly outside of the house, and gave ample room for an oven besides. A smaller fireplace faced it across the room. Attached to the main building was an annex, fourteen by sixteen feet, having no cellar, but at one corner a flight of steps lead down into the main cellar. On its east side was a broad foundation for fireplace and chimney extending five feet out from the wall.

In the rear of the annex and doubtless opening into it was a separate house twelve feet square, near the center of the fort, used, it would seem, for arms and stores. Beneath it was a circular underground chamber, six feet deep, which is believed to have been the magazine.

The fort proper, of stone, was a solid structure, planned with much military skill. It was a complete quadrangular citadel with two bastions, with a field of fire flanking every face. The main bastion at the southwest angle was more fully developed than that at the northeast, and thus enfiladed an outer breastwork and ditch which extended westerly from it for nearly one hundred feet. This breastwork was clearly the south line of a stockade which protected the main approach on the west side, and also cattle and chattels too bulky to be brought within the fort. A driveway for carts was made through the west wall, and close to it broad flat stones were laid as a walk for those who went on foot.

The fort stood in the midst of ten acres of cleared land, and this was intensively cultivated, presumably as a convenient source of communal food supply should the inhabitants be compelled to live in garrison. An old manuscript relates that there was a garden hard by the fort on the west in which grew asparagus, grapes, plums and gooseberries, and flowers, too. The site remains untouched, and is permitted to grow over with bushes. About it is the Huguenot field. That is all that remains of the deserted village, excepting the wild grapes, descendants of the vines which were carefully brought over the water and cherished two and a half centuries ago. A monument by the roadside down the hill commemorates the settlement.

Worship—Their form of worship was simple, yet impressive. They were well versed in the scriptures, and excelled in music, having a translation of the Psalms and the hymns of Beza and Marot—called the French Watts—set to the sweet harmonies of Goudamel, an early French composer, and followed a liturgy modeled by John Calvin, which had been long used in their native land. In their Sabbath worship, first, several chapters of the Bible were read by a *lecteur* (who was also precentor or chorister), closing with the ten commandments, then began a service by the pastor, an invocation, and an invitation to prayer and general confession, the congregation the while standing. Next came the singing of a Psalm by the congregation, seated. "This was the people's part—the song in a ritual without other audible responses, and all the Huguenot fervor broke out in those strains that had for generations expressed the faith and religious joy of a persecuted race." After a short extempore prayer came the sermon, and after that general supplications, closing with the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. The benediction followed, with the word of peace. Their form of church government appears to have been as simple as their worship, for the pastor, with the elders, elected by the membership, controlled all the interests of the body.

King William's War had been raging for some years before the Huguenots felt its horrors. In 1694, the children of the Alard family were picking berries in the woods when they were surprised by prowling Indians. The oldest, a daughter, was killed, and the others were made captives. An early writer records that they "were not found for several days," but others have conjectured that they were carried away to Canada. However that may be, the settlers were terrified, and quickly took refuge within the fort, where they lived through the summer. Their home fields were unattended, and the crops were ruined by their own cattle and the wild deer.

The massacre of the Johnson or Jansen family on August 25 of that year was the finishing stroke. The Jansens lived near the present Webster highway a mile or more south of the town hall. The father had gone to Woodstock, fifteen miles distant. Evening was approaching when Indians stole up to the house and entered it. The three children were within, and the savages killed them against the stone fireplace. Mrs. Jansen managed to escape their notice, and, with her baby in her arms, started for Woodstock to warn her husband, for he was expected home and would walk into a death trap. Fortune was unkind to the Jansens. There were two trails to Woodstock. The wife took the one, the husband returned by the other. He was met at his door and killed.

When the tragic news reached the fort the settlers were demoralized. They resolved to depart. In the old country they had been compelled to flee from savage enemies. Here in the New World again they must steal away quickly and secretly from foes no more savage than those in France, but more subtle and alert. Old authors paint sad pictures of the departure—the final prayer in the little church, the farewell to their dead in the burying ground, the burial of the Jansens in one grave, while the weeping wife and mother stood by, and the anxious flight through the forest to safety.

A year after the close of the war in 1697, resettlement was attempted by a small band of Huguenots, and eight or ten families were living on the farms. But they lived in constant fear of Indian attack. A letter from the Earl of Bellomont, one of the proprietors, to the Lords of Trade in London, dated July 9, 1700, states that there had been about forty Indian families settled "about the town of Woodstock and New Oxford and that it was obvious that the Jesuits had seduced these forty families," for they had deserted their houses and corn and had gone to live with the Penacock Indians, which was regarded so ominous a sign that "some of the English have forsaken their houses and farms." The reference was not to English residents of Oxford, for their settlement was not made until 1713. The final outcome was that the French refused to risk their lives any longer and in 1704 departed, never to return as a racial group. But continuation of Huguenot names among the

townspeople of succeeding generations proves that some of the original families later resumed residence in the town.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing in 1879 to George F. Daniels, author of *The Huguenots in the Nipmuck Country of Oxford Prior to 1713,* said: "My father visited the site of the little colony in 1819 and 1825. He traced the lines of the fort, and was 'regaled with the perfumes of shrubbery and the grapes hanging in clusters on the vines planted by the Huguenots above a century before.' I visited the place between twenty and thirty years ago, and found many traces of the old settlement. After Plymouth, I do not think there is a locality in New England more interesting.

"This little band of French families, transported from the shore of the Bay of Biscay to the wilds of our New England interior, reminds me of the isolated group of magnolias which we find surrounded by the ordinary forest trees in our Massachusetts town of Manchester. It is a surprise to meet with them, and we wonder how they come there, but they glorify the scenery with their tropical flowers, and sweeten it with their fragrance. Such a pleasing surprise is the effect of coming upon this small and transitory abiding place of the men and women who left their beloved and beautiful land for the sake of their religion."

CHAPTER XII.

Northern Indians Make Repeated Raids on Lancaster

The resettlement of Lancaster was begun in 1678. There was some delay owing to an act of the General Court, which placed deserted villages in the same class with the new plantations, and required preliminary petitioning and the appointment of a paternal committee whose duty is was "to view, and hear, and consider, and order, and enjoin obedience to the form and manner of resettlement." But finally the formalities were complied with, and the village was rebuilt and started to grow. The church which the savages had burned was replaced, and in 1690 John Whiting, Harvard 1685, was ordained as minister. When Indian troubles began again the settlement had fifty families, probably totaling about two hundred seventy-five people.

The colonists did not forget the lessons of the previous war. Lancaster had eight garrison houses scattered over a wide area, and the families in the vicinity of each found safety while they were within its protecting walls. In view of the attacks which followed it is well to designate these strongholds—Josiah White's, of ten men, upon the east side of the Neck; Philip Goss', nine men, near the North River bridge; Thomas Sawyer's, eleven men, in central South Lancaster; Nathaniel Wilder's, eight men, at the old trucking house site on George Hill; Ephraim Roper's, seven men, a little to the north of Nathaniel Wilder's; Lieutenant Thomas Wilder's, thirteen men, on the Old Common; Ensign John Moore's, eight men, at Wataquadock; and Henry Willard's, eight men, at Still River.

When it was learned that war had broken out which would involve the people of the French and English colonies, and that Indians might soon be coming down out of Canada as allies of the French, the general abandonment of the outlying settlements seemed certain. As things turned out in the case of Lancaster, as well as of some other plantations, this would have been the

wise move. But the General Court quickly passed a special act forbidding removal from these towns, undere severe penalty. The motive, probably, was to maintain the line of frontier posts. The fatal error committed by the authorities lay in not following up the act with sufficient military forces to insure protection for the settlers, not only within their fortified houses, but while they were doing the imperatively necessary work in the fields, and looking after their cattle, and laying in their supply of winter firewood. There was ample warning of immediate danger. In April, 1692, hunters reported seeing a body of three hundred Indians in the vicinity of Mt. Wachusett. These could not have been Nipmucks, or others of the southern New England tribes, for these had lost all tribal cohesion. On the face of it, they were warriors of distant and undoubtedly hostile tribes. Yet the military commanders at Boston made little effort to guard the settlements.

"By day or night mothers grew pale at every half-heard cry of bird or beast," wrote Henry S. Nourse, "imagining it the death-shriek of a dear one, or the dread war-whoop of the savages. The able-bodied men and boys had to delve all day in the planting season or expect to starve the next winter, and their unintermitting toil ill fitted them to watch every second night, as they were obliged to do in garrison. If they remained in their unfortified houses they were exposed to worse than death in case of an attack. But they could hope for little help from the Bay towns."

For years, with only a brief gap between wars, the townspeople lived in a state of continuous "watch and ward," always in fear of a skulking foe. There were frequent alarms, and an occasional attack. The first blow was struck by a prowling band which surprised the home of Peter Joslin on the Neck, while he was absent in the field. They butchered his wife and three young children, and a woman who lived with them, and carried into captivity his sixteen-year-old sister-in-law Elizabeth and his six-year-old son Peter. Tradition has it that Elizabeth was singing at her spinning wheel as the Indians stole up to the house, and her sweet voice so stirred their savage breasts that she was spared the fate of her sister and afterwards was ransomed. But little Peter was murdered on the widnerness trail.

The forenoon of September 11, 1697, saw nineteen men, women and children slaughtered, and eight others led away into captivity, three of them never to return. Many of the men were at work in the fields or at their own homes, away from the garrison houses. The Indians were in force, and divided up in a number of bands, that they might strike at various points at the same time. They had been skulking in the forest awaiting the most favorable moment. The settlers were wholly unprepared.

One party came upon Minister Whiting at a distance from a garrison. They offered him quarter if he would give himself up. But he proved himself a fighting parson. He would do nothing of the sort. He died defying

the savages, rather than "resign himself to them whose tender mercies are cruelty." The Indians had planned first to surprise Thomas Sawyer's garrison house. The gates stood wide open. There was nothing to prevent their entrance and a massacre, excepting the hand of Providence. Jabez Fairbank was at his own house, half a mile distant from Sawyer's, and decided to fetch his little son from the garrison. So he mounted his horse and approached the gate at a fast gallop at the very moment the Indians were about to rush the place. Seeing Fairbank riding as if to give warning, they gave over the attempt. But they took Ephraim Roper's blockhouse and Daniel Hudson's fortified house.

The escape of the Sawyer garrison rivals that of the worshippers in the Marlboro meeting house on a Sabbath morning when the minister happened to be suffering from a violent toothache. He was compelled to interrupt his sermon and seek relief in the open air. As he left the building he spied lurking Indians, evidently preparing for an attack upon the unsuspecting congregation. His warning came in the nick of time to prevent a massacre.

In 1704, a small army of French and Indians came down from Canada with the intention of attacking Northampton. But they found the village fully prepared to meet them, and so turned their attention to Lancaster. They fell furiously upon the town and in the first onset killed Lieutenant Nathaniel Wilder near the gate of his own blockhouse, "and on the same day three others near the same garrison," wrote Peter Whitney. "The enemy were uncommonly brave, and therefore, though Capt. Tyng, who commanded the soldiers of the garrison, and Captain Howe, with a company from Marlborough who marched immediately to their assistance, together with the inhabitants of the town, maintained a warm conflict with them for some time, yet being very much inferior in number, were obliged to retreat into the garrison. Upon this the enemy burned the meeting-house and six other buildings, and destroyed much of the livestock of the town. Before night there came such large numbers to the relief of the town, that the enemy retreated, and, though pursued, were not overtaken. What number of the enemy were killed at the above time is uncertain, but it was supposed to be considerable. A French officer of some distinction was mortally wounded, which greatly exasperated them."

The early ministers of Lancaster had no luck. The Reverend Rowlandson lost most of his family, and the other members went into Indian captivity. Reverend Whiting died in hand-to-hand conflict with savages. In October, 1704, a force of the enemy being discovered at Still River, the soldiers and villagers went in search of them and returned in the evening, unsuccessful and greatly fatigued. Minister Gardner, who had been preaching in Lancaster for several years, undertook to mount guard and let the tired soldiers sleep, and went on duty in the sentry box. Late in the night he had occasion to

leave it, and was heard by one Samuel Prescott, who was in the house. Half asleep, Prescott, supposing the figure in the parade to be that of an enemy, seized the first gun at hand, and shot down his friend. The fatal mistake was quickly discovered, and the dying clergyman was carried within. He forgave Prescott, and in an hour or two expired, "to the great grief not only of his comfort, but of his people, who had a high esteem of him."

A strange finale followed the capture by Indians of Thomas Sawyer, his son Elias and young John Bigelow at the Sawyer garrison house in 1705. A younger son escaped through a back window. Sawyer was well known to the savages as a dangerous man. Evidently he had built up a reputation of respect, but at the same time a burning desire for revenge. They treated him with cruelty on the long march northward. When he finally reached Montreal, he offered a bargain to the French governor. On the River Chamblee, he informed that gentleman, was a very fine millsite. He would build there a sawmill, in payment for the ransom of young Bigelow, his son and himself. The governor quickly agreed to the plan, for at the time there was not a sawmill in all Canada. He accordingly applied to the Indian captors, and easily obtained the ransom of the boys. But no sum would purchase the redemption of the elder Sawyer. "Him being distinguished for his bravery, which had proved fatal to a number of their brethren, they were determined to immolate."

So their victim was led forth and fastened to a stake, and combustibles were piled about him, so disposed as to effect a lingering death, which was a specialty of the North American Indian. "The savages surrounded the unfortunate prisoner, and began to anticipate the horrid pleasure of beholding their captive writhing in torture amidst the rising flames, and a rending the air with their dismal yells.

"On a sudden a Friar appeared, and, with great solemnity, held forth what he declared to be the key to Purgatory; and told them that unless they immediately released their prisoner, he would instantly unlock the gates, and send them headlong thereinto."

The Indians were taking no chances of Purgatory. They quickly unbound Sawyer and gave him over to the governor. He completed the mill in one year, and the Frenchman's promise was kept. Sawyer, senior, and Bigelow were released, but young Sawyer was detained a year longer to instruct French artisans in the operation of the mill and in keeping it in order. Then, duly rewarded, he was sent home to his friends.

It was in August, 1697, that a battle was fought in what is now the township of Sterling, in which the English failure to seize a quick opportunity resulted in the death of Jonathan Wilder, of Marlboro, a native of Lancaster. A band of "twenty stout Indians, who according to their own account had all been captains," raided Marlboro on the 18th. The next day they were over-

taken in Sterling by a company of thirty men from Lancaster and Marlboro. The Indians were taken completely by surprise. Their packs were on their backs, and, it being a misty day, their guns were in their cases. All the English had to do was to run upon them, for they were prepared to surrender. Wilder would have been rescued unharmed.

But the settlers were slow. Only ten of them advanced, and the savage instantly saw their advantage. Packs were thrown aside, the cases ripped from their guns, Wilder was killed, and the fight began. Nine Indians were killed, and they lost all their packs. Two English were dead and two were wounded. A few moments of holding back robbed the settlers of a bloodless victory and the captive Wilder of his life. There were other outrages, and not until 1710 was the last attack made upon Lancaster.

In Lovewell's War, in which Massachusetts was fighting the Indian tribes of Maine and New Hampshire, the village was not involved in any trouble.

Mendon and Brookfield Resettled—When peace was restored the inhabitants of Mendon did not waste time in returning to their plantation. They rebuilt their homes, and erected a sawmill and gristmill, and meeting-house and parsonage. In 1686 fifty families were living in the township. Rev. Grindell Rawson was their minister, receiving as his annual compensation £55 and "one cord of wood for every forty-acre lot, and a train-band to cut it at his door." The growth of the community became so rapid that there was a dearth of good arable land and pasturage, and in 1692 three square miles of territory was added adjoining the northern boundary, which was known as the North Purchase, and eventually was included in the township of Auburn. Another tract adjoining the eastern border, of two thousand acres, was purchased in 1710, and in later years became a part of Bellingham. The town was too far to the south to suffer more anxiety in the subsequent wars, though as late as 1704 it was still classed as a frontier town and had its garrison houses.

Brookfield was ill-situated for an early resettlement. It could not expect quick relief from other towns in case of Indian attack, and, as a conspicuous outpost, was inviting to savage raiders. It remained truly a deserted village for some years, for the Quaboag Indians as well as the English had been driven from their homes. The legislative act which annulled its town privileges was another drawback. Not until 1686 was a committee petitioned for, but previous to that time a few scattered families had come in and taken up farms. Of the Ipswich people who had first settled Brookfield, only one family, that of John Ayres, returned. The newcomers were chiefly from Marlboro and Connecticut Valley towns. Gilbert's Fort was their principal stronghold, and other dwellings were strengthened as garrison houses. The plantation had made a good beginning when the outbreak of King William's War put a damper on the interest of prospective settlers, which continued for years.

The Indians did not wait long before descending upon the settlement. In midsummer of 1692, Joseph Woolcot was at work in the field a little distance from his house, and his wife, being fearful, took her children and went out to him. When they returned home they discovered that Indians had been there, and had stolen Woolcot's gun and other things. Looking from a window he saw a savage some distance away approaching the house. So he sent his wife and two little girls into the bushes, where they would be concealed, while he, taking his boy under one arm, and his broadaxe in the other hand, went forth with his large and savage dog to give battle. The dog attacked the Indian with such ferocity that he was compelled to shoot it. His gun being empty, he took to his heels, loading as he ran, and Woolcot, dropping the boy, started after him. The pursuit continued until the Englishman "heard the bullet roll down the gun." Whereupon he turned and snatching up his child, escaped through a swamp to a garrison house. His wife and daughters would probably have been safe if the woman had been able to restrain her shrieks. They led the Indians to her hiding place, and she and her children were killed.

Others of the same band entered the house of the Mason family, who were at dinner. They killed the man and one or two children, and carried away the mother and her infant. They also captured the brothers Thomas and Daniel Lawrence, and killed the latter because they insisted he had misled them as to the number of men in the settlement. Their brother John hastened with all possible speed to Springfield, and a company commanded by Captain Colton was soon in hot pursuit. They found the body of the Mason infant, where it had been thrown in the bushes.

The Indians evidently had no suspicion that they were being pursued, for the English stole up on their camp, which they had surrounded with a hedge of brush as what they derisively called an "English Fort." The soldiers waited for daybreak, and approached the "fort," still unperceived. They had actually thrust their guns through the brush before the enemy was aware of their predicament. It was a slaughter. Fifteen of the savages were killed by the volley, and the rest ran for their lives. They left behind them some of their guns, and their blankets, powder-horns and other articles. They also left Mrs. Mason and young Lawrence. Not long afterwards the Indians had their revenge on John Lawrence, for while he and a companion were searching for a missing man, they were ambushed. His friend escaped, but he was killed.

The Woolcot family seemed to be doomed. On a later occasion, John Woolcot, a lad of fourteen years, was riding in search of the cows, when Indians fired on him. His horse was killed and he was captured. Six men of a garrison heard the firing, and believing another of the houses had been attacked, hastened to its assistance. They were waylaid by the Indians. "The English saw not their danger, till they saw there was no escaping it," wrote an early

author. "And therefore, knowing that an Indian could not look an Englishman in the face and take a right aim, they stood their ground, presenting their pieces wherever they saw an Indian, without discharging them, excepting Abijah Bartlett, who turned to flee and was killed. The Indians kept firing at the rest and wounded three of them, Joseph Jennings in two places. One ball grazed the top of his head, by which he was struck blind for a moment, another ball passed through his shoulder, wounding his collar bone. Yet by neither did he fall, nor was he mortally wounded. Benjamin Jennings was wounded in the leg and John Green in the wrist. They were preserved at last by the following strategem:

"A large dog, hearing the firing, came to our men, one of whom, to encourage his brethren and intimidate the Indians, called out, 'Capt. Williams is come to our assistance, for here is his dog.' The savages, seeing the dog, and knowing Williams to be a famous Indian fighter, immediately fled and our men escaped."

Westboro did not become an incorporated town, set off from Marlboro, until 1717, but in the first years of the century it had become a little community by itself, and had three of the Marlboro garrison houses. In 1704 Indians raided the farm of Edmund Rice, killed his five-year-old boy, and carried off two older sons, Silas and Timothy. They never returned, but were adopted into the Caghnawaga tribe, and when grown to manhood became sachems of commanding influence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Settlement of Worcester Again Attempted

The first settlement of Worcester, or Quinsigamond, as it was then called, had hardly begun before King Philip's War compelled its abandonment. Several years elapsed before any step was taken toward its restablishment. Finally, Major-General Gookin, Captain Henchman and Captain Prentice, the three surviving members of the original committee that laid out the plantation, called a meeting of the proprietors, which was held in Cambridge, March 3, 1679. An agreement was signed by the sixteen proprietors present that, "God willing, they intend and purpose, if God spare life, and peace continue, to endeavor, either in their persons, or by their relations or purses, to settle the plantation some time the next summer, come twelve month, which shall be in the year of the Lord 1680." It was decided to build the town according to a plan proposed by Gookin and Henchman, the chief purpose of which was to "build together so as to defend ourselves."

But still no move toward settlement was made. Then the General Court got impatient and notified the proprietors that unless prompt measures were taken to form a plantation the grant would be declared forfeited. That brought action. The following spring Captain Henchman and a small party of men, believed to have been former settlers, proceeded to Quinsigamond, and spent the season building log houses and in other ways preparing for the coming of permanent residents. Nor were these long in taking advantage of the opportunity, for in 1684 a sufficient number of families were settled to call forth the following order from the Middlesex County Court, rendered on petition of the committee, "requiring the people living in the Plantation of Quinsigamond to meet together on the Sabbath days to celebrate the worship of God in the best manner they can at present, and till they do increase to such a number as that they may be capable to call and maintain a learned pious and orthodox minister, as they will answer their neglect at their peril. And Capt. Daniel Henchman is requested and authorized to take special care to prevent the profanation of the Sabbath Day by neglect thereof."

The same session of court, having provided for the spiritual welfare of the community, saw to it that bodily comfort should not be neglected, by licensing Captain Henchman's son Nathaniel "to keep a house of entertainment for travailers at Quinsicamond for a year next ensuing. Also he is allowed to sell and furnish travellers or inhabitants with rhum or other strong waters in bottles of a pint or quart. But not to retail any in his house or suffer Tipling there." No open saloon for the court of Middlesex.

A plan of reassigning the land was determined upon in 1684. Lots were to be laid out of ten and twenty-five acres, the township to be divided into four hundred and eighty of these, of which two hundred were for assignment to planters, and eighty for public uses and specific appropriations. The remaining two hundred were at the northern extremity of the township, afterward to be known as North Worcester and eventually to become the town of Holden. "Land for a citadel was laid out on the Fort River" (Mill Brook) "about half a mile square, for houselots for those who should at their first settling, build and dwell thereon . . . . to the end that the inhabitants may settle in a way of defence . . . . and each one to have a house lot there at least six rods square." The citadel was to have two "fire-rooms" for the accommodation of travelers along the county road from Boston to Connecticut, this being, it was stated, "one reason for granting the plantation."

In 1684 the name was changed to Worcester to commemorate the battle of Worcester, in which Cromwell's Puritan Ironsides broke the Royalist hopes.

In 1692, when the Indian raids in Maine and New York brought the hazard of war most urgently to the minds of the inhabitants of the outlying settlements, Captain John Wing was the military commander of Worcester. He had brought to the plantation an Irishman named George Downing, who was probably the first of his race to take up residence there. When Captain Wing obtained from the Governor and Council a strengthening of the garrison he caused the appointment of Downing as commander of the local militia, which was made up of the townspeople. Another story is that Downing's wife procured his commission.

This was bitterly resented. Some of the settlers had been officers in King Philip's War, while, they declared, Downing had been only a coachman. They refused, when ordered, to report at the garrison house for duty. How long this spirit of defiance lasted is not known, nor is there a record to indicate whether Downing continued in his post of commander. He wrote to the Governor and Council complaining of the attitude of the village soldiers, and setting forth that he had not enough men "to watch and ward and scout as the warrant commands." One considerable group of settlers, whose farms were at the south end of the township, likewise wrote the authorities at Boston, declaring that as the garrison house was at the north end, their homes and fields were two miles distant, and that to desert them would mean ruin. There-

fore, they proposed to build a fort of their own, where they could guard their homestead acres.

There were Indian raids in the immediate vicinity. Goodman Levering and three children were killed in Oxford in August, 1696. One war party actually entered Worcester and carried away a boy. Many of the inhabitants moved to less exposed towns. The final result was an order of the General Court issued on March 22, 1699, striking Worcester from the list of frontier towns, the population having become so small that the assignment of a garrison to defend it was not considered justifiable.

Only one family remained. Digory Sargent refused to leave his farm on Sagatabscot Hill, now Union Hill. The authorities sent messenger after messenger to him, ordering him to withdraw his family, but he refused, in the belief that in case of attack he could beat off the savages. In the winter of 1703-04, Captain Howe with a guard of twelve soldiers was dispatched to Worcester with orders to remove Sargent and his people, by force, if necessary. But the soldiers were too late. They found the stubborn settler murdered. His wife and several children had been carried away captives. Captain Howe and his men slept in the Sargent house that night, and it was afterwards learned that they had as housemates six Indians, who had hidden in the cellar.

Again Worcester was a deserted village. It was destined to remain a cleared place in the wilderness, untenanted except by beast and bird, until, on October 21, 1713, shortly before the setting in of winter, Jonas Rice and his family took up their residence on the land where Digory Sargent had lived and died, and became the first permanent inhabitants of Worcester. In fact, for eighteen months they were the only settlers. But within five years Worcester had fifty-eight dwelling houses.

Hannah Dustin and Samuel Leonard's Escape—The history of the county would not be complete without the tale of Samuel Leonard, the Worcester lad, and the deadly part played by his tomahawk in the escape of the famous Hannah Dustin from her Indian master, after her capture at the sack of Haverhill.

Few women in all history have risen to such heights of desperate and pitiless courage and action. The tale is an epic. She was its heroine, Samuel Leonard its hero—a lad of fourteen, who had been taken two years before by a roving band of northern savages. Mrs. Dustin planned the slaughter of their captors upon which their escape depended. In the dead of night, she and the lad and a woman who had been seized with her, tomahawked men, women and children as they slept, and won their liberty.

Hannah Dustin had lost every scruple of life and death so far as Indians were concerned. They had dragged her from her bed, and, before her eyes,

had dashed out the brains of her week-old babe. While winter still lingered in that northern latitude, they had compelled her to travel afoot through the forest, day after day, in forced marches, the ground frozen, fording streams, half starved, snatching fitful sleep on the icy forest floor, and had laughed at her sufferings. They had tormented her with pictures of what her fate would be when they arrived at the rendezvous—the scourging, the tortures of the gauntlet, a target for the tomahawks of young braves, slavery among the French. They derided the faint-hearted English who, they told her, had swooned under the torments. At Haverhill, her husband and seven children had escaped immediate capture, but she, not knowing, was racked with anxiety as to their fate. It is small wonder that this pioneer woman felt no pang of reluctance in her cool-headed, cold-blooded planning of a wholesale human killing, nor in pulling scalps from the heads of her half score dead enemies, that she might bear away with her proof of what might otherwise seem an unbelievable story.

Samuel Leonard, Sr., had settled in Worcester about the year 1690, coming from Bridgewater with his family, and had built a log house on the high land overlooking Lake Quinsigamond, east of what today is Plantation Street. In the autumn of 1695, when the harvest had taken the older members of the family into the fields, a war party of Indians passing along the trail from Hassanamisco to Lancaster espied twelve-year-old Samuel, Jr., playing around the house, and seized him. Two years later, Bampico, the brave who held the boy a captive, was one of the party which attacked Haverhill, on March 15, 1697, and Samuel was with him, which accounts for his presence in the band with Mrs. Dustin. Arriving in the vicinity of the settlement, the prisoners and plunder were left under guard of squaws and children, and in the early morning the warriors divided into small bands and dispersed to attack at a number of points at once, on a given signal.

Thomas Dustin, whose farm was in the outskirts of the village, was at work early in the field, and with him were seven of his eight children, from two to seventeen years old. Discovering the presence of Indians, he ordered his children to make their way as swiftly as possible to a garrison house, while he hurried to his house, to rescue his wife and baby and Mary Neff, a widow, who was attending her.

But, to quote *Original Narratives of Early American History,* a contemporary writing, "E'er Hannah Dustin could get up and dress, the fierce Indians were so near, that utterly despairing to do her any service, Mr. Dustin ran out after his children, resolving that he would take on his horse the one which he should in this extremity find his affections to pitch most upon, and leave the rest unto the care of Divine Providence.

"He overtook his children about forty rods from his door; but then, such was the agony of his parental affections, that he found it impossible for him

to distinguish any one of them from the rest; wherefore he took up a courageous resolution to live and die with them all. A party of Indians came up with him; and now, though they fired at him, and he fired at them, yet he manfully kept at the rear of his little army of unarmed children, while they marched off, with the pace of a child of five years old; until, by the singular providence of God, he arrived safe with them all, unto a place of safety, about a mile or two from his house."

The Indians forced their way into the Dustin house, and finding the wife in bed ordered her to dress, which she did so hurriedly as to forget to put on one of her shoes. After pillaging and setting fire to the building the savages made ready to retreat. One of them snatched the infant from the arms of Mrs. Neff and dashed out its brains. They lost no time in getting away. They had learned from experience that their only chance of successful attack on the English was to descend stealthily, kill and loot with all possible haste, and make off quickly with what could be easily taken away, before the neighboring settlers could recover from the surprise and organize a pursuing force. At Haverhill the different parties departed in various directions, most of them, however, for a rendezvous at Pennacook, near the site of the New Hampshire city of Concord.

"Mrs. Dustin (with her nurse)," continues the old narrative, "notwithstanding her present condition, traveled that first night, about a dozen miles, and then kept up with their new masters in a long travel of a hundred and fifty miles more or less, within a few days ensuing, without any sensible damage in their health from the hardships of their travel, their lodging, their diet, and their many other difficulties.

"These two poor women were now in the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruelties. But the good God, who hath all hearts in his own hands, heard the sighs of these prisoners, and gave them to find unexpected favor from the master who laid claim unto them. That Indian family consisted of twelve persons; two stout men, three women, and seven children. And for the shame of many an English family, that has the character of prayerless upon it, I must now publish what these poor women assure me. 'Tis this: In obedience to the instructions which the French have given them, they would have prayers in their family no less than thrice every day; in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. Nor would they ordinarily let their children eat or sleep, without first saying their prayers.

"Indeed these Idolators were like the rest of their whiter Brethren, Persecutors; and would not endure that these poor women should retire to their English prayers, if they could hinder them. Nevertheless, the poor women had nothing but fervent prayers to make their lives comfortable or tolerable; and by being daily sent out, upon business, they had opportunities together and asunder to do like another Hannah, in pouring out their souls before the

Lord. Nor did their praying friends among ourselves, forbear to pour out supplicants for them. Now, they could not observe it without some wonder, and their Indian master, sometimes, when he saw them dejected, would say unto them, 'What need you trouble yourself? If your God will have you deliver, it shall be so!' And it seems our God would have it so to be."

The threatening stories told them by the Indians were probably fully credited by the prisoners, for they could not have been unaware of the customs of the savage tribes. They must have been steeled to any desperate deed. Regardless of prospective sufferings, Mrs. Dustin's mind must have been keenly alive to possibility of escape. She was that kind of woman. Finally she evolved a plan for exterminating her captors, men, women and children, and communicated it to her two companions. To Samuel she entrusted the task of learning from his master Bampico just where one must strike with a tomahawk to kill instantly, without outcry from the victim. The Indian gave freely of the information, in telling how he had killed the whites. Also, he told the boy how he had scalped them.

On the night of April 29, they camped on what is now known as Dustin's Island, in the Merrimac at the mouth of Contoocook River, a small island embracing only about two acres, and in those old days heavily wooded. The Indians were very tired, for the day's journey had been a hard one. They promised to sleep soundly. Mrs. Dustin determined that the time to act had arrived. Not long after midnight she awakened Mrs. Neff and the boy. Each armed with a tomahawk, they crept stealthily to a position at the head of the sleeping savages. Then they struck. One Indian after another received the death wound. Bampico died by the hand of the lad who had been his slave. Ten of the twelve were killed outright. A badly wounded squaw escaped into the woods, and so did an Indian boy whom Mrs. Dustin had spared to take away with them.

There were boats there, why and how is not related. The fugitives scuttled all but one of them. In that was placed all the food they could find, and the tomahawk with which Mrs. Dustin had killed her master, and his gun. The last act before leaving the island was to remove the ten scalps, to carry with them back to civilization, should they reach it, in confirmation of their astonishing tale.

The slow voyage down the Merrimac, though not without its dangers, was uneventful so far as discovery by their enemies was concerned. They took turns in rowing, or perhaps it was paddling, during the daylight hours, and at night drifted with the current, one steering while the others slept. After what seemed endless days they reached Haverhill and their overjoyed friends who had given them up as forever lost. Presently Mrs. Dustin was reunited with her husband and children, and Samuel Leonard with his people, who, in

the meanwhile, had moved from Worcester, deeming it too dangerously situated, and established a home in Connecticut, well back from the frontier.

The episode made a great sensation at the time. None could say too much in praise of Mrs. Dustin, and young Samuel was heralded as a great hero. The Legislature in remuneration for the scalps, voted Mrs. Dustin twenty-five pounds and Mrs. Neff and the boy twelve pounds ten shillings each. Word of the escape went over the country, and other tokens of appreciation came to the heroic trio. "But none," wrote Cotton Mather, "gave them a greater taste of bounty than Col. Nicholson, Governor of Maryland, who, hearing of their action, sent them a very generous token of his favor."

CHAPTER XIV.

Lovewell's or Father Rasle's War

Of all the long series of wars in which Worcester County men have fought, none is so little known as Lovewell's or Father Rasle's War. It is almost a forgotten war. One finds no reference to it in the school histories. It is hardly mentioned in local annals, excepting casually to mark the time of Indian raids on Rutland. Yet it played a very important part in the existence of the inhabitants in the years of its duration, from 1722 to 1726—in the constant dread of Indian attack, in holding back the foundation of new towns, and in the opportunity, eagerly seized for the young men, to make money hunting Indians for their scalps.

The Massachusetts Colony paid one hundred pounds for the scalp of every Indian male over twelve years of age, and half that sum for every woman or younger child of either sex, alive or dead. Bands of rangers were organized and made repeated expeditions into Maine and northern New Hampshire, lured by the huge bounty. Their captains built up heroic reputations as Indian killers. The most famous of them all was Captain John Lovewell. So romantic a figure did he become that the war came to be named for him. The English generally knew it as Father Rasle's War, because they believed that great missionary was the instigator of all the trouble. It would be much truer to fact to call it the Abenaki War, for the real malefactors, if they were in the wrong, were the chiefs of that Indian nation. It was a case of King Philip's War over again. The Maine Indians fought for their ancestral lands, which included the valleys of the Penobscot, Androscoggin and Kennebec rivers, to which they gave the names.

Father Rasle was a Jesuit priest whose missionary activities were comparable with those of John Eliot in Massachusetts. The English authorities truly believed that his influence alone kept his followers on the warpath, and that consequently the responsibility rested wholly on him for their many attacks on the white settlements along the Maine coast and rivers and the

massacres and cruelties which sometimes accompanied them. That he was preaching, with great success, the Catholic faith, was to their minds an unforgivable offense. That he was a Frenchman, closely affiliated with the French governor at Montreal, was another cause of dark suspicion. Cotton Mather, in his *Decennium Luctosum: or the Remarkables of a Long War With the Indian Savages,* published in 1699, fanned the flame of hatred. For he told countless stories of the most horrible and abominable cruelties inflicted by these same Indians in earlier hostilities, which had their beginning back in 1688.

In this quaint old book he openly charged the good priest as actually become obnoxious to the Abenaki sachems, because he would not permit them to enjoy peace with the English. Telling of negotiations for a treaty of peace in 1698, he wrote: "When our English messengers argued with them, upon the perfidiousness of their making a new war, after their submission, the Indians replied, That they were instigated by the French to do what they did, against their own inclinations; adding, that there were two Jesuits, one toward Androscoggin, the other at Narridgeway, both of which they desired the Earl of Bellomont, and the Earl of Frontenac to procure to be removed; otherwise it could not be expected that any peace would continue long."

By Narridgeway was meant Father Rasle's Indian village on the Kennebec. Mather painted highly colored pictures, and probably would have been put to it to substantiate many of his statements. But they helped to give the English authorities the fixed idea that Father Rasle was the author of all their Indian afflictions. In their campaigns always the chief objective was to take the priest himself.

"At Norridgewock, on the banks of the Kennebec, the venerable Sebastian Rasle, for more than a quarter of a century the companion and instructor of savages, had gathered a flourishing village round a church, which, rising in the desert, made some pretensions to magnificence," wrote George Bancroft. "Severely ascetic—using no wine, and little food except pounded maize—a rigorous observer of the days of Lent—he built his own cabin, tilled his own garden, drew for himself wood and water, prepared his own hominy, and, distributing all that he received, gave an example of religious poverty.

"And yet he was laborious in garnishing his forest sanctuary, believing the faith of the savage must be quickened by striking appeals to the senses. There he gave instruction almost daily. Following his pupils to their wigwams, he tempered the spirit of devotion with familiar conversation and innocent gaiety, winning the mastery over their souls by his power of persuasion. He had trained a little band of forty young savages, arrayed in cassock and surplice, to assist in the service and chant the hymns of the church; and their public processions attracted a great concourse of red men. Two chapels were built near the village—one dedicated to the Virgin, and adorned with her statue in

WORCESTER COUNTY'S SECOND COURT HOUSE

Which stood on Court Hill, Worcester, from 1751 to 1801. Sold to make place for new court house, it was hauled by twenty yoke of oxen to Trumbull square, where it was the home of three generations of the Trumbull family. Doomed again, in 1899, its timbers and finish were purchased by Miss Susan Trumbull, and the mansion was rebuilt on Massachusetts Avenuc, where it stands today, a simple, dignified Colonial residence set in an old-fashioned garden. The old arched courtroom, occupying the entire southern left side of the second floor, is in every ancient detail as it was when learned and austere judges in wig and crimson gown, dispensed justice. In this very doorway, Gen. Artemus Ward, chief justice, challenged and rebuked the participants in Shays' Rebellion, here encamped

THE OLD DAVID MAYNARD HOUSE IN WESTBOROUGH

Built in 1698, known as example of "mansion house" of the late 17th century

Photo by Dr. C. H. Reed

relief—another to the guardian angel; and before them the hunter muttered his prayers, on his way to the river or the woods. When the tribe descended to the sea-side, in the season of wild fowl, they were followed by Rasle; and on some islet a little chapel of bark was quickly constructed.

"The government of Massachusetts attempted, in turn, to establish a mission; and their minister made a mocking of purgatory and the invocation of saints, of the cross and the rosary. 'My Christians,' retorted Rasle, 'believe the truths of the Catholic faith, but are not skillful disputants.' But the Protestant minister, unable to compete with the Jesuit for the affections of the Indians, returned to Boston, while 'the friar remained, the Incendiary of Mischief.'" This incident did not quicken English affection for the Jesuit, and was not forgotten.

In the treaty of Utrecht, which marked the close of Queen Anne's War, the French surrendered to the victorious English Acadia and Nova Scotia, "with its ancient boundaries." Under the Massachusetts interpretation of this transfer of territory, the eastern and northern frontier of Massachusetts, which then included Maine, was far within the lands of the Abenakis. The chiefs of that nation, alarmed by the attitude of the English, demanded of the French Governor Vaudreuil if France had surrendered their country. He answered that there was no mention of their lands in the treaty. Thereupon their chief resolved to resist the Massachusetts claim. "I have my land," said he, "where the Great Spirit has placed me; and while there remains one child of my tribe, I shall fight to preserve it."

The Massachusetts authorities showed little tact and consideration in their dealings with the Abenakis. Several chiefs were seized and held as hostages, though a stipulated ransom had been paid for their release. The Indians demanded that their territory be evacuated and the prisoners given up, else reprisals would follow. The answer was the seizure of the young Baron de Castin, a half-breed, who not only held a French commission, but was an Indian war chief. The English ordered that Father Rasle be surrendered to them. This was refused.

A strong military force was sent against Norridgewock while the warriors were absent on a hunt, but the priest and the old men were warned and found safety in the forest. Then the savages went into action. A series of bloody attacks on English settlements followed.

"The clear judgment of Rasle perceived the issue. The forts of the English could not be taken by the feeble means of the natives. 'Unless the French should join the Indians,' he reported, 'the land would be lost. Many of the red people retired to Canada; he bid them go; but to their earnest solicitation that he should share their flight, the aged man, foreseeing the impending ruin of Norridgewock, replied, 'I count not my life dear unto myself, so I may finish with joy the ministry I have received.'"

On August 23, 1724, Massachusetts troops arrived at Norridgewock unperceived. They had actually fired their guns before Father Rasle and the Indians were aware that the enemy was at their doors. The warriors rushed out and fought to protect the flight of their wives and children and old people. The priest, roused by the clamor, refused to flee, and saved his flock by drawing upon himself the attention of the assailants, while the savages by wading and swimming crossed the river. The English pillaged the cabins and the church, and then, heedless of sacrilege, set them afire.

"After the retreat of the invaders," said Bancroft, "the savages returned to nurse their wounded and bury their dead. They found Rasle mangled by many blows, scalped, his skull broken in several places, his mouth and eyes filled with dirt; and they buried him beneath the spot where he used to stand before the altar. In New England he was regarded as the leader of the insurgent Indians; the brethren of his order mourned for him as a martyr, and gloried in his happy immortality as a saint. . . . . The overthrow of the missions completed the ruin of French influence. The eastern Indians concluded a peace which was solemnly ratified by the Indian chiefs at St. John. The eastern boundary of New England was established."

The Scalp-hunting Rangers—In the nearly half century which had elapsed since the first of the Indian hostilities, the frontiersmen of the Massachusetts Colony had become highly skilled in the art of forest warfare. Many of them were the equals, if not the superiors, of the red men themselves—as keen on the trail of the enemy, as instinctively alert, as adept in the ambush and as cunning and resourceful in battle. The rangers who ravaged the lands of the northern tribes comprised large numbers of such Englishmen. Their leaders were outstanding in their knowledge of Indian ways and character, and their successes were correspondingly great.

One of the best of them was Captain Samuel Willard, of Lancaster, and many men of his town and other county settlements sought the chance to enlist with him. In one way, these expeditions against the Indians seem to have been in the nature of sporting events—man-hunts organized as men nowadays conduct big game hunts. Love of adventure was coupled with money greed. But it must not be forgotten that long years of war with the savages had bred a hatred so strong and deep, that an Indian was to an Englishman more dangerous and treacherous and deserving of destruction than any beast, no matter how powerful and fierce. To take a scalp had not more sinister meaning than to take the brush from a dead fox, or the rattles from a snake.

No record remains to reveal how the spoils were divided among the members of these ranger bands. It may have been every man for himself, or there may have been some system of shares in a common pool, as whaling crews divide the proceeds of a voyage. But the old records show that scalps

were plentiful. The expeditions did not penetrate far into the Maine country as a rule. The Pennacooks of the upper Merrimac and the Pequawkets of the Saco Valley and other New Hampshire tribes were in league with the Abenakis, and therefore were fair game. The final outcome was the disappearance of the Indians from the White Mountain country of New Hampshire, for the survivors migrated into Canada and did not return. The tribes made the unwilling gift of considerable wealth to the county. The rangers in their drives upon Indian villages discovered much new country, and particularly, as the knowledge affected settlement, the fertile lands along the rivers and on the shores of the many lakes. One of Captain Willard's exploits was to lead what he termed "an army," consisting of two companies of ninety men each on a march of five hundred miles through the forests, during which he reached the headwaters of the Pemigewasset and Saco rivers.

John Lovewell seems to have stood in a class by himself in the estimation of his contemporaries, but perhaps one reason for this was his gallant fight against overwhelming odds with the Pequawket warriors under Sachem Paugus. Twice he had returned with a great booty of scalps. In the third expedition the tables were turned against him. He had thirty-four men with him when he reached the pond in Fryeburg, Maine, which ever since has been known as Lovewell's Pond. There, at no great distance from the most important of the Pequawket villages, they made camp near the lake shore. On Saturday morning, May 6, 1725, the rangers were gathered round their chaplain on the beach, while he conducted prayer. The peaceful quiet was broken by a rifle shot. Leaving their packs on the beach, the company advanced toward the intervale, from which direction the sound of the shot had come. They met an Indian, who fired and wounded Lovewell, as it proved mortally, and the band retreated.

In their absence, Paugus, their commanding chief, had counted their packs, and with full knowledge of their strength, laid an ambush into which they marched. "The magnanimous Paigus ordered his men to fire over the heads of the English and then to bind them." The chief offered quarter, but the dying Lovewell spurned him. "Only at the muzzle of our guns!" he cried, and the fight began. For eight hours it raged, until darkness fell and the Indians retired. They left thirty-nine of their number dead or dying on the ground. With them were fifteen dead or dying English, including Lovewell. The survivors, most of them wounded, did not pause in their retreat until they reached the white settlements.

The Raids on Rutland—The huge township of Rutland, which cost the proprietors, buying from the Indian owners, twenty-three English pounds, was not settled until 1716, when an advance party of men began to clear the ground. Yet in 1720 fifty families were living on the plantation.

Rev. Joseph Willard had been invited to become the minister of the settlement and had taken up his residence there. Chiefly because of the uncertainty resulting from Indian troubles, his installation was deferred, but at length the day was fixed in the autumn of 1723. "But he lived not to see the day, being cut off by the enemy." On the afternoon of August 14, 1723, Joseph Stevens and his four sons were making hay in what is now known as Meetinghouse Meadow, to the northwest of the village, when they were surprised by five Indians. The father escaped in the bushes, two of the boys were killed, and Phineas, the eldest, and Isaac, the youngest, were made captive.

That same afternoon two of the Indians who had been lying in wait for another man and his son, at work in a neighboring meadow, tired of waiting, and returning to join their companions, came upon Minister Willard. They turned their guns on him, but one missed fire and the other missed its mark. He was armed and returned the fire, badly wounding one of the pair. The other grappled him, according to the story told by Phineas Stevens upon his return from Canada, who, a prisoner, was an onlooker. The clergyman would probably have overcome his assailant, had not the other Indians joined in the attack. They killed and scalped him and stole his clothes.

The Stevens boys were held in Canada for a year. Phineas carried his little brother much of the way on the long trail northward. There the lad, being so young, acquired Indian habits. Among other things, he learned the art of Indian fighting from the boys, with whom he engaged with lance and other weapons in warlike games, until "his body was punctured and scarified." Isaac became so attached to his Indian mother that he gladly would have stayed with her. Joseph Stevens ruined himself in procuring the redemption of his sons. He was compelled to make two journeys to Canada before he succeeded in bringing them back to Rutland.

A second raid on Rutland, August 3, 1724, resulted in the killing of three settlers. Three days later was fired almost the last shot of any war in Worcester County, and a woman, name unknown, pulled the trigger. Governor Hutchinson relates in his history: "On the 6th of August, 1724, four Indians came upon a small house in Oxford, which was built under a hill. They made a breach in the roof, and as one of them was attempting to enter, he received a shot in his belly from a courageous woman, the only person in the house, who had two muskets and two pistols charged and was prepared for all four. But they saw fit to retreat, carrying off the dead or wounded man."

The final shot, so far as anyone knows, was from the gun of a Canadian Indian in Athol, which wounded Jason Babcock and caused his captivity. A short time previously, Ezekiel Wallingford, one of the proprietors of the town, left the fort to protect his cornfield from the bears, and was shot in the thigh, breaking it, and making him an easy victim of a tomahawk. But these tragedies did not come until 1746, in one of the later French wars.

CHAPTER XV.

Nipmuck Country Becomes Worcester County

The Nipmuck country of central Massachusetts became Worcester County on July 10, 1731. The shire was formed of fourteen towns, thirteen towns of which are now within the borders of the county, the other, the town of Woodstock, which later was turned over to Connecticut in the process of straightening the boundary line between the states. The new shire was noteworthy for its relatively great area, and, as travel was reckoned in those days, its magnificent distances.

Its population, however, was insignificantly small. No records exist, so far as known, from which can be got even a close approximation of the number of its people. We know the only old towns were Lancaster, Brookfield and Mendon, and that for many years their growth had been checked by Indian troubles, and that these and other retarding influences had delayed the settlement of the other original towns. None of the latter had been peopled earlier than 1713, and some of them had not come into existence until well into the 1720's. Lunenburg, for instance, had only ten occupied houses as late as 1726. They had not had time to grow. Perhaps the county started life with five thousand white people. There may have been more, but not many more. It is not to be wondered at that many men in public life in the more populous communities nearer the coast looked askance at a plan to elevate to the dignity of a shire a region having a population of not more than five to the square mile.

The towns constituting the new county were Lancaster, Leicester, Lunenburg, Rutland, Shrewsbury, Southboro, Westboro and Worcester from Middlesex County; Mendon, Oxford, Sutton, Uxbridge and Woodstock from Suffolk County; and Brookfield from Hampshire County. Suffolk County then extended to include those towns neighbor to Worcester County which

are now within the County of Norfolk. Hampshire included the territory of the present counties of Hampden and Franklin.

These original townships covered huge territories, which, excluding Woodstock, today contain all or parts of thirty-three other county towns, in other words a total of forty-six of the present sixty-one cities and towns. In addition there were two plantations in the north county, then known as Narragansett number two, now the town of Westminster, and Narragansett number six, now the town of Templeton. These were among the grants to veterans of King Philip's War. Then there was a grant to petitioners from Medfield, which was known as New Medfield and in 1738 became the town of Sturbridge. Doubtless there were various private grants of other lands, and certain tracts were set apart as Indian reservations. Yet all the townships, grants and reservations together did not comprise very much more than one-half of the more than 1,500 square miles of the area included in the county. Filling gaps between the boundaries of allotted territories were blocks of common land, and a special legislative act had given the county all other Province land not laid out in contiguous counties. Altogether the original area of the county was not very much different from the present 1,577 square miles.

Worcester County was the tenth to be erected in Massachusetts. Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex and the first Norfolk were erected in 1662; Barnstable, Bristol and Plymouth in 1685; Dukes in 1693; and Nantucket in 1695. Only Norfolk, Franklin, Hampden and Berkshire are younger. The first Norfolk County went out of existence with the creation of the State of New Hampshire, within whose borders were four of its six towns, the remaining two being attached to Essex County. The present Norfolk County dates from 1793.

The formation of a new county was suggested several years before it was brought about. In 1728 the idea began to take definite form. Lancaster was among the first to favor it, which had weight, for this was the oldest and probably the most influential of the towns concerned. But in the beginning its people insisted that Marlboro be made a shire town, that it might have the sittings of the two inferior courts.

In 1729 a more determined movement developed for "erecting a new county in ye westerly part of ye county of Middlesex." This, too, received the coöperation of Lancaster, but with the almost unanimous desire of its leading men that their town should be the county seat, or, at any rate, a half-shire town. Uxbridge came forward with an expression of willingness to separate from Suffolk County, but with the understanding that Mendon be a county seat. But Mendon wanted no part in a new county, preferring to maintain its old shire relation.

Oxford was a candidate for shire honors and so was the lofty hill town of Rutland, whose citizens visionized the county courthouse and jail fronting on a Main Street than which few are wider. It is even said the great breadth was planned in anticipation of so great a dignity. Rutland had a good talking point in the fact that it occupied the exact central spot in the State, and even today it has a tree which is said to be the true mathematical center. Brookfield, far out on the western border, saw no good reason why it should not be chosen as the county capital. The town of Worcester, very young, with only a few hundred people, appears to have made no particular effort to procure for itself the distinguished honor. Brookfield, Lancaster, Mendon and Sutton had a greater population and wealth. It is not unlikely that Worcester citizens recognized their humble place in the scheme of political influence.

The counties possessing the fourteen towns did not stand passively by while the agitation was proceeding. Middlesex, Suffolk and Hampshire were belligerently opposed to the plan. The towns were theirs and they proposed to keep them. They fought the measure in the General Court with every weapon they could command. There was also a strong feeling which was voiced by Thomas Hutchinson, a member of the legislative body, afterwards royal Governor of Massachusetts, when he urged the utter impracticability of this "hill country ever making any figure."

The situation was clarified by Judge Joseph Wilder of Lancaster, the town's representative, who believed that Lancaster would be better served if it was not made a shire town. He pictured the train of undesirable and often obnoxious persons who attended the sessions of the courts, with their drinking and fisticuffs and gambling and racing horses in the village streets. Evidently he converted his fellow-townsmen to his way of thinking. Probably had Judge Wilder's influence been wielded the other way, Lancaster would have been a half-shire town, sharing the county business with Worcester. Rutland's geographical argument does not seem to have been convincing. Perhaps some of the legislators had ridden their horses up the long, long hills to the highest town in the State east of the Connecticut River. Yet, when the roll of the General Court was read tradition has it that the town lost to Worcester by a single vote. Legend goes even farther than tradition—that the one vote was bought with a pint of whiskey. However, the Legislature not only picked Worcester but gave its name to the county.

The choice of Worcester was a logical one, as things turned out. It was the natural center of the county. The post-roads converged there. Later it was an inevitable junction point of the railroads. It thrived under the influences of the presence of the county offices and courts. Its population increased rapidly. Yet even sixty years later, when the census of 1790 was taken, Sutton and Brookfield were still much larger and richer.

Many Attempts at Separation—Hardly had Worcester County been organized when the towns most remote from the county seat began the effort to divide the shire into two counties. The area was so great that large numbers of the inhabitants were situated at almost prohibitive distances from the only courthouse and the sitting of the courts. The greatest hardship was the inaccessibility of the probate office and court which had to be visited by the interested parties in the settlements of estates. Expenses incurred by widows and orphans were dwelt upon time after time as a convincing reason why there should be separation, and the argument contained nothing but truth.

In the first century of the county's existence, travel was a very serious and arduous business. Many communities had to depend upon roads which were little better than trails. It often happened that the person compelled to attend court as litigant or witness or juror must travel at least part of the distance either afoot or on horseback. Stagecoaches and post-chaise lines were confined to the turnpikes and post roads. The second century of the county was well advanced before the railroads had been extended to reach the more remote towns. A distance of fifty or forty or even twenty miles was no easy jaunt. Oftentimes in winter travel was impossible. Agitation for division into a north and south county was inevitable.

There was a long series of bitter fights, extending over a hundred and forty years, from the first effort in 1734 to the last hard fought battle in 1874. Distinguished lawyers became associated with them. The proponents of separation played with great names. They tried Webster County, immediately after the death of Daniel Webster. It was not sufficient. Then they set up Washington County, which brought forth a flood of patriotic oratory. Again they failed. Finally, in the last attempt, in 1874, they made it Lincoln County. But even the name of the immortal Lincoln could not make the solons at Boston believe that Worcester County should be disrupted.

All that was long ago. Always the motive back of the efforts of the northern towns had been the substantial one of business convenience. It translated into dollars and cents. That motive disappeared with the coming of the automobile and motor bus and good roads—and there are no better roads anywhere. Fitchburg and Gardner and the Brookfields and Southbridge and Webster and the eastern towns and Worcester are now close neighbors. What was a day's journey is now a matter of an hour or may be less. Men in widely separated communities have their regular golf together, their wives entertain back and forth at bridge. County pride is now county-wide. Thought of separation is of a day which seems a long ways back.

The first attempt to dismember the county was made in 1734 when Mendon, which had been included in the new shire against its will, petitioned the General Court for permission to join with Dedham in Suffolk County, and

form a new county, but met with no success. In 1763 a determined and protracted effort was begun by the northern towns. A petition was presented "To His Excellency Francis Bernard, Esq.; Captain-General and Governor in Chief in and over His Majesty's said Province; and to the Honorable His Majesty's Council, and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled at Boston, December A. D. 1763." The petitioners were the towns of Groton, District of Shirley, and Pepperell, Westford, Littleton and Townsend in Middlessex County, and the town of Lunenburg and the townships of Ipswich-Canada (Winchendon) and Dorchester-Canada (Ashburnham) in Worcester County. Fitchburg was then a part of Lunenburg, and upon its incorporation the following year joined in the movement for the erection of a new county.

The petition set forth that the people of these towns and districts "do labor under great difficulty and burthen, by reason of the great distance they live from the usual place of holding the several courts of justice within the counties aforesaid, as well as the courts of probate in the same counties; many of the inhabitants living fifty, some forty, and few less than thirty miles from the courts of probate aforesaid, which renders it at times very difficult, and sometimes impossible for poor widows and others to attend the probate courts, and other courts of justice, without great expense," oftentimes with loss to "poor orphan children."

The petition proposed to include, besides their own towns, the towns of Dracut, Chelmsford, Dunstable and Stow in Middlesex, and the towns of Harvard and Leominster in Worcester. The movement was kept before the General Court until 1776, and was relentlessly opposed by Worcester and Middlesex counties.

In 1785 a convention was held in Westminster with the purpose of devising a new plan for the division of the county, and shortly afterward in the same year there was a similar meeting in Lunenburg. In 1785 the General Court was petitioned for a new county with Petersham as the shire town, to include the towns of Athol, Barre, Hardwick, Hubbardston, Petersham, Royalston, Templeton and Winchendon in Worcester County, and Greenwich, New Salem, Orange, Shutesbury, Warwick and Wendell in Hampshire. In 1798 a similar petition was presented by the towns of Athol, Gardner, Gerry (Templeton), Hubbardston, Oakham, Petersham, Royalston, Warwick and Winchendon. Neither received favorable consideration.

In 1828 the Legislature referred the question of division, originating in Fitchburg, to the referendum of the voters of Worcester and Middlesex counties. The opponents won, of course, for the interested towns constituted only a small fraction of the voters.

The matter took more formidable form in the 1850's. In 1851 a petition signed by 4,505 voters of the northern towns prayed the Legislature for a new county, and the matter was referred to the next General Court. In 1852 a petition asked for the establishment of a half-shire in Fitchburg, but the bill was defeated. In 1853 another bill for the erection of a new northern county was submitted. Here began the play on the sensibilities of the proletariat in the use of great names. The county would be called for Daniel Webster. Distance from the shire town was the chief argument of the petitioners; Fitchburg was much more conveniently located.

The legislative committee reported that Webster County should be created, and refused to submit the question to the voters, though the remonstrants greatly outnumbered the petitioners. In its report the committee said: "It ought not to be contended that the opposition of a large majority of the inhabitants of the towns (proposed for the new county) most of them but slightly interested in the objects for which counties are primarily created, should deter the General Court from erecting them into a new county if it should be satisfied that, as a matter of state policy, wisely looking into the future, it was desirable, even though it could not be accomplished without some sacrifice, some social suffering, from the sundering of ancient and accustomed relations, and some increase of expense at the moment." But in spite of its committee's plea, the Legislature turned down the bill, as it had turned down its numerous predecessors.

Still the northern towns were not downhearted. In 1855 they were back again, fighting the determined opposition of the city of Worcester which "would be short of much of her comparative importance in a political point of view, and would cease to hold that elevated position among her sister counties which she has maintained for so long a time."

This time the name chosen was Washington County. The legislative committee again was favorable, its report finding "from the evidence adduced, taking a comprehensive view of the whole matter, that the interest of the whole county would be better promoted by a division, from the fact that the city of Worcester would still be left the center of the largest county, territorially, in the state, and one of the most thriving and most prosperous, while such division would tend to develop more rapidly, along the northern line of the state, those resources which now lie comparatively dormant; and the same prosperity may be confidently anticipated for the new that has already been realized by the old county." But the bill to create the county of Washington was defeated in the Senate.

The next year, 1856, the proponents of the new Washington County came again, stronger in their case than ever. The bill was defeated by a very small majority. It was evident that the opposition must make some considerable

concession, else the division was inevitable. Therefore a bill was permitted to pass making Fitchburg the second shire town. Since that time the Superior Court has held regular sessions in the northern city, and there are county offices in the courthouse which was erected in 1871.

The battles of 1855 and 1856 were nobly fought by great men. Rufus Choate, one of the ablest of American lawyers in all time appeared for the petitioners in both contests. Opposed to him in 1854 was Richard H. Dana of Boston; in 1855, Judge Henry Chapin of Worcester, and George S. Boutwell, a Governor and United States Senator of Massachusetts, appeared against the measure in behalf of the county of Middlesex.

Rufus Choate's final argument in behalf of the separationist is worthy a place in every history of Worcester or Middlesex county, when he said:

"A very powerful final appeal was made to you on behalf of the four towns in the county of Middlesex, which it is said strongly desire to remain in the county of Bunker Hill and Concord Bridge, and Lexington. Sir, I honor and have these beautiful regards, and this filial feeling which appeals so peculiarly to the glory of our fathers, and makes us all desire to share it. But, Sir, I submit that I distrust the cause,—although, in this case, I can hardly distrust the advocate who tries to enlist these holy and noble affections to defeat the claims of two and forty thousand of his fellow-citizens to an equality of justice. If he were here I would be glad to tell Governor Boutwell that these same towns, when the proposition was first presented to them, petitioned by large majorities for a change. Had they then forgotten Bunker Hill; or is it not this vast body of misrepresentation in regard to the increased expenditure that has constantly influenced them to change their minds? Let me tell him that these sentiments refuse to march under the banner of Injustice.

"Let me tell him that the true descendant of the men who fought at Bunker Hill would be the first to say to this government:—'Gentlemen, assign me my civil or military post, and there I will stand, and there I will fall, by whatever name you please to call the county in which I live. Whatsoever place you assign me in the attainment of justice,—whatsoever place you assign me in the accommodation of my fellow-citizens, I accept it gratefully, all of it; I accept it all.

"'And meantime, on every Nineteenth of April, and Seventeenth of June, and Fourth of July, I shall continue to take my children, as heretofore, and lead them out, and show them where their ancestor was loading his gun for the last time when the British bayonet pierced his breast; I shall take them to the shade of the monument and teach them to be ready at that day when the country is to fall—when her day of trial shall come—to shed their blood, too,

in her defense, and I shall reconcile them and myself to that, as good citizens.'

"There will be sentiment against sentiment. These aged men will pass away as in a dream, and a new generation shall come forward, in whose hearts will spring up that other feeling,—pride to know that there is inscribed on these hills and valleys the greatest name on earth, before whom all ancient and modern greatness is dim; pride to know that on their own country is borne the superscription of Washington, which is to stand a monument at once attesting and sharing his immortality. Let one sentiment, if it is sentiment, counteract the other; and between the two give us justice, and give us our rights."

That was the way they fought to convert northern Worcester County into Washington County. But the members of the General Court were adamant—Worcester County should stand undivided.

The division of the county was forgotten for a time; at any rate no attempt was made to bring the matter to public attention. But in 1874 the name of Lincoln County was brought forward, and the Legislature was petitioned for its creation. The towns proposed were Ashburnham, Athol, Berlin, Bolton, Clinton, Fitchburg, Gardner, Harvard, Hubbardston, Lancaster, Lunenburg, Leominster, Petersham, Phillipston, Princeton, Royalston, Sterling, Templeton, Westminster and Winchendon in Worcester County, and Ashby, Shirley and Townsend in Middlesex. The committee was far from favoring the plan. In its report it stated: "That considering the strong opposition from the towns which it is proposed to include in the new county, as well as from the county at large, and in view of the fact that the inconveniences which may exist in consequence of the great extent of Worcester County are certainly less than formerly when the Legislature refused to divide it," the committee recommends that the subject be referred to the next General Court. Those Fitchburg men were back in 1875, and failed. They never tried again.

Establishment of the Courts—The formation of the county compelled a reëstablishment of the courts. Under the act of incorporation provision was made for four annual sessions of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, and of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, and for an annual session of the Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Gaol Delivery. The jurisdiction of the justices of the peace, to whom was given a considerable judicial power, and of the judges of probate, supplemented that of the more formal tribunals.

The Superior Court was composed of a chief justice and four associate justices. Its jurisdiction covered "all matters of a civil or criminal nature,

including appeals, reviews and writs of error, as fully and amply to all intents and purposes whatsoever, as the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer within his Majesty's Kingdom of England." The judges were appointed by the Governor and his council, and might, and frequently did, hold various other offices at the same time. But no resident of Worcester County attained the dignity of appointment to the higher bench until Massachusetts ceased to be a Colony of England.

The Inferior Court of Common Pleas was a strictly county court, composed of four justices. Its jurisdiction covered civil actions of every nature according to the course of common law. Appeal from its decision lay in the Superior Court. The Court of General Sessions of the Peace was held at the same time as the Common Pleas by the justices of peace of the county, or such a number of them as were designated from time to time. Its jurisdiction covered only criminal matters, and was limited to the trial for offenses for which the punishment did not extend to death, loss of member, or banishment.

Justices of the peace held court in their various places of residence through the county, and had jurisdiction in a wide variety of civil actions where the damage did not exceed forty shillings, though never where the title to land was concerned, such an action being deemed too important to be heard in any court of less dignity than the Common Pleas. In criminal matters the justices of the peace had power to try and punish in minor breaches of the peace and cases of disorderly conduct, and they could inflict the penalty of small fine, whipping or sitting in the stocks. Defendants had the right to appeal from their decisions to the Court of Common Pleas.

In the Governor and council was vested jurisdiction over the probate of wills, the settlement of estates, the appointment of guardians and similar matters. The custom was, however, for them to appoint a substitute in each county who transacted the ordinary business subject to revision on appeal to Governor and council, and in Worcester County the duty fell upon the justices of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas. Such was the foundation upon which the present judicial system of the county was built. Our Supreme Judicial Court, of which the Chief Justice is Arthur P. Rugg of Worcester, a native of Sterling, was created in 1780. The Superior Court, the Chief Justice of which is Walter Perley Hall of Fitchburg, was established in 1859. The district courts and the county commissioners took over the jurisdictions originally possessed by the justices of the peace and lower tribunals. The Probate Court functions much as it has from the beginning. The evolution to the judicial system was a long and somewhat intricate process, and its history has been written many times.

An initial step in establishing the county seat was the erection of a courthouse and jail. Through the long history of the shire the Worcester courthouse has always stood on Court Hill. The first, erected in 1734, was a small wooden structure which was erected on a narrow strip of land, the gift of Judge William Jennison of the Court of Common Pleas, which had been a tangle of brush. Chief Justice John Chandler of the Common Pleas and of the Court of General Sessions, opening the first session within its court room, termed the building "beautiful." However truthfully descriptive that may have been, the courthouse soon proved inadequate, and in 1751 the court ordered that a new one be provided.

This building was thirty-six by forty feet and two stories. That it was both beautiful and dignified, ocular proof may be had today, for it stands now a handsome residence, in a lovely old-fashioned garden on Massachusetts Avenue in Worcester, rounding out a long and eventful and nomadic existence.

When in 1801 preparation was making for the erection of a much larger courthouse on the site, the building was sold, and moved bodily to what later came to be called Trumbull Square, a short distance east of the Common. It was jacked up and mounted on some sort of wheels, so it is recorded, and twenty yoke of oxen were hitched to it. Its progress was incredibly slow, and when the Sabbath came it was still square in the middle of the village Main Street, blocking the way. And there it stood, for neither ox nor man was permitted to labor on the Lord's Day.

The building, converted into an impressive mansion was first the property of James and Thomas H. Perkins, Boston merchants, who founded the Boston Athenaeum and Perkins Institute for the Blind. Soon afterwards it was purchased and occupied as a home by Dr. Joseph Trumbull and his family, and later was the residence of the doctor's son, George A. Trumbull. In the ancient temple of justice there occurred in the Trumbull family fifteen births, nine marriages and seven deaths.

Eventually the house fell into other hands, was moved a little distance to make room for a brick business block, and in 1899 was doomed to be torn to pieces. But Miss Susan Trumbull came to its rescue. She purchased it as it stood, and a builder carefully took it apart, and reërected it with the original framework and other timber, on its present site. Its restoration was complete and it stands a "museum piece," a perfect example of Colonial architecture of one of the best periods. The old timbering of the roof may still be seen in the unfinished attic with many a hand-wrought nail visible, and there are the curiously arched heavy beams which give the form to the vaulted ceiling of the court room.

In the restoration many historically interesting bits were added. For instance, there is a latch from the Worcester house in which George Bancroft, the historian, was born, and two latches from the house at Salem of Rebecca Nourse, one of the victims of the witchcraft horror. Many of the door knobs are from the Isaac Davis house which stood on Worcester's Nobility Hill. The east parlor mantel was in the house of Pardon E. Jenks, one of the first settlers of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. The wainscot in the main hall is from the Rutland Parsonage built about 1723 for Rev. Joseph Willard, who, as we have told, was killed by Indians almost on the eve of his installation. The two bullseyes in the front door came from Temple, New Hampshire, from the homestead of General James Miller, hero of Lundy's Lane.

But far more important than any of these things is the old court room. When the building was the courthouse the lower floor was occupied by the county offices. The courtroom was on the second floor, occupying all of the southerly half. The chamber is as it was in the old days—the same arched ceiling and wainscot, mantel and doors, and the same southerly exposure. To bring back a true picture of the court room in the eighteenth century needs only the presence of the white-wigged, scarlet-robed judges, who presided in a splendor "more solemn and pompous," as John Adams put it, "than that of the Roman senate when the Gauls broke in upon them."

No Gaul ever broke in upon this scene of austere dignity, but, according to tradition, one Old Grimes of Hubbardston did. Grimes was a troublesome rogue who made a practice of visiting Worcester during each court session and of joining in whatever of revelry or roistering he might meet up with. He made a bet, so the story goes, that he would ride his horse not only into the courthouse, but into the presence of the judges in the court room itself. Racing down the Main street at a gallop, he rode up the courthouse steps, and into the hall. Then, if the tale be a true one, he forced his steed up the narrow stairway, and through the narrow door into the court room. Meeting the stern faces of the outraged judges and the astonished, and probably delighted, countenances of the barristers, he removed his hat with a fine sweep of the arm, and announced to the bench that his horse, seized with an irresistible desire to attend court, had run away. That animal, as a final gesture, in leaving the building, kicked out a foot and left the print of his shoe on the courthouse door. Unfortunately, the door was burned in a building where it was stored, so that the horse's signature can not be produced to put a seal of truth upon the legend.

Today the old Trumbull mansion stands dignified and serene, the home of its present owner, one of the family, Mrs. Louisa Trumbull Cogswell Roberts.

The third courthouse was occupied in 1803, and is still remembered by many people, with its domed cupola surmounted by the blind goddess of justice and her scales. It had a long life, more than half of century of it side by side with the stone courthouse, the first portion of which was erected in 1844. In 1898 when its enlargement amounting almost to a complete reconstruction, was undertaken, the third courthouse had to go the way of its predecessors.

Worcester's sister shire town of Fitchburg, which has shared the sessions of the courts since 1856, was given a handsome courthouse in 1871, and has a commodious jail.

A jail was as necessary as a courthouse, and upon the erection of the county immediate steps were taken for the imprisonment of malefactors. In the interim, before the construction of a jail building, a stout cage was placed in the rear part of the conveniently situated residence of Judge Jennison. Apparently the judge tired of the responsibility, for the next year the cage was moved to the house where lived Deacon Daniel Heywood.

In 1833 the jail was ready for occupancy. It was situated on the west side of Lincoln Street, then the Boston turnpike, no great distance from the square. It was a one-story building, eighteen by forty-one feet, and eight feet high. The prison part, of white oak timber, was only eighteen feet square, but below was a stone dungeon for the confinement of the more desperate characters. The rest of the structure served as a residence for the jailor and his family. Later it became part of the Hancock Arms tavern.

The county soon outgrew its jail, and a new building was erected, close by the first, twenty-eight by thirty-eight feet, and only seven feet high. The ceiling, walls and floor were thickly studded with the heads of heavy iron spikes, to discourage attempts to break out, and doors, windows and partitions had heavy iron gratings.

But the masterpiece among jails, and one of which the county seat, and presumedly the rest of the shire, were very proud, was that completed in 1788 on the south side of Lincoln square. It was a massive structure of granite blocks, quarried on Millstone Hill, thirty-two by sixty-four feet on the ground, and three stories high. Peter Whitney wrote of it when it was still new: "The jail is a large, commodious house, lately erected at the expense of the county. The lower floor is divided into four arches crosswise, forming four rooms for the safe custody of persons convicted of, or committed for gross crimes. The second is divided, in the same manner, into four rooms, but not arched with stone. They are for the keeping of debtors, who have not the liberty of the yard; and for persons committed for small offenses. The upper story has an entry or walk from end to end, and is divided into

eight convenient rooms for the use of prisoners for debt who have the liberty of the jail yard. This yard extends so as to include the jailor's house, and the meetinghouse of the Second Parish."

It was the first stone building of any consequence to be erected in Massachusetts, excepting St. Paul's Church in Boston, and loyal Worcester people maintained that their jail was the equal of the church in architectural beauty. The Worcester *Spy* predicted that the building would need no repairs for "two or three centuries."

The Worcester County House of Correction on Summer Street was established in 1819. After a few years the entire interior was reconstructed and from time to time the building was enlarged. In 1835 a portion of it was set apart for a jail, and the stone jail at Lincoln Square was removed, its stone being put to useful purpose in the construction of a business block.

In the early days of the county men believed in corporal punishment. It was not enough to confine offenders against the law. The whipping post, pillory, and stocks were considered very necessary adjuncts in meting out punishment. There was branding, too, and judges sometimes ordered that a prisoner's ears be cropped.

The whipping post, pillory and stocks stood in front of the first courthouse, and probably occupied the same place through at least a part of the life of the second courthouse, now the Trumbull mansion. The authorities believed that the more publicity attended the punishment of a criminal the greater his or her humiliation and disgrace, and the greater the object lesson to the people. The gallows was not near the courthouse, yet it played a part in punishment apart from its more deadly duty of hanging criminals by the neck. A frequent part of a sentence was that the convicted person must sit upon the gallows for a given length of time with a hangman's noose about the neck, not tightly drawn, but as a symbol of dark and abject disgrace. At some later date these instruments of bodily punishment were moved to a less conspicuous spot, away from the gaze of decent people.

There is a quaint little Worcester book entitled *Carl's Tour in Main Street,* whose contents originally appeared in 1855 in a series of letters printed in the Worcester *Palladium.* Carl tells of what he saw and what his father related to him as a boy as they strolled about the streets of Worcester twenty years before, which makes it about the time when Worcester County was celebrating the centennial year of its history. Carl tells us something about the painful old punishments, as follows:

"My father told me that in the early times of the County, Court Hill was more abrupt than it now is; that on its sloping sides grew native bushes; and on the summit stood the pillory, the whipping post and the stocks; and that

when the poor rogues were punished, the boys, the men, and even women, were accustomed to gather round them, and make them the subject of their poor witticism and coarse remark. 'What is a pillory? What is a whipping post? What are the stocks?' were the questions I put to my father in quick succession.

"My father told me he never saw but one pillory; and then a man and woman were punished by standing in it one hour, to answer the sentence of the court. It consisted of a staging several feet above the ground, with a post rising in the center. On the post were cross-pieces with holes in them sufficiently large to admit the neck and wrists. The cross-pieces were in two parts, so that the head and hands could be put into the holes; and, when in, they were brought together, encircling the neck and wrists. And there by the hour stood the culprits with their hands elevated as high as their heads, in danger of suffocating unless they stood straight up all the time, and there all the while they took the taunts and jibes of the spectators.

" 'I never saw but one man publicly whipped,' said my father, 'and he was a horse thief.' He said a post was set up in the ground, with a bar across it, higher up than a man's head. The thief was led out of the jail by the officers at a time of day when his punishment would be an admonition to as many spectators as possible, and when brought to the post he was stripped naked to his waist, and his hands tied up to the cross-bar. One of the officers then gave him as many lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails as the court ordered, upon his naked back. The cat consisted of a whip handle about a foot and a half in length, with nine small knotted cords, of about the same length. My father said the blood spurted out of the poor fellow's back at the first blow, wherever the knots hit him. He shrieked out at every blow. He received fifteen lashes, and when about half of them had been given, my father said it made him shudder to hear the sheriff exclaim to the officer:—'Hit harder, or I'll cut you.' He said that when the fifteen lashes had all been given, the blood ran freely down the culprit's back, which looked as red as raw beef; and they then rubbed it over with soft soap, and led him back to prison.

"There were other punishments administered by the courts in the olden times. My father said that he never saw a prisoner in the stocks, nor did he ever see the cropping of ears. But he remembered seeing persons whose ears had suffered some curtailment by the application of the legal shears. Another punishment was that of branding. He said that he saw it done once. A thief was taken from jail to a place where all who wanted could witness the operation. He was laid upon his back in a rough box; his feet and hands were secured; and the letter T pricked in his forehead with indelible ink. There it stood, not a 'scarlet letter,' but an ugly black one in the face and eyes of the

world, and years of penitence could not efface it, nor 'sorrow's tears' coursing through a life of bitter remorse, wash it out."

Here are other sidelights on the penal system of the day, in the following abstracts from the Worcester *Spy*: "On Friday last (May 3, 1811) Caleb Jephterson was exposed in this town in the pillory for an hour and a half, pursuant to his sentence, upon three convictions for the odious and detestable crime of blasphemy."

"Saturday night last (May 28, 1791), Stephen Burroughs, Stephen Cook, Jr., and Simon Wetherbee, who were confined in gaol in this town, effected their escape by sawing a passage through the grates. An hour in the pillory, thirty stripes and about seven weeks imprisonment were yet due Burroughs." This miscreant must have been happy indeed to regain his freedom, for he had already suffered the larger part of a sentence which comprised one hundred and seventeen stripes on his bare back, to stand two hours in the pillory; to sit one hour on the gallows with a rope round his neck; to be confined in prison three months, and to procure bonds for his good behavior for seven years.

Incidentally it is worth mentioning that the gaol referred to was the impregnable stone edifice on Lincoln Square.

The Lot of the Poor Debtor—The present-day economist would shudder with cold horror could he visit a jail and find it filled with men whose only offense was that they were unable to pay their debts. Yet that was the common practice in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. A creditor, securing judgment against a debtor, could cause his imprisonment, thus placing him where he could not possibly earn money with which to pay the debt in question. Here is what Carl saw and heard one day when walking out with his father:

"I was on tiptoe with the multitude to see the sights, but when we got to Lincoln square, my father chilled me with the remark, 'Come Carl, go with me into the jail. I must see my old friend M.' 'Why, what is he there for? What has he been doing? Is he a rogue?' Such were the questions that I put in quick succession. 'No (was the answer), he has only been unfortunate. He owes money which he cannot pay.' In my simplicity I asked the question, 'And how can he pay by being in prison?' 'It is the law,' was the ready reply.

"We called at the tavern kept by Mr. Bellows, and my father found the turnkey, and we went to the jail. It was a large stone building, which stood where Union street now enters the square. Massive iron doors were opened one after another, with huge keys, and we climbed up stone steps after stone steps until we reached the third story. 'Those rooms below (said my father) are for the criminals, these for the poor debtors.' Another lock was

turned, the iron door creaked on its hinges, we were ushered into M.'s cell, and the door shut and locked behind us. 'Come in half an hour,' said my father to the turnkey; and this was my first half hour in prison. I have been in jails, and houses of correction, and state prisons, since that time, but never with such emotions as moved my inmost heart on that occasion.

"Mr. M. (and his image haunts me) was a man of middle age, and of middling stature. He gave my father a cordial welcome. He looked pensive. For furniture there was a small bed on one side of the cell, two chairs, and a small unpainted table, on which were two or three books and a newspaper. 'I was looking over my book of accounts (said he) as you entered, to see if there is anything to prevent me taking the oath. I could pay all my debts if men would pay me what they owe me; but if they will not, or can not, then I must suffer the consequences.' I was then taking my first lesson in the philosophy of debtor and creditor, and have since found it a circular chain, the links of which are all dependent upon each other.

"They talked fast. My father was more cheerful in jail than out. M. smiled occasionally a sardonic smile, and I busied myself in looking out, as well as I could, at the grated window, and in examining every nook and crevice, scratch and mark, upon the forbidding walls and dirty ceiling. The turnkey came back and opened the door. I started out. Mr. M. patted me on the head, and made some remark which I do not now remember. And as I looked back I saw my father take something from his pocket and give to him; but what it was I did not see, and he would not tell me, though I often asked him the question.

"When we passed down stairs, and had reached the lower floor, my father halted for a moment at the door of a cold and dreary cell. 'This (said he) was for years the miserable cell of the howling, naked, filthy maniac, Peter Sibley of Sutton, who was tried for murder, and acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity. The boys would come under his window to "stir him up," as they said, that they might hear his insane ravings. It was for him, and such as he, that the state built its lunatic hospitals, and he has been taken out and carried there.' Years afterwards, when I came to understand the matter better, I saw, in one of the wards of the hospital, the 'howling, naked, filthy maniac' transformed into a quiet, neat and well-dressed patient, whom no one would mistrust for an insane man, were it not for the expression of the countenance."

There was an ugly side to the treatment of the poor debtor and the law-breaker in the first two centuries of the Bay Colony. There was a still uglier and crueler aspect to the treatment of the insane, which, through dense ignorance, extended over the world. Then a Worcester woman, Dorothea Dix, was inspired to inaugurate and carry on year after year the movement

which revolutionized the care of the mentally disordered. The State Lunatic Asylum on Summer Street, Worcester, which came directly out of her passionate pleading with the State Legislature, first in Massachusetts and one of the first in the world to apply scientific treatment, was opened in 1833, an even century ago, and helped mightily in wiping from the county whatever stigma may have attached to an attitude toward these unfortunates which to the modern mind was barbarous.

Corporal punishment in the treatment of criminals gradually died out. Early in the nineteenth century we find cases where a sentence of whipping was commuted to imprisonment. Probably the practice disappeared completely in the Commonwealth with the legislative act of 1848 which abolished corporal punishment in the State Prison.

Imprisonment for debt gradually lost its vogue among creditors as the proper manner of treating poor debtors. Eventually, in 1855, it was "forever abolished in Massachusetts" by act of Legislature, though subsequent legislation modified this sweeping action by permitting confinement in jail under certain conditions which suggested fraud or conspiracy.

We have dwelt with intention upon the early methods of dealing with the poor debtor and with the insane and criminal classes, sordid reading though it may be, for without this familiarity with conditions as they were in by-gone days, there can be no true historical perspective. They may be persons, perhaps a great many of them, in their knowledge of the activities of criminals in America today, who would like to try the effects of whipping post and branding needle, pillory and stocks, as a deterrent to crime with all its modern refinements—a big black K on the forehead of the kidnapper, and R for the racketeer, and so on through the list. However these methods might work out in the twentieth century, they certainly affected to a degree the atmosphere of the little country town.

Old Judge Wilder had a correct idea of what would happen to his beautiful home town of Lancaster were it made a county seat. The good people of Worcester soon learned that certain drawbacks were connected with the honor. On the other hand the social life of the community was most agreeably affected. Lawyers and court and county officers moved there from other towns, and in many cases they and their families were cultured people. The merchants prospered, and others came and established stores. The taverns thrived, and when the courts were in session were filled to overflowing with judges and lawyers, litigants and jurors and witnesses. The population increased rapidly, though perhaps not so rapidly as in several other towns. Worcester was well satisfied with itself. Its people were willing to endure the evils that came to a county seat. Whatever there might be undesirable in connection with shire honors was much more than offset by tangible benefits.

The Expansion of the County—The settlement of the county proceeded rapidly in the remaining period of provincial government. Town after town was organized, some of them in whole or in part on common lands, others from the dividing up of the old, over-large townships. Most of the territory was no longer on the frontier. Only the extreme northwestern settlements were compelled to be on guard against Indian raids in the later French wars.

The conditions did not vary greatly in the organizations of the towns. Many of them were already established communities whose lands had been lopped off from parent towns. The new settlements proceeded almost as if by rule, the division of the land for a given number of families; the building of homes and, of course, a church to which a minister was called as early as possible; and the establishment of schools, not so quickly, but with no undue delay, for the province laws compelled that provision be made for educating the boys and girls. Each town had its gristmill and sawmill, smithy and fulling mill where the homespun cloth of the housewives was cleaned of its oil and other impurities; its cobbler's shop, which occasionally was the beginning of a shoe manufacturing business; perhaps a brickyard, and in not a few villages, a brewery or distillery. Substantial houses of hewn timber, boards from the sawmill, hand-made shingles and wooden nails, replaced the makeshift log cabins. Many of these ancient houses, sturdy as ever, still stand in Worcester County, some occupied and treasured by descendants of their builders, others, modernized, the country homes of the rich or well-to-do.

When the Minute Men marched for Concord and Lexington in 1775 the original thirteen towns had increased to forty-two. The new ones were Ashburnham, Athol, Barre, Bolton, Charlton, Douglas, Dudley, Fitchburg, Grafton, Hardwick, Harvard, Holden, Hubbardston, Leominster, New Braintree, Northboro, Northbridge, Oakham, Paxton, Petersham, Princetown, Royalston, Spencer, Sturbridge, Templeton, Upton, Warren, Westminster, and Winchendon. The population had increased from a few thousand to perhaps thirty thousand.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Naming of the Towns

Three elemental factors in the history of a town are its birthdate, the origin of its territory, and the reason for its naming. The archives of the Commonwealth give, of course, complete information as to the date of incorporation or establishment, which are treated as one and the same thing, and the lands included in each township. The christening of many of the towns was for a clear-cut reason. With some of the others complete proof is lacking. The late William B. Harding, of Worcester, lawyer and antiquarian, made a painstaking study of the subject, and got at most discoverable facts, and we are depending to an extent upon his findings.

The early settlers of Massachusetts brought with them associations and memories of the old country, and in selecting names for their new towns it was natural for them to take those of villages and towns which were dear to them. Hence from the first landing during the initial century of the Bay Colony, it was the general custom to name towns after places in England. But in 1724 a practice began of complimenting distinguished Englishmen who were friendly to the Colony, or, as more often happened, who were particular friends of the Provincial Governors. Previous to 1732 the incorporators were permitted to select the names. But after that date nearly all the acts of incorporation passed both houses of the General Court in blank, and the name which the town was to bear was inserted by the Governor, or by his direction, when he approved the act. The acts of incorporation approved by Governors Bernard and Belcher contain the names of the towns written in their own hands.

This accounts for so many of the towns being named for titled Englishmen who had no Colonial connections. The Provincial Governors, some of them Englishmen by birth and education, and all of them Englishmen in their political and social interests, sought this method of paying honor to their friends in the mother country, upon whom, perhaps, they were dependent

for the continuance of their political power. This custom continued up to the Revolution. Thereafter good American names only were used.

The following thumbnail sketches give the date of incorporation, the origin of territory and the reason for the naming of each of the four cities and fifty-seven towns of Worcester County:

Ashburnham—Incorporated February 22, 1765. Plantation originally known as Dorchester-Canada, because the land was granted to men of Dorchester in reward for their services as soldiers in the military expedition to Canada in 1690, in King William's War. Upon its incorporation it was named by Governor Bernard in honor of John, second Earl of Ashburnham. The noble lords of this surname and title claimed to have possessed Ashburnham in the county of Sussex from before the Norman conquest.

Athol—Incorporated March 6, 1762. Plantation originally known by its Indian name of Payquage. Upon its incorporation it was named by Governor Bernard in honor of James Murray, second Duke of Athol, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland. His seat was at Blair in the Scottish province of Athol, whose scenery was said to be much like that of the American Athol.

Auburn—Incorporated April 10, 1778. Parish set off from Leicester, Oxford, Sutton and Worcester, and originally named Ward in honor of General Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury, first commander of the Continental Army at Cambridge. The similarity of the names Ward and Ware gave rise to postal mistakes, and in 1837 Colonels Cary and Drury, prominent citizens of the town, petitioned for a change to Auburn, setting forth that "the name is a pleasant one and agreeable to the inhabitants of Ward." The only suggested origin of the name is in the line of Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village," "Sweet Auburn; loveliest village of the plain." Goldsmith was very popular in America at the time, and an early edition of his works was published here. Mr. Harding found thirty-seven villages and towns in the United States bearing the name, and probably, directly or indirectly, the origin in every case was in this one sentimental line of poetry.

Barre—Incorporated June 17, 1774. Part of Rutland established as Barre District. The petition for incorporation asked for the name of Barre, in honor of Sir Isaac Barre, son of a French refugee, born in Dublin, rose to the rank of colonel in the English army, was present in the siege of Quebec and witnessed the death of Wolfe. His portrait is prominent in Benjamin West's great painting of the death of Wolfe. When Grenville introduced the stamp act, Barre, a member of Parliament, opposed it in a powerful speech, and stood the friend of the Colonies throughout the long contest which ended in their independence. But when Gage succeeded Hutchinson

he wished to do honor to his predecessor, and inserted the name of Hutchinson instead of Barre in the act of incorporation.

The name of the royalist Hutchinson became odious to the townsmen. So they petitioned the General Court for a change to Wilkes, who like Barre was a member of Parliament and a staunch friend of the American cause. Wilkes had acquired some notoriety for his writings and his course of conduct for which he had been expelled from Parliament, placed under arrest, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment and heavy fine. Popular opinion was with him in England, and even more strongly in America, and the attempt to honor him on the part of the people of Hutchinson was natural.

In their petition they set forth their repugnance to the action of Gage in "filling up the blank act of incorporation with that obnoxious name, *Hutchinson,* that well-known enemy of the natural and stipulated rights of America, which gave us a very disagreeable sensation of mind, not being able to speak of the town in which we live, but our thoughts were naturally turned upon that ignominious enemy of mankind, and, in a measure, filled with shame to tell where we lived, when requested."

The Legislature, ignoring the name Wilkes and inserting that of Barre, agreed otherwise, with the petitioners. They included in the act a "whereas, that there is a moral fitness that Traitors and Parricides, especially such as have remarkably distinguished themselves in that odious character, and have long labored to deprive their native country of its most valuable rights and privileges, and to destroy every Constitutional Guard against the evils of an all-enslaving despotism, should be held up to view in their true character to be execrated by mankind, and there should remain no other memorial of them than such as will transmit their names with Infamy to posterity."

Berlin—Incorporated March 16, 1784. Formed parts of Bolton, Lancaster and Marlboro. There was some controversy at the time of the incorporation as to what its name should be. The petitioners first decided to call it "Narrage," which probably was the phonetic spelling of a corruption of "Norwich." But second thought produced the name of the German capital. The pronunciation was quickly Americanized by placing the accent strongly on the first syllable, and such is the present manner of saying it. The only suggested reason for the selection is a slim one, that Frederick the Great, then King of Prussia, had been somewhat friendly to America in her struggle for freedom, had denounced the use of Hessian soldiers by the English, and had presented Washington with a sword.

Blackstone—Incorporated March 25, 1845. Set off from Mendon. Long before its incorporation it was called Blackstone, from the river upon which it stands. The river itself was named for Rev. William Blackstone,

an Episcopal minister who was the first white settler of Boston where he built a cabin in 1625-26. Governor Winthrop found him there in 1630. The clergyman afterwards established himself upon the banks of the river where now is the village of Cumberland in Rhode Island, and his name in some manner became attached to it.

Bolton—Incorporated June 24, 1738. Part of Lancaster. Name was given it by Governor Belcher in honor of Charles Powlet, third Duke of Bolton. The town of Bolton, England, where the Dukedom originated, is in the county of Lancashire, which may have had something to do with the choice of the name, for some of the early inhabitants came from that English county.

Boylston—Incorporated March 1, 1786. Part of Shrewsbury. Named in honor of the Boylston family of Boston, probably for Nicholas Boylston, a wealthy merchant, who founded the Boylston professorship at Harvard College by a bequest of £1,500. In proof that the town was his namesake, is the fact that he gave its church a bell and Bible.

Brookfield—Incorporated October 15, 1673. Common land called Quobauge, which was the name used by the English until the incorporation. Name suggested by the natural features of the place, with its fields and meadows lying along the Quaboag River.

Charlton—Incorporated January 10, 1755. Part of Oxford established as the District of Charlton. Named by Governor Bernard probably for Sir Francis Charlton, Bart., a gentleman of the Privy Chamber.

Clinton—Incorporated March 14, 1850. Part of Lancaster. Named in honor of DeWitt Clinton of New York.

Dana—Incorporated February 18, 1801. Parts of Greenwich, Hardwick and Petersham. Named in honor of the famous Dana family, probably for Francis Dana, jurist and patriot, the most distinguished member of the family of his day, who took some interest in the incorporation of the town.

Douglas—Incorporated March 14, 1745. First named New Sherburn. Renamed June 5, 1746, for Dr. William Douglas of Boston, a Scotchman by birth, physician and author of several historical and medical books. In consideration of the honor he gave the inhabitants $500 as a fund for the establishment of free schools, together with a tract of thirty acres of land with a dwelling house thereon. The fund remained intact for close to one hundred and fifty years. The income may have been used for the village schools, but it is known that half a century ago it had accumulated to over $1,000. Then,

no one remembers just when, a schoolhouse needed repairing and the town fathers considered that to spend the money for the purpose was surely to spend it for "free schools." In this manner it disappeared from the town treasury.

Dudley—Incorporated February 2, 1732. Part of Oxford and common lands. The Indian name, in its magnificent entirety, was Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg. The whites whittled it down to Manchaugagungamaug. Named for Paul and William Dudley, descendants of Governor Thomas Dudley, who were early proprietors and said to be the first English landowners in that part of the county.

East Brookfield—Incorporated March 24, 1920. Set off from Brookfield, whose name it retained.

Fitchburg—Incorporated February 3, 1764. Set off from Lunenburg. All of the region was known as Turkey Hill, because of the extraordinary abundance of that noble bird, and when Lunenburg was established the tract now occupied by the city of Fitchburg continued to bear the name. John Fitch had formerly lived in Ashby where his garrison house had been successfully attacked by a war party of Indians from Canada and he and his family had been carried off as captives. Upon his return from Canada he became a power in the district, and was chosen by the people of Turkey Hill to procure the incorporation of the settlement. His influence must have been great, for Governor Bernard made exception to his custom and permitted the people to name their new town Fitchburg.

Gardner—Incorporated June 27, 1785. Parts of Ashburnham, Templeton, Westminster and Winchendon. The name perpetuates the memory of Colonel Thomas Gardner, who was killed at Bunker Hill.

Grafton—Incorporated April 18, 1735. The plantation of Hassanamisco, which was set off from Sutton, was originally one of the Indian Praying Towns. Named by Governor Belcher for Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, a grandson of Charles II. The Duke in his later years is credited with having told the King, when informed that a numerous body of German troops were to join the English forces for the subjugation of America, "Your majesty will find too late that twice the number will only increase the disgrace and never effect the purpose."

Hardwick—Incorporated January 10, 1739. The Plantation of Lambstown, established by John Lamb and others who purchased the lands from the Indians in 1686. The native name of the place was Wombemesiscook. Named Hardwick by Governor Belcher, probably in honor of Philip York, a

distinguished English jurist, who became Lord Chief Justice and the first Lord Hardwick.

Harvard—Incorporated June 29, 1752. Parts of Groton, Lancaster and Stow. Named for Rev. John Harvard, founder of Harvard University.

Holden—Incorporated January 9, 1741. Part of Worcester then called Worcester North Half or North Worcester. Given its name by Governor Belcher in honor of Honorable Samuel Holden, a director of the Bank of England.

Hopedale—Incorporated April 7, 1886. Part of Milford. The name Hopedale was given to a Restorationist settlement, a communal society of the period 1841-46. The name of Draper appeared prominently in the brief record of the society's activities. From its industrial existence evolved the great Draper Company, the world's largest manufacturer of cotton looms, about whose works the town is centered.

Hubbardston—Incorporated June 13, 1767. Part of Rutland established as the District of Hubbardston. Named for Thomas Hubbard, a Boston merchant, who agreed to give the window glass for the first meeting-house erected in the village if the town should bear his name. The people procured plans for a church containing an unusual amount of glass, but before the building was ready for it Hubbard died, insolvent. His widow could not make good his promise. So the town had to buy all its own glass. Hubbard was at one time treasurer of Harvard College, and was owner of lands in Hubbardston, Royalston and other towns.

Lancaster—Incorporated May 18, 1653. Common land called by the Indians Nashaway. The inhabitants had decided that their town should be called Prescott, for John Prescott, one of the proprietors, a worker in iron, who had been conspicuous as a leader in the founding of the settlement. The first draft of the answer to the petition for incorporation contained the name as asked for. But it got no further. There was no precedent in New England for naming a town for its founder. Not even a magistrate or a Governor had been so honored. Probably the Governor himself, or others close to him, refused thus to exalt a blacksmith who was no freeman, and had but recently taken the oath of fidelity. Associated with him as a proprietor had been Robert Childe, who had been a troublesome figure in the Colony because of his religious belief, sturdily upheld, and who had been expelled from the province for fear that he was a secret emissary of Presbyterianism. Prescott's sympathy with Childe was known, and this may have been a factor in making his name distasteful to the Governor. So the petition was refused,

so far as the selection of its name was concerned, and the vague name of West Towne was inserted. This satisfied no one, and the matter went over for a year. Disappointed in their first choice, the Nashaway people petitioned for the name of Lancaster, taken from the English shire where Prescott was born, and this was granted.

Leicester—Incorporated February 15, 1713. Common land called Towtaid by the Indians and Strawberry Hill by the whites. Named from old Leicester, England.

Leominster—Incorporated June 23, 1740. Part of Lancaster. Named for the English town of Leominster.

Lunenburg—Incorporated August 1, 1728. Called Turkey Hill until time of incorporation, when it was named in honor of George II, one of whose titles was Duke of Lunenburg, for the city of Lunenburg in the old Kingdom of Hanover, the King being of the house of Hanover.

Mendon—Incorporated May 15, 1667. Common land called by the Indians Quanshipauge. Named for the town of Mendham in England.

Milford—Incorporated April 11, 1780. Part of Mendon which had become a parish known as Mill River because of a corn mill built on the stream in the early days and burned by the Indians in King Philip's War. There were several fords in common use before the day of bridges. So the name must have been for the "mill by the ford." The Indian name for the place was Wopowage.

Millbury—Incorporated June 11, 1813. Part of Sutton known as the North Parish. Name probably suggested by the mills on the Blackstone River.

Millville—Incorporated May 1, 1916. Set off from Blackstone. Named for the town's activities.

New Braintree—Incorporated January 31, 1751. Common land granted to inhabitants of old Braintree for services in the Indian wars. Known as Braintree Farms until the incorporation when New Braintree was substituted.

Northboro—Incorporated January 24, 1766. Part of Westboro established as the District of Northboro. Named for geographical relation to parent town.

Northbridge—Incorporated July 14, 1772. Part of Uxbridge established as District of Northbridge.

North Brookfield—Incorporated February 28, 1812. North Parish of Brookfield and hence the name.

Oakham—Incorporated June 7, 1762. Established as District of Oakham. Originally known as Rutland West Wing. Some of its settlers came from Oakham, England, the shire town of Rutlandshire, and the township is known for its fine oak trees.

Oxford—Incorporated May 31, 1693. Common land, much of which was held by the Huguenot settlers who were first upon the ground. Originally called by the proprietor New Oxford for the English town.

Paxton—Incorporated February 12, 1765. Parts of Rutland and Leicester established as the District of Paxton. Governor Bernard gave the town its name in honor of his friend Charles Paxton, one of the Commissioners of Customs in Boston. Paxton, it is said, promised to give the town a bell in recognition of the honor bestowed upon him, but never kept the promise. He became odious to the people in consequence of his adherence to the royal cause and his "political rascalities" in general, and departed from Boston at the time of its evacuation in 1776. One of the earliest public acts of the town was to appoint a committee "to petition the General Court for a name more agreeable to the inhabitants and the public than Paxton," but no action was ever taken to bring about a change.

Petersham—Incorporated April 20, 1754. The plantation of Nichewaug. Named by Governor Shirley for the English town of Petersham, but whether on his own initiative or at the request of the inhabitants is not known.

Phillipston—Incorporated October 20, 1786. Parts of Athol and Templeton. The original corporate name was Gerry, for Governor Gerry, but in 1814 the inhabitants, disagreeing with the Governor's official actions, from which came the word "Gerrymander," petitioned to have the name changed to Phillipston in honor of William Phillips, then Lieutenant-Governor, and their wish was granted.

Princeton—Incorporated October 20, 1759. Part of Rutland and common lands adjacent established as the District of Prince-Town. Its Indian name was Wachusett, and sometimes it was called Rutland East Wing. Named in honor of Rev. Thomas Prince, who for forty years was pastor of Old South Church, Boston, and who was an extensive owner of land in the vicinity and took an active part in the settlement of the town.

Royalston—Incorporated February 19, 1765. Common land granted to Colonel Isaac Royal and others, who at a meeting in a Boston tavern voted to call the township Royalshire. Whereupon, Colonel Royal agreed to pay £25 towards building a meetinghouse, which, many believe, was the agreed price for the honor of a wilderness namesake.

Rutland—Incorporated February 23, 1714. Common land called Naquag. Probably named for the county of Rutlandshire, England, which, the smallest county in England, corresponds almost exactly in size to the original great township of Rutland. The incorporators asked for this name, and some of the first settlers were from Rutlandshire, which seems to refute the claim that it was the Duke of Rutland who was honored, for there was no apparent reason why they should desire to compliment that worthy nobleman.

Shrewsbury—Incorporated December 6, 1720. Common land. Named probably for Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury, following the custom of the day in honoring the English nobility. It may be, though, that the General Court or Governor had the English town of Shrewsbury in mind.

Southboro—Incorporated July 6, 1727. Part of Marlboro lying to the southward.

Southbridge—Incorporated February 15, 1816. Parts of Charlton, Dudley and Sturbridge. Previous to its incorporation, for some unknown reason, the locality was called Honest Town. Corporate name was chosen because of the location in relation to Sturbridge.

Spencer—Incorporated April 12, 1753. Part of Leicester established as Second District of Spencer. Lieutenant-Governor Spencer Phipps approved the act of incorporation and gave the place one of his own names, which probably did not please the inhabitants as Phipps had previously vetoed an act to incorporate the town.

Sterling—Incorporated April 25, 1781. The Second Parish of Lancaster, then commonly called by its Indian name of Chocksett. One theory is that it was named for the town of Stirling. Peter Whitney in his History of the county states that the name honored Lord Stirling, a native of New York who claimed the Earldom of the name in Scotland. He was true to the American cause and fought against England under Washington, rose to the rank of major-general, and as a patriot had an honorable place in American history. Considering the date of the naming of the town, 1781, it is a far more reasonable conjecture that the people desired to compliment the patriot and not the Scottish town.

Sturbridge—Incorporated June 24, 1738. Common land originally granted to inhabitants of Medfield and called New Medfield. Named from Stourbridge, Worcestershire, England, on the river Stour.

Sutton—Incorporated October 28, 1714. Common land, purchased by proprietors from John Wampus, Indian sachem. It may have been named for some member of the Sutton family of England, or for the old town of Sutton. Tradition has it that John Wampus crossed the Atlantic and visited England, and while on the return voyage, becoming very sick, he was treated by a fellow-passenger, Dr. Sutton. In gratitude to the Good Samaritan, he suggested the name for the town when he gave the deed for the land. The original name of the place was Southtown, and it is not unlikely that Sutton is a colloquial contraction of that word.

Templeton—Incorporated March 6, 1762. The plantation called Narragansett number six granted to veterans of King Philip's War. Bernard gave it the name of Templeton in honor of John Temple who represented in America the family of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple.

Upton—Incorporated June 14, 1735. Parts of Hopkinton, Mendon, Sutton and Uxbridge. Probably named for Upton, England, an ancient town on the river Severn.

Uxbridge—Incorporated June 27, 1727. Part of Mendon. Its Indian name was Waruntug. Named in honor of Henry Paget, Earl of Uxbridge, and at that time a member of the Privy Council; or for the town of Uxbridge, England. The only reason for believing it was the Earl is the coincidence of the date.

Warren—Incorporated January 16, 1742. Parts of Brimfield, Brookfield, and Palmer, then known as Kingsfield. Originally incorporated as Western. This led to postal mistakes, due to the similarity of name to Weston. Therefore, in 1841, the name was changed to Warren, in memory of General Joseph Warren who fell at Bunker Hill.

Webster—Incorporated March 6, 1832. Common land and parts of Dudley and Oxford. Named for Daniel Webster.

Westboro—Incorporated November 18, 1717. Part of Marlboro known as Chauncey Village and other lands. Named for its geographical relation to the parent town.

West Boylston—Incorporated January 30, 1808. Parts of Boylston, Holden and Sterling. Named as lying west of Boylston.

OLD POTTER HOUSE

Built in the Revolutionary period by John Potter, famous character of Brookfield and Captain in Washington's army. Man of many trades, he built this house with his own hands, even to the nails, latches and hinges. The mansion stood in North Brookfield until a few years ago when it became a dominant unit of Storrowton, the old-time Yankee village on the grounds of the Eastern States Exposition, Springfield

West Brookfield—Incorporated March 3, 1848. Part of Brookfield, of which it was the West Parish.

Westminster—Incorporated October 20, 1759. The plantation of Narragansett number two, granted to soldiers of King Philip's War established at the District of Westminster. Named for one of the seven boroughs of London.

Winchendon—Incorporated June 14, 1764. The plantation of Ipswich-Canada, granted to inhabitants of Ipswich who served in the expedition to Canada in King William's War. Governor Bernard named it to honor his own family, for he was the eventual heir of the Tyringhams of Upper Winchendon, England.

Worcester—Incorporated October 15, 1684. Plantation of Quinsigamond. We quote Mr. Harding as to the naming of the town: "William H. Whitmore, a critical student of the early history of the Colony and the origin of names, is authority for the statement that there is a tradition that the name was chosen here as a defiance of the King, but he neither states any facts nor uses any argument to support its truth. Neither does he express any opinion as to who suggested the name. Does this tradition rest upon any foundation, and if so, in whose mind did the idea originate?

"We find in the Colonial records of 1684, the following record: 'Upon the motion and desire of Major General Gookin, Captain Prentice and Captain Daniel Henchman, the Court grants the request that their plantation at Quinsigamond be called Worcester.' It is well known that Daniel Gookin was the most influential and prominent of the little band that planted the seeds of civilization within the borders of our city.

"He was born in Kent, England, in 1612, and was called the 'Kentish Soldier.' . . . . At the time Worcester was named, 1684, Charles II was King, and by his oppressive measures and tyranny had incurred the displeasure, opposition and moral resistance of the Colony, which resulted in the revocation of the first charter two years later, 1686. Thirty years before, 1651, Charles II, at the head of the Royalists, fought at Worcester his great and losing battle against Cromwell, from which he barely escaped with his life. The battle of Worcester was called 'Cromwell's Crowning Mercy.'

"Gookin visited England in 1656, and remained there two or three years. He had an interview with Cromwell, and obtained some advantages for a certain class of emigrants to this country. Gookin, a Puritan himself, naturally was an admirer of Cromwell. A zealous non-conformist, he naturally hated the King who persecuted everything but royalty and the church. What

was more natural than that the recollection of the King's crushing defeat at Worcester should originate the idea of giving the new settlement the name of the place where he was overwhelmed? These facts furnish at least a respectable foundation for this tradition to rest upon, and it seems to me no visionary speculation to claim that the idea of naming the new settlement, Worcester, as a defiance to the King, originated in the mind of the 'Kentish Soldier.'"

It is also certain that no sentimental ties existed between the early settlers of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Worcester, England—nothing to induce them to take the name for old times' sake.

CHAPTER XVII.

Negro Slavery in Worcester County

Negro slavery existed in Worcester County from early in the settlement to almost the close of the Revolution. Historians have passed by the subject, perhaps because they regarded it as an unessential element in the life of the people. In reality it was an institution of considerable social and economic importance. It was accepted by all classes like any other long familiar custom. Men and women lost nothing in the regard of their neighbors because they were slaveowners. Yet almost from the beginning of the Bay Colony there was a sentiment against holding human beings in bondage, which grew stronger with succeeding generations and found expression in various ways. But, so long as England was in power, each effort at emancipation broke against the might of the Royal African Company.

The slave-trade, fostered and protected in every possible way by the English Government, brought to the Thirteen Colonies from Africa a never-ending procession of cargoes of men, women and children. In the South they were bought eagerly for labor on the plantations, excepting at times when the supply was too great for easy absorption. In Massachusetts there was a moderate demand. Worcester County evidently had its fair share of these unfortunate people. One of them, Quork Walker, born in Rutland, owned in Barre, yielding to friendly advice and rebelling at his bondage, was the central figure in a famous case tried in Worcester, which resulted in the complete and final emancipation of his race in Massachusetts.

In the towns the negroes were used chiefly as household servants. In the country the men were farm laborers and the women did housework. Poor men did not own them, for their cost was relatively high, though low compared with prices sometimes paid in the southern Colonies. They were taxed as chattels, and were bought and sold without attracting more than interested attention. The early newspaper carried "For Sale" advertisements, offering men and women in the market. It often happened that children of slaves

were not desired by their owners, as being troublesome and expensive to raise, and they were given away as soon as weaned "like pigs or puppies," as one of the early abolitionists expressed it. Occasionally an owner's desire to be rid of them was expressed in an advertisement. Negroes were even sold "to go South," usually meaning the plantation, which to the northern slave was a synonym for perdition. Such was the worst side of slavery as it existed in Worcester County.

Rarely, however, were the black slaves treated brutally in the infliction of punishment. On the farm they worked with their masters in the field. In some families, it is said, they ate at the same table. They were made as comfortable as possible. In fact, it was necessary that they be well cared for, for the rigors of the New England climate, particularly under conditions in which people were compelled to live in those early days, were hard on the constitutions of beings accustomed to the sweltering tropic dampness of the West Coast of Africa. Some of them quickly yielded to tuberculosis. Like every one else in those pre-vaccination days, they had to take their chances with smallpox. Eventually, most of them became acclimated. But they were never able to stand up to hard labor with vigorous white men.

In 1651 two hundred and seventy-four Scots, captured in war by the English, were sold in the Colony, all in one year. They were considered much better slaves than the blacks, because, to quote Governor Dudley, they "were serviceable in war presently, and after became planters," thus adding to the military and productive strength of the Colony. The Scotchmen, by-the-bye, eventually secured their freedom, married and settled down, and became useful and respected citizens. There is no reason to doubt that the county got some of them. The price paid for them was much higher than that at which an African could be bought.

In the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1795 we read: "The condition of our slaves was far from rigorous. No greater labor was exacted of them than of white people; in general they were not able to perform so much. They had always free enjoyment of the Sabbath as a day of rest. A house of correction, to which disorderly persons of all colors were sent, formed one object of terror to them; but to be sold to the West Indies or to Carolina was the highest punishment that could be threatened or inflicted.

"Persons of illiberal or tyrannical dispositions would sometimes abuse them, but, in general, their treatment was humane, especially if their own tempers were mild and peaceable. They were never enrolled in the militia, but on days of military training, and other seasons of festivity, they were indulged in such diversions as were agreeable to them. Some of the owners

were careful to instruct them in reading and in the doctrines and duties of religion."

Sidelights on Local Slavery—So far as we have been able to discover, no contemporaneous writer left any intimate account of slavery as it was carried on in Massachusetts. A little insight may be obtained from a few paragraphs by the late Judge William T. Forbes in his History of Westboro, telling of life in the town at the beginning of the nineteenth century:

"The earliest slave of whom we have any record is the one bought by Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, the first settled minister of the town, four years after he settled here, named Maro. He paid £74 'which was the price of him,' to his father, in Boston, then started out for Westboro on horseback, Maro running on foot. A little more than a year afterwards he speaks in his journal of his various afflictions, and adds: 'But especially Maro at point of death' and next day he writes: 'Dark as it has been with us, it became much darker about the sun setting, The Sun of Maro's life Set,'" which seems to interpret that Maro passed out of slavery into freedom.

"In a census of slaves taken in 1754," continues Judge Forbes, "Westboro is reported as having six owned within its limits. One was owned by Mr. James Bowman, and three—a man, his wife and daughter—by Captain Stephen Maynard, who were afterwards sold to go south. Captain Maynard lived in the fine old house on the Northboro road now occupied by B. J. Stone. The heavy wall leading up to the house was built by one of these slaves.

"A familiar sight on the streets in the beginning of the century were old colored people, who had been slaves here or in other towns, among them one once owned by Sir Harry Frankland, at his mansion in Hopkinton (now Ashland)—old Dinah. She is remembered as a short stout woman carrying a cane, and in the season a bunch of wild flowers; but the greatest impression on the children was made by the three long straight marks on her face, where she was branded at the time of her capture in Africa."

With the abolition of slavery, a great many Africans remained with the families which had owned them, and their lives went on as if there had been no change in their status. Barre seems to have had a considerable number of slaves, for not only did some of them remain with their old masters and mistresses, but they established a little colony of their own, apart from the whites, in the old School District Number Ten. Their hamlet came to be known as Guinea Corner, and the name is heard even today.

In considering the presence of slavery in Massachusetts we must remember that its beginning was a very long time ago, even before the founding of the Bay Colony, for Maverick, whom the Puritans in 1630 found living on

Noddle Island in Boston Harbor, had with him two African slaves. The custom of exchanging prisoners had not been known until the preceding century, previous to which time, and into the seventeenth century, as the Scottish slaves prove, the only alternative for the prisoner of war was death or bondage. The spirit of freedom for all, which seems to have been indigenous to New England, would have asserted itself in a practical way in relation to slavery, had not the attitude of the Mother Country stood squarely in the way.

The Story of the Slave-Trade—"During the years from 1619 to the opening of the American Revolution the friends of the slave-trade and of slavery controlled the government and dictated the policy of England," wrote Henry Wilson in his "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America." "Her kings and queens, lords and commons, judges and attorney-generals, gave to the African slave-traffic their undeviating support. Her merchants and manufacturers clamored for its protection and extension. Her coffers were filled with gold bedewed with tears and stained with blood. 'For more than a century,' in the words of Horace Mann, 'did the madness of the traffic rage. During all those years the clock of eternity never counted out a minute that did not witness the cruel death, by treachery or violence, of some father or mother in Africa.'

"Under the encouragement of British legislation and the fostering smile of royalty, more than three hundred thousand African bondsmen were imported into the thirteen British colonies. The efforts of colonial legislation—whether dictated by humanity, interest or fear—to check the traffic were defeated by the persistent policy of the British government. 'Great Britain,' in the words of Bancroft, 'steadily rejecting every colonial restriction on the slave-trade, instructed the governors, on pain of removal, not to give even a temporary assent to such laws.' The planters of Virginia, alarmed at the rapid increase of slaves, as early as 1726 imposed a tax to check their importation, but 'the interfering interest of the African company obtained the repeal of that law.' South Carolina attempted restrictions upon the importation of slaves as late as 1760, for which she received the rebuke of the British authorities. The legislature of Pennsylvania, as early as 1712, passed an act to prevent the increase of slaves; but that act was annulled by the crown.

"The legislature of Massachusetts, in 1771, and again in 1774, adopted measures for the abolition of the slave-trade; but they failed to receive the approval of the colonial governors. Queen Anne, who had reserved for herself one-quarter of the stock of the Royal African Company, that gigantic monopolist of the slave-trade, charged it to furnish full supplies of slaves to

the colonies of New York and New Jersey, and instructed the governors of those colonies to give due encouragement to that Company; and it was the testimony of Madison that the British government constantly checked the attempts of his native State (Virginia) 'to put a stop to this infernal traffic.' Up to the hour of the American Revolution, the government of England steadily resisted colonial restrictions on the slave-trade, and persisted in forcing this traffic, so gainful to her commercial and manufacturing interests, upon the colonies, 'which,' in the words of the Earl of Dartmouth in 1775, 'were not allowed to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation.' British avarice planted slavery in America. British legislation sanctioned and maintained it; British statesmen sustained and guarded it."

But, according to this great authority, the British Government and merchants were not alone responsible for the spread of slavery in the Colonies. "The inhabitants themselves were generally only too willing to profit by the enforced and unpaid toil." The Southern and Middle States were glad to receive large numbers of the black people up to a certain economic limit. "Nor did the rugged soil, or the still more rugged clime of New England save its colonies from the introduction of the system even there." Slavery, however, grew slowly. In 1680 it was stated by Governor Bradstreet that there were only about one hundred and twenty African slaves in the Colony of Massachusetts. In 1720, at the end of a hundred years from the settlement of Plymouth, there were estimated to be only about two thousand.

The Anti-Slavery Current—The New England mind, as we have stated, was always disturbed by the thought of human beings deprived of freedom. The spirit of emancipation seemed to expand among thinking people. It came to the surface first in the "Body of Liberties" presented to the General Court in 1641, which provided "There shall *never* be *any* Bond Slavery, Villinage, or Captivity amongst us, *unless* it be lawful Captives taken in just wars, and such strangers as willingly sell themselves, or ARE SOLD TO US. And these shall have all the liberties and Christian usages which the law of God, established in Israel concerning such persons, doth morally require. This exempts none from servitude who shall be judges thereto by authority." But whether this act prohibited negro slavery has been the cause of much dispute. The words "or sold to us" were to be construed as countermanding the slave trade.

The Anti-Slavery undercurrent revealed itself in strange ways, and none stranger than when the slave-trade became tangled with the quite unforgivable offence of Sabbath-breaking. In 1646, a shipmaster, who was also a member of the Puritan Church, introduced into the Colony two slaves whom he himself had secured in an African slave-hunt. He might have "got away

with it," had it not come to the knowledge of the authorities that the slave-hunt had been held on the Lord's Day. A memorial presented to the General Court set forth the triple charge of "murder, man-stealing and Sabbath-breaking." It brought forth an order, in which the members of the legislative body "conceived themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing," and which provided that the two slaves "should be sent to their native country, Guinea." And in November of the same year, the General Court enacted that "if any man stealeth a man, or mankind, he shall surely be put to death." There was already on the statute books a sufficiency of punishment for Sabbath-breaking.

The power of the crown in Massachusetts ceased for all practical purposes in October, 1774. The only organized government until the following July lay in the Provincial Congress and the Committees of Correspondence, chosen by the towns and counties of the province. The subject of slavery was early agitated in these bodies, though they had no authority to act upon it. What they did, however, is an indication not to be mistaken of what was then the feeling of the community.

The slaves of Worcester and Bristol counties addressed a memorial to a convention of the Committees of Correspondence held in Worcester in June, 1775, asking for their freedom and the response, according to *Lincoln's History of Worcester,* was: "We abhor the enslaving of any of the human race; and whenever there shall be a door opened, or an opportunity present, for any thing to be done toward the emancipation of the negroes, we will use our influence and endeavor that such a thing may be brought about."

The attitude of the Massachusetts Government, when reorganized under the advice of the Continental Congress, was shown in 1776, in respect to several negroes who had been taken in an English prize-ship and brought into Salem to be sold. The General Court, informed of the facts, instantly put a stop to the sale, and accompanied its action by a resolution: "That the selling and enslaving the human species is a direct violation of the natural rights alike vested in them by their Creator, and utterly inconsistent with the avowed principles on which this and the other States have carried on their struggle for liberty." The result was that the rights of prisoners of war were extended to such negroes as might thereafter be taken from the enemy during the war.

Typical of the prevailing sentiment during the Revolution were the words of Colonel Timothy Bigelow of Worcester, commander of the Massachusetts Fifteenth of the Continental Line, that "while fighting for liberty, I would never be guilty of selling slaves."

In 1777 several colored persons petitioned the Legislature praying that they might "be restored to the enjoyment of that freedom which is the natural right of man." The committee to which it was referred promptly reported a bill "to prevent the practice of holding persons in slavery," and declared that "the practice of holding Africans, and the children born of them, or any other person, in slavery is unjustifiable in a civil government at a time when they are asserting their natural rights to freedom."

It is significant of the time, that the Legislature hesitated to pass an emancipation act, for fear of offending the sister Colonies. Therefore it addressed a letter to the Continental Congress to ascertain its views as to the expediency of such action. Said this letter: "Convinced of the justice of the measure, we are restrained from passing it only from an apprehension that our brethren in the other colonies should conceive there was an impropriety in our determining on a question which may in its nature and operation be of extensive influence, without previously consulting your Honors. And we ask the attention of your Honors to this matter, that, if consistent with the union and harmony of the United States, we may follow the dictates of our own understanding and feelings; at the same time assuring your Honors that we have such a sacred regard to the union and harmony of the United States as to conceive ourselves under obligation to restrain from any measure that should have a tendency to injure the union which is the basis of our defence and happiness." But the Continental Congress, probably having more engrossing affairs on its hands, made no reply to this communication.

The first attempt to establish a constitution for Massachusetts failed because it contained no bill of rights, which the people demanded, and perhaps the most important reason for their attitude was their insistence that every human being should have an equal freedom. However that may have been, the Constitution adopted in 1780 had as the opening clause of its bill of rights: "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and unalienable rights."

Upon this clause was based the case under which, as Henry Wilson said, "Massachusetts, while yet the war was raging for national independence, and before that independence was recognized by the treaty of peace, became a free state, taking her place in the van." And the central figure in that case was Quork Walker, a twenty-one-year-old Barre slave, whose own freedom was involved with that of every enslaved negro in the Commonwealth.

The Case of Quork Walker—In 1754 James Caldwell of Barre bought in Rutland a negro man Mingo, twenty years old; a negro woman Dinah, nineteen, and their nine-months-old infant Quork. The price paid for the three was £108. Caldwell died in 1763, and in the settlement of his estate,

Quork, as an item of personal property, was given the widow as a part of her share. She married Nathaniel Jenison of Barre in 1769 and died in 1774, whereupon Jenison assumed ownership of the slave, now a man of twenty-one.

In 1781, following the adoption of the Massachusetts Constitution, John Caldwell, brother of James, became interested in Quork, we will presume from a purely philanthropic motive. He approached the negro and informed him that he was no longer a slave, but a freeman. Quork refused at first to leave his master, but finally yielded to Caldwell's promise to furnish a home and work for him, to pay him for his services, and to protect him. So Quork went to work on the Caldwell farm.

Jenison, missing his slave, suspected what had happened, and with several men at his back went to the Caldwell place, where he found Quork at work in the field, harrowing. He ordered the negro to return home, but he refused to obey. So Jenison, assisted by his companions, gave Quork a merciless beating with a whip handle, and carried him away and caused him to be locked up. But two hours' later, Caldwell persuaded the negro's jailer to release him.

Quork, undoubtedly spurred on and backed by Caldwell, immediately brought suit against Jenison to recover damages for "an alleged assault and beating on the 30th of the previous April." The plaintiff maintained that he was a freeman and not a proper negro slave of Jenison. The defendant claimed that he was. The Grand Jury returned an indictment against Jenison for the assault. At the June term of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, Jenison was declared guilty and a fine of £8 and costs was imposed.

At the same sitting of the court, the civil action was tried, and the jury found for the negro, declaring that "he is a freeman and not the proper negro slave of the defendant," and assessed damages against Jenison of £60. The decision was appealed to the Superior Court, in which lay the final decision on the interpretation of the State Constitution.

But the case upon which hinged the question of the freedom of the slaves was that brought by Jenison against John and Seth Caldwell asking damages of £1,000, for "enticing away the same Quork, a negro man and servant of the plaintiff from his service, and rescuing him from out of the plaintiff's hands, and preventing him reclaiming and reducing his servant to his business and services, they knowing said negro to be the plaintiff's servant." This case, likewise, was tried in the Inferior Court of Common Pleas. The jury, in spite of its declaration that Quork was a free man, rendered a verdict in favor of Jenison and awarded him damages of £25. From this judgment the defendants Caldwell appealed. In September, 1781, the case came before the Superior Court for trial, and the finding of the Inferior

Court was reversed. The Caldwells won the suit against them. The slaves of Massachusetts won their freedom.

Of particular interest in Worcester County is the make-up of the court which originally tried the cases in Worcester, and the distinguished group of lawyers who appeared for the litigants. The presiding judges were Chief Justice Moses Gill of Princeton, and the Associate Justices Samuel Baker of Berlin and Joseph Dorr of Auburn, then Ward, whence he had moved recently from Sutton. None of the judges was a lawyer. Judges Baker and Dorr were farmers. Judge Gill was a merchant. In 1794 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, which office he held until 1799, when he succeeded to the Governorship upon the death of Governor Increase Sumner. His own death occurred on May 20, 1800, and for the only time under the Constitution Massachusetts was without a Governor. The executive council officiated until May 30, when Caleb Strong, another important figure in the Quork Walker case, became Governor.

The lawyers who participated in the trials in both courts constituted a brilliant group. For Quork and Caldwell, which is to say, for the emancipation of the slaves, were the first Levi Lincoln of Worcester and Caleb Strong of Northampton; for Jenison, Judge Sprague of Lancaster and William Stearns of Worcester.

Levi Lincoln was one of the great lawyers of his generation. Judge Emory Washburn characterized him as "one of the ablest lawyers in the state." At the time he was only thirty years old, yet he had appeared as counsel in some of the most important cases in several of the Massachusetts counties and in Maine. In 1800 he was elected to Congress, and the next year was appointed Attorney-General of the United States in the Cabinet of President Thomas Jefferson, between whom and Mr. Lincoln there existed a warm personal intimacy and a deep regard. He filled an unexpired term as Governor of Massachusetts, and in 1811 was named as justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which exalted office, however, he was compelled to refuse because of approaching blindness which finally became complete. His son and namesake, Governor Lincoln, rose to similar prominence.

It is an extraordinary coincidence that the man who was chiefly responsible for the emancipation of the slaves of Massachusetts, the first free State in the Union, and the man whose emancipation proclamation set free the slaves of every State—Levi Lincoln and Abraham Lincoln—were descended from a common Lincoln ancestor.

Levi Lincoln's associate, Caleb Strong, likewise stood in the front rank of contemporary lawyers. He later became not only Governor of his State but a United States Senator. Judge Sprague later became Chief Justice of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas of the County. William Stearns of

Worcester gave promise of large achievement, but death came when he was still a young man.

The brief used by Levi Lincoln in the trial of the case in the Superior Court is preserved in the family, and was loaned by his son to Judge Emory Washburn of Worcester who made a transcription of it, which he included in a paper read by him before the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1859. It is a clear and concise exposition of the public thought of the time, as well as of the legal issues. We are quoting a considerable portion of it:

"The counsel for the master rested his rights, among other things, upon the following points:

"The Plaintiff (Jenison) insisted that the negro was his servant by virtue of a bill of sale by which he became the property of Caldwell, from whom he passed to the plaintiff as husband of his owner, and such a bill of sale was produced at the trial. And the general right of holding property in slaves was sustained upon several grounds.

"First, it is declared in Exodus, of a man's servant, that 'he is his money.' But, said the defendant's counsel, 'it is indeed said in Exodus that a man's servant is his money, and from this the counsel on the other side argues in favor of slavery. But are you to try cases by the old Jewish Law?'

"This was an indulgence to that nation, and they could only make slaves of the heathen about them. But even by their severe laws, which required an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, men were not allowed to make a slave of a brother. They might not make a slave of him, though they might hire him. In the present case Quork was their brother; they all had a common origin, were descended from a common parent, were clothed with the same kind of flesh, breathed the same breath of life, and had a common Saviour.

"It was contended that the custom and usage of the country considered slavery as right. But, it was replied, the objection to this is, that customs and usages against reason and right are void.

"The counsel on the other side insist that slavery is a respectable affair in this country. But the question to be decided was not whether it was respectable or not.

"Did the defendant entice away the plaintiff's servant, as is claimed in his writ? When a fellow-subject is restrained of his liberty, it is an attack upon every other subject, and every one has a right to aid him in regaining his liberty. What, in this respect, are to be consequences of your verdict? Will it not be tidings of great joy to this community? It is virtually opening the prison doors and letting the oppressed be free.

"Could they expect to triumph in their struggle with Great Britain and become free themselves, until they let those go free who were under them?

Were they not acting like Pharaoh and the Egyptians, if they refused to set them free?

"But the plaintiff insists that it is not true, as stated, in the Constitution, that all men are born free; for children are born and placed under the power and control of their parents. This may be. But they are not born as slaves; they are under the power of their parents, to be nursed and nurtured and educated for their good. And the black child is born as much a free child in this sense, as if it were white.

"What are its consequences? How does slavery originate? Kidnapping and man-stealing in the negro's country, while its consequences here are, that the infant may be wrested from its mother's breast and sold or given away like a pig or a puppy, never more to be seen by the mother! Is not this contrary to nature? Does not Heaven say so in the strongest manner? Is not one's own child as dear to the black subject as to the white one? Can a mother forget her sucking child? Do not even the beasts and the birds nurture and bring up their offspring, while acting from their instincts?

"But under such a law as this, the master had the right to separate the husband and wife. Is this consistent with the law of nature? Is it consistent with the law of nature to separate what God has joined together, and declared no man should put asunder?

"In making out that negroes are the property of their masters, the counsel for the plaintiff speak of lineage, and contend that the children of slaves must be slaves in the same way that, because our first parents fell, we all fell with them. But are not all mankind born in the same way? Though the white man may have his body wrapped in fine linen, and his attire may be a little more decorated, there the distinction of man's make ends. We all sleep on the same level in the dust. We shall be raised by the sound of one common trump, calling unto all that are in their graves, without distinction, to arise,—shall be arraigned at one common bar, shall have one common judge, and be tried by one common jury, and condemned or acquitted by one common law —by the Gospel—the perfect law of liberty.

"This cause will then be tried again, and your verdict will there be tried. Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, let me conjure you to give such a verdict now as will stand this test, and be approved by your own minds. It will then be tried by the laws of reason and revelation. Is not the law of nature that all men are equal and free? Is not the law of nature the law of God? Is not the law of God then against slavery?"

The three judges of the Superior Court were unanimous in their interpretation of the bill of rights, that the negro was included in the meaning of the Declaration that "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and unalienable rights." As Emory Washburn put it, "When the

highest tribunal in the state was called upon to construe and apply the clause, they gave a response which struck off the chains from every slave in the Commonwealth; and Massachusetts was, at last, what she had so long been struggling to be, in all her dwellings, indeed the home of freemen."

As a matter of fact, Quork Walker never was a slave. As far as he was concerned the case might have been based upon the place of his birth, which, there is no reason to doubt, was in Rutland. For it had been established that the children of slaves born in Massachusetts were not themselves slaves. It did not need the new constitution to create his standing as a freeman. As Judge Washburn said, he, like every one negro born of slave parents, was not a slave in law, but a slave in fact. Their masters paid no attention to their legal freedom, nor did others interest themselves in this phase of emancipation, even if they thought of it. The children continued to be regarded by the probate courts as personal property of their masters. We mention this only to show that the matter had been considered as a principle of freedom.

Slaveowners must have seen the handwriting on the wall as soon as British protection of slavery disappeared with the opening guns of the Revolution. They must have realized that if they were to get the money represented by their black chattels, they must pass them along to others. It is not surprising that advertisements offering slaves for sale occupied a conspicuous place in the columns of the Massachusetts *Spy,* like the following, printed in the period 1776-78:

To Be Sold.

"A Sprightly, healthy Negro Wench, 20 years of age, born in the Country, and can do any kind of housework. She will be a valuable servant in a Country tavern, as she has lived in one several years. Enquire of the Printer."

"A Very likely negro man about twenty one years of age, has had the smallpox, and well understands the farming business. Enquire of the Printer."

"A Likely Negro Woman, about thirty years of age, understands all kinds of household work, and is an excellent Cook. Enquire of the Printer."

"The Printer," whose duty it was to answer inquiries concerning these sprightly and likely slaves, was none other than Isaiah Thomas, founder of the Worcester *Spy* and of the American Antiquarian Society.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Colonial Wars

Worcester County lived in peace following the close of Father Rasle's or Lovewell's War until the outbreak of King George's War in 1745. There had been the tragic interlude of England's war with Spain, which in 1740-41 sent a score or more of the young men of the shire to a miserable death under the walls of the Spanish fortress of Carthagena on the Spanish Main. But this did not affect the progress of settlement and the ever increasing prosperity of the new county. Population and wealth grew apace.

Peace did not endure, however. For nearly twenty years there was almost continuous campaigning, interrupted only for a few years, until the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763, ceding to England all the French possessions in America, including Canada and the Mississippi Valley. In this long period the people of the county gave lavishly of their money to support the Colonial armies, and sent thousands of its men to fight under the flag of England.

In King George's War two regiments of our soldiers participated in the strange but triumphant expedition of farmers, mechanics and fishermen which reduced the great French fortress of Louisburg on Cape Breton. In the French and Indian war they took a conspicuous part in the northern campaigns. They suffered in the series of disasters which resulted from imbecile leadership of generals sent over from England, who were without the quality of leadership which combines military skill and aggression and the genius of adapting themselves to new and strange conditions of warfare. They shared in the stirring victories of the later years of fighting, which finally broke the French power in America. They served in the expedition against Acadia, and, under orders from their commanding English officer, were compelled to join in the burning of the villages and the herding of the unfortunate Breton peasants for transportation into exile.

In this long war, unrealized by themselves and by their British comrades, the American fighting men, in spite of inefficient commanders, were attending

a great military school, in which were training the brilliant generals who in the Revolution, already looming on the horizon, were to lead the Continental armies to victory and the Thirteen Colonies to independence.

The Tragedy of Carthagena—In 1740 England and Spain were at war. Late in the year the recruiting sergeant rolled his drum in village streets, seeking recruits for an expedition against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and Gulf of Mexico. The thoughts of untraveled country boys of the shire painted romantic pictures of tropic skies and the loot of rich cities and treasure ships. No record exists of how many of them joined the colors and departed on what they believed to be a gorgeous adventure. So far as historians have been able to learn, not one of them lived to return home.

A secret contract between the reigning Bourbon houses of France and Spain had been made in 1733 with the design of ruining the maritime supremacy of England. Spain undertook "to deprive England gradually of her commercial privileges in the Spanish-American colonies," and in return France was to assist Spain on the ocean and in the recovery of Gibraltar. It was not until the end of the Franco-Austrian war of 1733-36 that the allies showed their hand. Then British shipping began to suffer. Trade with the Spanish-American colonies was restricted to one ship and its cargo to African slaves. In 1738 the traders demanded war. An English merchant captain told at the bar of the House of Commons of his torture by the Spaniards, "and produced an ear which he declared had been cut off," the operation being accompanied by taunts at the English King.

England struck at the Spanish possessions in America. Her one purpose was to acquire a monopoly of the trade with these important colonies. While they remained Spanish this control could not be assured. Therefore it was necessary to dispossess Spain and make of her American territory English colonies. In November, Vice-Admiral Edward Vernon with six men-of-war appeared off Porto Bello, the port in Panama where Spanish treasure ships took on their cargoes, destroyed the fortifications and got nothing more than $10,000 in gold. In the meanwhile Admiral Anson had been sent with a small fleet to the Pacific, but his ships were battered by unheard-of gales as they attempted to round Cape Horn, and all but his own were wrecked. They were to have coöperated with Vernon's fleet for the capture of Mexico and Peru. Instead Anson continued his voyage round the world. Vernon was back in Jamaica.

England determined to send into the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico a huge expedition, which was to make a clean sweep of all that was Spanish. Every Colony responded with its quota. Massachusetts raised a regiment,

but fortunately only one battalion of four companies was required. Unfortunately one of these was commanded by Colonel John Prescott of Concord, descendant of the pioneer Prescott of Lancaster. Young men flocked to his command. No rolls of the company exist. But it is known that nearly a score of these unfortunate soldiers enlisted from Lancaster alone and there were others from scattering towns of the county. What they endured may best be told in the words of Bancroft:

"'It may not be amiss,' wrote Sir Charles Wager to Admiral Vernon, 'for both French and Spaniards to be a month or two in the West Indies before us, that they be half dead, and half roasted, before our fleet arrives.' So the expedition from England did not begin its voyage till October, and, after stopping for water at Dominica, where Lord Cathcart, the commander of the land forces, fell a victim to the climate, reached Jamaica in the early part of the following year.

"How has history been made the memorial of the passionate misdeeds of men of mediocrity! The death of Lord Cathcart left the command of the land forces with the inexperienced, irresolute Wentworth; the naval force was under the impetuous Vernon, who was impatient of contradiction, and ill disposed to endure even an associate. The enterprise, instead of having one good leader, had two bad ones.

"Wasting at Jamaica the time from the ninth of January, 1741, till near the end of the month, at last, with a fleet of twenty-nine ships of the line, besides about eighty smaller vessels, with fifteen thousand sailors and twelve thousand land forces, equipped with all sorts of war-like instruments, and every kind of convenience, Vernon weighed anchor, without any definite purpose. Havana lay within three days' sail; its conquest would have made England supreme in the Gulf of Mexico. But Vernon insisted on searching for the fleet of the French and Spaniards; and the French had already left the fatal climate.

"The council of war, yielding to the vehement direction of Admiral Vernon, resolved to attack Carthagena, the strongest place in Spanish-America (now a seaport of the Republic of Colombia). The fleet appeared before the town on the fourth of March, and lost five days in inactivity. Fifteen days were required to gain possession of the fortress that rose near the entrance to the harbor; the Spaniards themselves abandoned Castillo Grande. It remained to storm Fort Lazaro, which commanded the town. The attack, devised without judgment, was made by twelve hundred men with intrepidity; but the assailants were repulsed, with the loss of half their number,—while the admiral gave no timely aid to the land forces; and discord aggravated defeat.

"Ere long rains set in; the days were wet, the nights brilliant with vivid lightning. The fever of the low country in the tropics began its rapid work; men perished in crowds; the dead were cast into the sea, sometimes without winding sheet or sinkers; the hospital ships were crowded with miserable sufferers. In two days the effective force on land dwindled from six thousand six hundred to three thousand two hundred. Men grew as jealous as they were wretched, and inquired if there were not Papists in the army. The English could only demolish the fortifications and retire. 'Even the Spaniards,' wrote Vernon, 'will give us a certificate that we have effectually destroyed all their castles.' In July, an attack on Santiago, in Cuba, was contemplated, and abandoned almost as soon as attempted. Such was the fruit of an expedition which was to have prepared the way for conquering Mexico and Peru."

The fruit of the expedition so far as Worcester County boys were concerned was death. Some died in the assault, more of fever. Their common grave was the Caribbean Sea.

King George's War—King George's War came almost as a surprise to the people of the county. They had been enjoying what, in those early days, was a long period of peace. The towns were no longer, strictly speaking, on the frontier. Settlements had been established to the northward as far as Concord and Charlestown in New Hampshire, and the Connecticut Valley was more thickly peopled. Colonization had proceeded rapidly within the shire, and new towns had been created, which acted as bulwarks to one another and to the older settlements. But the memory of the former Indian wars was still a vivid one, and every community in the county quickly began preparations to resist raids by prowling savages, and to meet the possible emergency of invasion on a more formidable scale by French and Indians. Stocks of ammunition were replenished, firearms were brought out and made ready for immediate use, and each town hurried to acquire its quota of muskets and other military equipment.

In the more exposed towns garrison-houses were built. Several palisaded blockhouses were erected in Athol, so distributed as to give every inhabitant a place of quick refuge, and many families lived in them much of the time, especially at night, The men carried their muskets into the fields, and, the story goes, the minister preached with his loaded gun within reach in the pulpit. Brookfield, though less exposed, had its strongholds. A line of garrison houses was established, beginning in Townsend in Middlesex County and comprising Lunenburg, Leominster and Westminster, and each had its garrison of trained soldiers. Later a company was formed from the townsmen, and its men distributed among the blockhouses, with some serving as scouts.

Farmers and Fishermen Take Louisburg—The siege and capture of Louisburg in 1745 is worth more than passing mention in a history of Worcester County, for its sons were conspicuous in the little army which reduced a mighty fortress. The larger parts of two regiments were raised in the towns, the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment commanded by Colonel Joseph Dwight of Brookfield, and the Ninth Massachusetts commanded by Colonel Samuel Willard of Lancaster. Before the fleet sailed, Colonel Dwight was promoted by Governor Shirley to the rank of brigadier-general, and was placed in command of the artillery of the expedition. It was he who superintended the extraordinary feat of hauling the heavy guns by man-power across an otherwise impassable marsh.

Paroled English prisoners who had been held captive at Louisburg brought to Boston accurate information as to the fortress. Its garrison, they said, was far from strong. Governor Shirley resolved upon a bold attack. The enterprise was generally considered foolhardy. The Legislature authorized it by a majority of only one vote. France had spent millions of dollars in making the place as nearly impregnable as engineering skill could accomplish. And it was indeed impregnable against such an expedition as was sent against it, excepting in the lack of fortitude of its French commander. The temptation to make the attempt was a powerful one. The harbor, on the oceanside coast of Cape Breton Island, was the refuge of armed French ships, styled by the English as pirates, which had raided the fishing fleet until it was driven from the Grand Banks, and had harassed coastwise shipping. The situation had become really serious. The cod fisheries were considered of vital importance in the life of the colonies, for salt fish was regarded a necessary element of food supply. Therefore the expedition took on the nature of a crusade, which had its religious as well as its economic side.

The fleet sailed from Boston March 24, 1745, for the rendezvous at Canseau. It carried an untrained, undisciplined army, made up of four thousand New Englanders, with a small train of artillery. The commander was William Pepperell, a Maine merchant. Under him were men of a motley array of occupations—Marblehead fishermen, forced into idleness and burning for revenge and relief from French privateers; farmers by the hundreds, mechanics of every trade, lumbermen, lawyers, clergymen. Most of them were church members and had left wives and children at home. They were true Yankees. One soldier proposed a flying bridge to scale the walls before a breach was made. A minister presented to Pepperell a complete plan for encamping the army before the fortress, and for opening trenches and placing batteries, which may have had value to a commander almost devoid of military experience. It was characteristic of the army that on the first Sab-

bath on land "a very great company of people" came together on the shore to hear a sermon on "enlisting as volunteers in the service of the Great Captain of our salvation."

The confiding and ill-informed judgment of Governor Shirley was shown in his instructions to Pepperell, that the fleet of a hundred ships arrive together at Louisburg at a precise hour of the night, that a landing be made in the dark on the rocky shore, heedless of the surf, and that the army march forthwith to the city and beyond it, and take the fortress and royal battery by surprise before daybreak! Because of masses of drift ice the fleet was delayed long at Canseau, which was well, for it permitted the unexpected arrival of Admiral Warren and a fleet of men-of-war, whose assistance had at first been refused, and of the Connecticut contingent of troops.

On the last day of April, the great fleet entered the Bay of Chapeaurouge, and came in sight of Louisburg. "Its walls raised on a neck of land on the south side of the harbor, forty feet thick at the base, twenty to thirty feet high, all swept from the bastions, and surrounded by a ditch eighty feet wide, were furnished with one hundred and one cannon, seventy-six swivels and six mortars; its garrison was composed of sixteen hundred men; the harbor was defended by an island battery of thirty twenty-two pounders, and by the royal battery on the shore having thirty large cannon, a moat and bastion, all so perfect that it was thought two hundred men could have defended it against five thousand." Against this huge armament, the New England forces had but eighteen cannon and three mortars.

As soon as the ships were in sight of the citadel, their whaleboats were launched, and, loaded with soldiers, and heedless of a heavy surf, swooped upon the shore. Several of the boats were capsized, and the French had sallied forth to repel the invaders. But a landing was made and the enemy driven into the woods. The next day four hundred men marched by the city, greeting it with cheers. The garrison of the royal battery became panic stricken and abandoned it after spiking their cannon. The next morning a large French force attempted its recapture, but a dozen Americans held them at bay until reinforcements reached them.

The guns did not remain spiked. Lieutenant Edmund Bemis of Spencer, attached to the expedition as an armorer, was quick to see the way to restore their usefulness. He built a wood fire about the breech of a cannon, and the heat caused the metal to expand, which loosened the spike so that it was easily removed. Whereupon twenty smiths were drafted from the troops, firewood gathered, and presently the guns of the royal battery were pouring shot against the fortress, and particularly against the massive gates, in the hope of effecting a breach through which a storming party could force an entrance.

The artillery of the expedition was useless unless its guns could be transported across the broad marsh to a position where they could play against the stronghold. The mire would not sustain wheels, nor could horses or oxen traverse it. A New Hampshire officer, a carpenter, supervised the building of sledges upon which the unwieldy cannon were placed. Then whole companies of soldiers, knee deep in mud and mire, hauled the ponderous loads over the morass to the positions chosen for the cannon, where they could do their part in the attempt to reduce the fortress.

The siege lasted forty-nine days. Four or five assaults were made on the island battery, but without success. After four or five of these repulses, a volunteer force attempted a surprise attack at night, "but now Providence seemed remarkably to frown upon the affair." The party was discovered as it approached the island, and was met by a murderous fire. Only a part of the flotilla reached the shore. There was hard fighting for an hour, but finally the New Englanders were forced to retreat, leaving behind them sixty dead and a hundred and sixteen prisoners.

Yet the morale of the undisciplined Yankee army remained high. The soldiers had no tents or other shelter, and slept on the bare ground. Mercifully the weather continued for the most part fair and dry. The men amused themselves when off duty in various ways, with fishing and wild-fowl shooting, target practice, racing and wrestling and chasing spent cannon balls from the forts.

But all the while little or no impression was made upon the fortress, whose walls were not weakened by the shot of the feeble cannon directed against them. They might have hammered away for months without doing effective damage. It was finally resolved to storm the place. Fortunately for New England this did not become necessary. There was something about that besieging army which got under the skin of the French commander and his men. Its stubborn persistence and high-hearted acceptance of conditions and events, good and bad, broke the French spirit. The final straw was the destruction of the French man-of-war *Vigilant* which was decoyed into the English fleet and sunk after an hour's engagement, under the eyes of the garrison. The French commander sent out a flag of truce, terms of capitulation were accepted, and the British flag was raised over city, fortress and battery.

William Pepperell, merchant, became Sir William Pepperell, baronet of England. New England went wild with joy. Ben Franklin for once was wrong, for he had written his brother in Boston "Louisburg was too hard a nut for their teeth to crack." The nest of "pirates" was destroyed, the fishing industry was made safe. But the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle which ended the war returned Louisburg to the French.

County Towns Threatened—As the war proceeded the threat of attack at home became more imminent. An Athol man, going out from a garrison house at night to protect his cornfield from the bears, was wounded by a rifle ball and, helpless on the ground, was tomahawked and scalped. Another man of the same town was wounded and carried away a prisoner. Fort Massachusetts, established at Williamstown, then Hoosic, was captured by the French general Vaudreuil and destroyed. In 1748 a crisis was reached. A horde of savages invaded the Connecticut Valley. Men were waylaid and killed. The garrisons at Northfield and Fort Dummer were threatened. The people of the county were much alarmed, for there was good reason to believe they would be attacked unless prompt measures were taken to protect them.

The wrath of General Joseph Dwight of Brookfield was aroused. On July 16, 1748, he took his pen in hand and wrote the following spirited letter to the Governor of Massachusetts:

"We have constant accounts of the enemy, their lying upon our borders in great numbers, killing and captivating our people; and we suffer ourself to be a prey to them, and through cowardice or covetousness, or I know not what bad spirit in officers and men, we can't so much as bury the slain. It appears to be high time for the Government to exert its Power and give more effectual directions to officers posted on our frontiers; and if it need be to raise half the militia of the Province. But I beg we have 1000 men to drive the woods, and pursue the enemy even to Crown Point. If it is worth while, to send parties into the enemy's country, and give at the rate of £1,000 per scalp. Why when they are so numerous on our borders, should we lie entirely still and do nothing? Can't some troops of horse be sent, and may not commissions be given to such as will enlist as a number of volunteers, and by one way or other so many men raised as will a little discourage our enemy? I doubt not I can find many who would undertake it (even without pay) for the Honor of the Country, and do good service. I wish to hear that something may be done. Excuse my hasty letter. Yr Honour's most obt and humble servt."

The letter brought action. General Dwight raised a hundred men himself. Two hundred were enlisted from the regiment of Colonel Chandler of Worcester. Other county towns sent contingents, and there were volunteers from Hampshire County. General Dwight was in command. They went after the Indians. But the savages had no stomach for a pitched battle with white soldiers, and were quickly driven back toward Canada and were heard from no more. Fort Dummer and Northfield were relieved of danger. Fort Massachusetts, which had been rebuilt the previous year and strongly garrisoned, was unmolested.

The French and Indian War—The period of the French and Indian War, enduring formally from 1755 to 1763, was of momentous consequences to the Colonies. The eviction of France from the American Continent, and the opening of vast territories to colonization by English-speaking people, likewise marked the beginning of the end of Indian hostilities. Worcester County was never again to hear the warwhoop. In these years, as we have said, was trained the nucleus of the army which was soon to give battle to England. The time was epochal in the planning by the King and his Ministers, by Parliament and the Lords of Trade, to impose their will upon the Colonies, and take from them the rights of self-government given them under their jealously cherished charters; to assume control of their finances, and establish a tyrannical system of taxation. The rift between the Mother Country and her American subjects grew broader and deeper.

No accurate figures of the population of the county at this time exist. In 1755 Benjamin Franklin announced a formula of increase of Colonial population, which according to his reckoning, was doubling every twenty years. Probably the county's growth had been more rapid than that, for settlement had been proceeding rapidly to augment the natural increase. Probably twenty thousand souls would not be far from the fact. At any rate, it is close enough for the purpose of vizualizing the man-power of the shire in this period of war, and its financial resources.

In the same year, 1755, a study of the population of the Thirteen Colonies was made from several different angles. It showed a population of 1,165,000 whites and 260,000 blacks, a total of 1,425,000. Massachusetts was the largest province with 207,000 people. New Hampshire had 50,000, Rhode Island 35,000, Connecticut 133,000, New York 85,000, New Jersey 73,000, Pennsylvania with Delaware 195,000, Maryland 104,000, Virginia 168,000, North Carolina 70,000, South Carolina 40,000 and Georgia 5,000.

Of the 20,000 inhabitants of Worcester County, more than 2,000 men fought in the French and Indian War. A great many of them enlisted over and over again. Some hundreds of them were killed in action or died of disease brought on by exposure and improper food and the lack of sanitation which characterized military operations of that day. Scores of these brave men rest in unmarked graves on the battlefields, or in what was then the wilderness.

The people were as patriotically lavish of their money as of their fighting men. In fact they impoverished themselves. They willingly imposed upon themselves taxes which make those of today, high as they are, seem as nothing. These frugal people believed in "paying as you go." They disliked the idea of a funded debt. A Colonial stamp tax was imposed in 1759, not by

the Crown but by the Massachusetts Legislature. "Their tax, in one year of the war, was, in personal estate, thirteen shillings on every male over sixteen." Translated for comparison with rates of today, the income tax from personal property was 66⅔ per cent., and from real estate 36 per cent. The war poll tax was $3.75. But the Colonists did not complain, or at any rate, left no record of complaints behind them. It was a self-imposed burden. The British Government had nothing to do with it, nor with the spending of the income, which was gall and wormwood to the crown officers of the province, and to the government across the water.

The people of Massachusetts were fighting a war of self-interest. So long as the French dominated the country to the north and west, with the influence which they exerted on the Indian tribes, the threat of war and Indian war parties and even invasion, would always hang over New England. The soldiers of the county were fighting for themselves, but they were also fighting for England. They richly deserved the words of Colonel Isaac Barre in the House of Commons, spoken in defense of the Colonies, when he said: "They have nobly taken up arms in your defense; have exerted a valor amid their constant and laborious industry, for the defense of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior yielded all of its little savings to your emoluments."

It is not our intention to itemize the service of the county's manhood in this war. More than one-third of the effective men were enlisted. There were regiments commanded by Colonel John Chandler of Worcester, Colonel Timothy Ruggles of Hardwick and Colonel Samuel Willard of Lancaster, after whose death at Lake George he was succeeded by Colonel John Whitcomb of Bolton. Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury, who was the first commander-in-chief of the Continental Army about Boston, was a lieutenant-colonel. Rufus Putnam of Brookfield and Rutland, Washington's most distinguished engineer, rose to the rank of ensign after several campaigns against Canada. Colonel Jonathan Holman and Colonel Ebenezer Learned of Sutton, who gave valiant service in the Revolution, received their military training. The captains and subaltern officers were numbered by scores. Every town gave its full quota. The larger towns sent men in hundreds. The early years of the war were fraught with disaster, in almost every case because of the incompetent leadership of generals sent over from England. In 1755 General William Johnson's army of thirty-four hundred men was saved from disaster at Lake George by the courage and marksmanship of the New England troops, who kept up "the most violent fire that had yet been known in America" and practically annihilated the attacking French army. General Timothy Ruggles of Hardwick was second in command, and it is presumed

directed the fighting after the retirement of Johnson who was wounded early in the action. But Johnson did not follow up the victory over Dieskau and his French and Indians, and never reached Crown Point, his destination. In July Braddock's army was almost destroyed at Fort Duquesne, and an expedition against Fort Niagara came to naught. The Acadian expedition was, of course, successful.

In 1756 the Earl of Loudoun was in command, with Abercrombie leading the army up the Hudson, dallying aimlessly. In 1757 Loudoun himself was at the head of the northern army. The French took Ticonderoga and Fort William Henry, and upon the surrender of the latter there followed a massacre of the surrendered and disarmed English, which the French themselves fought hard to prevent. In 1758 Louisburg was captured for the second time, and Fort Duquesne was taken by George Washington's little army. But Abercrombie's expedition against Ticonderoga ended in a bloody defeat, due to his order of an assault against a position, which, without artillery preparation, was untakable. While his men fought against impossible odds, he himself "cowered for safety in the sawmills."

But the year 1759 saw the American armies led by competent generals. Lord Jeffrey Amherst advanced slowly but surely on to Canada. Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned by the French. As a climax came Wolfe's great victory on the Plains of Abraham and the capture of Quebec.

The final service of New England men under the banner of England, was in the siege and capture of Havana in the summer of 1762. A contingent were sent as a reinforcement to the English army. Among them was Israel Putnam. But we find no record of Worcester County men in this service—the one exception in the long history of Colonial warfare.

The Acadian Expedition and the Expulsion and Exile of the Stricken People—In all English history there is no story more cruel than that of the expulsion and exile of the people of Acadia, which we now know as Nova Scotia. It is a story of Worcester County. A large number of the men of the shire were soldiers in the expedition of 1755, they participated in what little fighting there was. Some of them, in obeying orders of the British officers, were forced to play the principal rôles in the burning of farmhouses and villages and otherwise laying waste the countryside, then in the lush beauty of June, and in herding together the miserable peasants for transportation to the English Colonies. At home, too, the county had its close contacts with these impoverished, broken-hearted men and women, for in the distribution of the seven thousand exiles among the Thirteen Colonies, Massachusetts was given the custody of one thousand, and these were apportioned among the towns to be cared for.

The bitter religious intolerance which had marked the relations of the Protestant English and the Catholic French in their American wars had never been permitted to diminish in New England. In Massachusetts the children were still taught to abhor "Popish cruelties" and "Popish superstitions." When the Colonial troops sailed for the north their hearts were not tuned to a spirit of kindness and charity. Yet no charge of wanton abuse was ever lodged against them in connection with the Acadian tragedy. The inhuman treatment of the Breton peasants came out of the minds of officers of the English King, at home and in Halifax.

The expedition, with its 1,500 provincial troops, three hundred regulars and a train of artillery, embarked at Boston May 20, 1755. For more than a century and a half the people of Acadia had lived in peace, from the original settlement which was made sixteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. For forty years, from the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, they had been British subjects, but had hardly been conscious of the fact, for their lives had continued without change. Now the English proposed to take possession, and make of Acadia a British Colony.

Under the treaty, only the peninsula was yielded to England. The French were established on the isthmus, which, only fifteen miles wide, formed the natural boundary between Acadia and New France as it does today between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They had two forts on their own territory of the isthmus, one at Gasperaux, near Cape Verde, the other the more considerable fortress of Beau Sejour, which had been built and armed at much expense. The English troops disembarked from the ships without difficulty, and after a day of rest, on June 4 forced the intervening Messagouche River. The French commander had neither ability nor courage and made no real defense. In four days Beau Sejour capitulated, and the smaller fort promptly followed suit. Organized resistance was at an end.

The barbarous treatment of the Acadians had begun with the first vigorous attempts of the English to colonize the country. "'Better,' said the priests, 'surrender your meadows to the sea, and your houses to the flames, than, at the peril of your souls, take the oath of allegiance to the British government,'" wrote Bancroft. The English to them were heretics. "The haughtiness of the British officers aided the priests in their attempts to foment dissatisfaction. The English regarded colonies, even when settled by men from their own land, only as sources of emolument to the Mother Country; colonists as an inferior caste. The Acadians were despised because they were helpless. Their papers and records, the titles to their estates and inheritances, were taken away from them. Was their property demanded for public service? 'They were not to be bargained with for the payment.' They must

comply, it was written, without making any terms, 'immediately,' or 'the next courier would bring an order for military execution upon the delinquents.' And when they were delayed in fetching firewood for their oppressors, it was told them from the governor, 'if they do not do it in proper time, the soldiers shall absolutely take their houses for fuel.'

"Under pretence of fearing that they might rise in behalf of France, or seek shelter in Canada, or convey provisions to the French garrisons, they were directed to surrender their boats and their firearms. Further orders were afterwards given to the English officers, if the Acadians behaved amiss to punish them at discretion; if the troops were annoyed, to inflict vengeance on the nearest, whether the guilty one or not,—'taking an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'"

When the inhabitants asked for the return of their guns and boats, promising fidelity, their memorial was rejected as "highly arrogant, insidious and insulting." They were told to "manifest your obedience, by immediately taking the oaths of allegiance in the common form before the Council." The deputies replied that they would do as the majority of the inhabitants should determine; and entreated for leave to go home and consult their people. The next day they offered to swear allegiance unconditionally; but they were told that "by a clause in the English statutes persons who had once refused the oaths cannot be afterwards permitted to take them but are to be considered as Popish Recussants; and as such they were imprisoned."

The Chief Justice at Halifax, hearing the case, ruled that the French were now collectively rebels and without exceptions "recusants"; that they numbered 8,000 as compared to the 3,000 of the English, and stood in the way of "the progress of the settlement" and that "by their non-compliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they had forfeited their possessions to the crown"; and that after the departure of the fleet the province would not be in a position to drive them out. So he advised the removal of all of them from Nova Scotia. Further counsel resulted in a decision to set the people down among the several Colonies on the Continent, that any attempt to return to their lands would be prevented. Longfellow has told the heartrending story of the wholesale exile.

"The Acadians cowered before their masters, hoping forbearance; willing to take the oath of fealty to England. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could exercise clemency without apprehension. Not a whisper gave warning of their purpose, till it was ripe for execution. It had been 'determined upon' after the ancient device of Oriental despotism, that the French inhabitants of Acadia should be carried away into captivity to other parts of the British dominions."

It fell to the lot of Captain Abijah Willard of Lancaster and the men of his company, who were chiefly recruited from that town, to take a principal part in the eviction of these seven thousand men, women and children. The company, of one hundred and five men, was among the troops engaged in the attack on Beau Sejour. Upon its capitulation, Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, the commanding officer, ordered Captain Willard to proceed with a detachment of his company to Tatmagouche, and gave him sealed orders. Arriving at his destination, the captain, scanning his instructions, "to his great surprise and pain found himself assigned to the ungracious and unwelcome duty of laying waste the whole fair district to the Bay of Verts, and removing the inhabitants to Fort Cumberland, the renamed Beau Sejour.

"Amid the wailing of women and children, and the smoke of blazing cottages, barns and storehouses, Captain Willard marched from hamlet to hamlet, leaving desolation behind him, in accordance to the letter of his orders, but tempered them with such mercy as he could, as his journal testifies, his kindly heart bleeding for the distress he was compelled to inflict," wrote Henry S. Nourse in his *History of Lancaster.*

Only once did he meet with resistance. Enraged Frenchmen fell upon his command as they were burning the "mass-house," as the New Englanders called the little Catholic chapel, and one of Willard's men was killed. The Acadian men were marched to Fort Cumberland, the weeping women and children were left amid the smoking ruins of their homes.

The exiles were landed in Boston at the beginning of winter, and were distributed among the towns. The following description annexed to an account rendered by the selectmen of Worcester for the subsistence of the town's quota, indicates a condition which applied to the other towns of the county:

"Eleven French persons; an aged man and woman 65 or 70 years old, past labor; the female very weak; a girl about seventeen years old, who employs her whole time in taking care of the old people. They have four sons who support themselves. In this family are Jean Herbert and Monsieur Lebere. Justin White and his wife, aged about thirty, both very feeble, the man inclining to a consumption and unfit for labor; they have three small children, the eldest but about five years old, all chargeable; one of the children has been born very lately, so that the whole number now is twelve."

"These families," wrote William Lincoln, "torn from their homes, reduced from comparative affluence to desolate poverty, thrown among strangers of different language and religion, excited pity for their misfortunes. Their industrious and frugal habits, and mild and simple manners, attracted regard, and they were treated here with great kindness. They cultivated a little tract

of land, were permitted to hunt deer at all seasons, and aided in their own support by laboring as reapers and by manufacturing wooden implements. Although they tilled the fields, they kept no animals for labor. The young men drew their fuel and materials for fencing on the ground, with thongs of sinew, and turned the earth with a spade. So deep was the feeling of their sufferings in their violent removal, that any allusion to their native country drew from them a flood of tears. The aged persons died broken-hearted. In 1767, the remnant removed to Canada, among their countrymen."

Some modern historians have attempted to justify the stern measures adopted by the English officials, on the ground that the Acadians refused to take the full oath of allegiance to the crown in so far as it might involve bearing arms against their French brethren. These writers deduce that to leave the French in possession was to give them dominance in the territory because of their superiority of numbers compared with the English settlements. The plea is not sound, for while it is true that at first they made such a refusal, later, when driven to it as a last alternative, they volunteered to agree to every condition of the oath. The truth is, the English wanted for their own people this fertile country and the fields and orchards which were the results of many years of hard and loving labor.

The Handwriting on the Wall—Thinking men had begun to see the handwriting on the wall. They realized the growing latent power of the Thirteen Colonies. The English party in power, impelled by mercenary motives, were striving to bring about a condition, the inevitable consequence of which was rebellion. The famous Swedish traveler, Peter Kalm saw it clearly, when he wrote from New York in 1748, while King George's War was still in progress: "There is reason enough for doubting whether the king, if he had the power, would wish to drive the French from their possessions in Canada. The English Colonies in this part of the world have increased so much in wealth and population, that they will vie with European England. But to maintain the commerce and the power of the Metropolis, they are forbid to establish new manufactures, which might compete with the English; they may dig for gold or silver only on condition of shipping them immediately to England; they have, with the exception of a few fixed places, no liberty to trade to any parts not belonging to the English dominions, and foreigners are not allowed the least commerce with these American Colonies. And there are many similar restrictions.

"These oppressions have made the inhabitants of the English colonies less tender towards their mother land. This coldness is increased by the many foreigners who are settled among them; for Dutch, Germans and French are here blended with English, and have no special love for Old England.

Besides, some people are always discontented and love change; and exceeding freedom and prosperity nurse an untamable spirit. I have been told, not only by native Americans, but by English emigrants, publicly, that within thirty or fifty years, the English colonies in North America may constitute a separate state entirely independent of England.

"But, as this whole country is toward the sea unguarded, and on the frontiers is kept uneasy by the French, these dangerous neighbors are the reason why the love of these colonies for their metropolis does not utterly decline. The English government has therefore reason to regard the French in North America as the chief power that urges their colonies to submission."

That was in 1748. Fifteen years later "the chief power that urges their colonies to submission" had been destroyed. But the English government could not see it.

"At Worcester, a thriving village of a thousand people, or perhaps less, the whole town was immersed in politics," wrote Bancroft of the year 1755. "The interests of nations and the horrors of war made the subject of every conversation. The master of the town school, where the highest wages were sixty dollars for the season, a young man of hardly twenty, just from Harvard College, and at that time meditating to become a preacher, would sit and hear, and, escaping from a maze of observations, would sometimes retire, and, 'by laying things together, form some reflections pleasing' to himself; for he loved the shady thickets and gloomy grottoes, where he 'would sit by the hour and listen to the falls of water.' 'All creation,' he would say in his musings, 'is still liable to change' (says his diary). 'Mighty states are not exempted. Soon after the reformation, a few people came over into this new world for conscience' sake. This apparently trival incident may transfer the great seat of empire into America. If we can remove the turbulent Gallics, our people, according to the exactest calculations, will, in another century, become more numerous than England itself. All Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to disunite us.'

"Such was the dream of John Adams, while teacher in a New England free school. Within twenty-one years he shall assist in declaring his country's independence; in less than thirty, this master of the town school of Worcester, after a career of danger and effort, shall stand before the King of Great Britain, the acknowledged envoy of the free and United States of America."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Approach of the Revolution

In the critical decade which preceded the Revolution, as well as in the eight years of war, Worcester County had a very large share in the patriotic activities of the Massachusetts Province. Love of liberty became almost a religion. Love of country burned as a flame. Men and women joined in every possible form of constructive effort. In the beginning their purpose was only to retain the rights which England had granted them under their charters. They asked only that abuses be corrected. There was little or no thought of separation from the Mother Country. But the English King and his government piled one injustice after another upon the American provinces, and particularly on Massachusetts. They left nothing undone which would turn the minds of red-blooded freemen to rebellion. Their stupidity was colossal. Finally everywhere in Worcester County, in every village and hamlet in the province and in neighbor provinces, every able-bodied man of military age, which then was sixteen to sixty, was arming himself and training in preparation for that inevitable day when he should fight. The inflexible resolution of the freemen was to retain their rights at any cost.

When that day came, on the nineteenth of April in 1775, and riders raced into the Worcester villages with the fateful word that the British were advancing on Concord, thousands of Minute-men and militia were ready, ununiformed, to be sure, and undisciplined, but fit and efficient for the task at hand. In Washington's army about Boston they numbered thousands. Hundreds of them fought at Bunker Hill and some of them died there. Through the long years of campaigning, in time of doubt and discouragement, biting anxiety and ever-increasing poverty, as well as when the Continental Army was bringing the war to a glorious conclusion, the towns of Worcester County poured out their men and money in a lavish, continuous stream.

County's Population, 1765-75—At the opening of the pre-Revolutionary period, in 1765, a Provincial census was taken, which placed Worcester County third on the list. Essex had 43,524, Middlesex 34,940, Worcester 32,857, and Suffolk 15,982. The population of the county towns follows:

Ashburnham* (estimated)	551	Oxford	890
Athol	359	Petersham	707
Barre ("Rutland District")	734	Princeton	284
Bolton	925	Royalston* (estimated)	617
Brookfield	1,811	Rutland	1,090
Charlton	739	Shrewsbury	1,431
Douglas	521	Southboro	731
Dudley	748	Spencer	664
Fitchburg	259	Sturbridge	896
Grafton	763	Sutton	2,138
Hardwick	1,010	Templeton	348
Harvard	1,126	Upton	614
Holden	495	Uxbridge	1,213
Lancaster	1,999	Warren ("Western")	583
Leicester	770	Westboro	1,110
Leominster	743	Westminster	468
Lunenburg	821	Winchendon* (estimated)	519
Mendon	1,838	Worcester	1,478
New Braintree	594		
Oakham	270	Total	32,857

*Northern tier towns 1776 figures; not shown in 1765 census.

In 1775, at the beginning of the Revolution, Worcester County was the most populous of the shires of Massachusetts with the exception of Essex. Its people numbered 46,763, of which only four hundred and sixty-two were blacks. Its growth had been wholesomely rapid. "The hill country" which had been sneered at as possessing no possibility of important settlement and therefore deemed unworthy of erection as a county, had outdistanced all save one of the older counties.

The population of Essex was 51,952; of Suffolk, comprising little more than the town of Boston, 28,101; Middlesex 40,821; Hampshire, comprising the present county of the name and Hampden and Franklin, 34,560; Plymouth 27,393; and Bristol 27,241. The total population of Massachusetts, including Maine, was 349,094. Of these, 5,249 were blacks, most of them slaves. No complete census figures of the towns in 1775 are known to exist.

The Scene of Action—Worcester, chiefly because it was the county seat, but also because of its central geographical location, was the scene of most of the united activities of the shire in the feverish period preceding the Revolution. Apart from being the seat of the courts and having the county offices and jail, it was nothing more than a large country village, the center of a prosperous farming country. There was no manufacturing, excepting those small industries which cared for the immediate wants of the townspeople. This was not because of lack of mechanical skill and inventive ability, but

because of the ban which England had placed upon these activities in the Colonies, in the fear that they might grow to interfere with the trade of British manufacturers. In 1775 Worcester's inhabitants numbered about nineteen hundred. Its sister towns of Lancaster, Brookfield, Mendon, and Sutton were larger and richer.

Many stirring scenes were enacted there. County conventions met in tavern or courthouse to discuss and act upon questions of critical moment which arose from the tyrannical and maddening attitude of the governing power. Several of the later sittings of the courts aroused the people of every town to open rebellion, which, as they flocked to Worcester, manifested itself about the courthouse. The bitter strife between former neighbors and friends, Patriots and Royalists, had its most violent expression in the town, for it was the strongest Tory community in the province. Twice General Gage, the Provincial Governor, contemplated sending an expeditionary force of troops against Worcester, for punishment for rebellious spirit and conduct, and, on the second occasion, also for the destruction of military stores. The Minute-men and militia were under orders to march from every town in the shire the instant word arrived that the troops had left Boston, and the rendezvous was the county seat. Because of the strategic position of the place, it was made an important depot of arms and ammunition and food, and other military equipment and supplies for the Massachusetts army.

A brief word picture of pre-Revolutionary and Worcester of Revolutionary days will give the reader a sketchy background for the many dramatic episodes which occurred there in those most critical years in American history. The village lay chiefly along the Main Street which connected the principal centers, the Common on the south and Lincoln Square on the north. On the west rose the ridge along the crest of which are now Chestnut and Harvard streets, then covered with farmland and groves. On the east the land stretched away from the back gardens of the villagers to the meadows along Mill Brook. These were usually flooded in winter to form a narrow lake extending down the stream, and when this froze over the skaters made merry.

Main Street was broad until it approached Lincoln Square and skirted the edge of the natural slope of Court Hill, which then extended well into the line of the present thoroughfare. The terraced street of Court Hill originated in a lane-like road which forked from Main Street at about where Thomas Street enters and extended along the slope to its termination at the courthouse.

A row of lofty trees lined Main Street on either side. Scattered along the way were one and two-story store buildings, and the comfortable residences of well-to-do families. Each house had its grass and flowers and

sometimes pear trees at the front, and the barn for the family horses and cows, and vegetable garden and orchard at the rear. Fences enclosed the yards to keep out roaming cattle.

There were several inns on the street. The Heywood Tavern, old even in that day, was on the site of the Bay State House. Set back from Main Street, where is now the Elm Street Theatre was the King's Arms Tavern, congregating place of the Royalists, but also the meeting place of memorable conventions of the aroused Patriots. Its sign, bearing the hated insignia and swinging from a post at the curb, went up in fire and smoke in a great bonfire built on the Common by jubilant citizens, the night of the day the news of the Declaration of Independence reached Worcester and was read from the west porch roof of the meetinghouse by Isaiah Thomas. A few hundred feet south of the Common, was Tory Jones' Tavern, which came under the ban of the Patriots, but not until much mischief had been hatched there by Royalist plotters.

No street or lane branched from Main Street on the west side in all the distance from Lincoln Square to the Hardwick Road, as Pleasant Street was known. Front Street was the Grafton Road, the southerly boundary of the Common was South Street, now Franklin Street. South of the Common, Main Street was the Connecticut Road, which extended on through Leicester, and on it were few houses within the limits of Worcester, excepting those of the infrequent farms.

The unfenced Common was a mowing, not a lawn, but there were great elm trees along its borders. At its west end was the meetinghouse of the First Parish, later to be known as the Old South Church, the only place of worship in the village. Facing it across Main Street was the stately home of Sheriff Gardner Chandler, a Tory, who held loyalty to the King above loyalty to his province and its people. He was blessed in being one of the very few prominent Royalists who escaped banishment and confiscation of property. His previous high standing, his service in the French and Indian War, coupled with a degree of docility in meeting the demands of the Patriots, won for him the tolerance of the community.

Not so, Colonel James Putnam, who lived across from the Common at the corner of Main and South streets, last of the royal attorney-generals of the province, chief justice of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, and one of the eminent American lawyers of his time. He was an uncompromising Royalist, and a powerfully active one, and had deeply offended his Patriot neighbors. He refused to recant his views and sympathies, and finally was driven to seek safety in Boston, as one of a detested triumvirate—Ruggles of Hardwick, Murray of Rutland and Putnam of Worcester. He was never to see his pleasant Worcester home again, for he fled from Boston with

Gage's army, lived for a time in England, and rounded out his days in New Brunswick where he was made a counsellor and a justice of the Supreme Court.

Military activities centered on the Green in the rear of the meetinghouse. Here the Minute-men and Militia did their drilling, which, as the war-cloud grew darker, was every day but the Lord's Day. The little building in which the town stored its cannon was near by. The liberty pole, emblem of patriot resolution and intention, was raised on the Green.

The burying-ground, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupied the south-east area of the Common. The graves are still there. Over them are the ancient slate headstones. But they are not uplifted that men may read their inscriptions and note among them the names of men who fought and died in the War of Independence and in the French wars that came before. Years ago, though in modern times, the slabs were laid flat beneath earth and sod, which conceals knowledge that God's Acre still exists. The people of Worcester pass over it by hundreds daily, unknowing that beneath their feet lies the dust of a brave and devoted generation.

There was no town hall—stores and houses were grouped about the Common. Their occupants looked across Grafton Road and South Street upon the Green. Extending around Harrington Corner was the famous two-story business block, the Old Compound, in which a number of merchants had their stores. On the second floors of the store buildings were the offices of lawyers and others.

Lincoln Square in 1765-75—Lincoln Square, then commonly called the North Square, had much the same area as that of today, but there the resemblance ends. No greater contrast could be found than that afforded by the scene as it must have been in those old days, and the present beautiful panorama of the westerly side of the square, with the classic purity of the magnificent Memorial Auditorium in the center, the pleasant Colonial lines of the Boys' Club at the right, the Worcester County Courthouse at the left, and in the foreground the heart-stirring memorial to the men who died in the World War, with the flag of the United States of America flying triumphantly above it.

At the time of the Revolution, the rough, partly grass-grown ground sloped from east and west down to the banks of Mill Brook, which crossed the Square on the line of Prescott Street. Its clear waters emerged from meadows whose grasses and wild flowers grew to the edge of the stony bed, and passed on by Tim Bigelow's blacksmith shop to disappear over a little fall in meadows below.

Lincoln Street was the Boston Road, which was a section of the Connecticut Road connecting Boston and Hartford. It entered the township by

skirting the extreme upper end of Lake Quinsigamond, then commonly called Long Pond, crossing the headwater tributary brook on a rude bridge. At the Square was Worcester Bridge, known far and wide by the name, a rough and narrow structure, but amply serving its purpose. Beside it was the ford into which mounted travelers rode their horses to water them, and wagoners paused to soak their wheels when over-dry spokes and rims threatened to loosen. In times of freshet the brook overflowed its banks, inundating the lower areas of the Square.

Four roads only entered the Square. Besides the Boston Road, Salisbury Street was the highway to Holden and the towns beyond. Summer Street was Back Street, a rough and hilly way, which originally was the path to the first burying-ground, and later was extended as a convenient short cut to the Grafton Road. The fourth road was the village street. Highland Street, Prescott Street, Belmont Street and Union Street did not exist.

The Salisbury mansion, which a few years ago was moved from the Square, had been built in 1770, and the general store of the first Stephen Salisbury was where today is the railroad station. The homes of "Tory John" Chandler and Rufus Chandler stood a short distance up the hillside to the east. Between the courthouse and the entrance of the Holden Road was a grassy triangle extending out into the Square, and on it was the little schoolhouse where John Adams had taught the boys of the town.

The Square had its thrilling early romance. On its south side was the blacksmith shop of Timothy Bigelow. Just around the corner on Main Street, its garden backing up to the smithy yard, was the house where lived Anna Andrews, orphan daughter of Samuel Andrews, and the richest heiress of the village. Anna was a pretty girl, and Tim Bigelow, from all accounts, a handsome upstanding young man, more than six feet tall, possessed of much ability and energy, and a strong will. The young people naturally saw one another frequently, and it is not difficult to imagine their conversations over the dividing fence. They fell in love, and "plighted their troth," as they probably expressed it.

But Anna was not of age. She lived with her guardians who refused flatly to give consent to the match. They deemed it unsuitable that patrician and wealthy Anna should throw herself away on the village blacksmith. They forbade all intercourse between the lovers. But they did not know the resources of Tim Bigelow. One night in 1762 the girl eluded her guardians, and the twain mounted fast horses and fled to Hampton in New Hampshire, a hundred miles away, the Gretna Green of runaway Massachusetts lovers of the eighteenth century. They returned as Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow.

Over the bridge, a short distance along the west side of the Boston Road was the little jail, and to the north of it on the same side, the Hancock Arms Tavern, favorite gathering place of the Patriots. Further along the road, to

the crest of the hill, were the homes of some of the most important people of the day, among them Timothy Paine, one of the Mandamus councillors, and Royalist to the core. With him lived his son, Dr. "Billie" Paine, the town's physician and druggist, as staunch a Tory as his father.

It was at this mansion that John Adams met his match in a game of wits with Madame Paine. On a day before the tension between Whigs and Tories reached the breaking point, he was the guest at a dinner given in his honor by Mr. and Mrs. Paine, and there were present some of his former pupils of the village school. When wine was served, the host proposed the toast, "The King!" Several of the Whigs hesitated. They did not care to drink the health of King George. A tactful word from the future president of the United States persuaded them, and everyone drank the toast.

Then Mr. Paine suggested that Mr. Adams propose a toast. With a serious face he gave them "The Devil!" Mr. Paine's face flushed with anger, but before he could retort Mrs. Paine laid her hand on his arm and said, "My dear, as the gentleman has been so kind as to drink to *our* king, let us by no means refuse to drink to *his*." And so the Devil was toasted.

The courthouse, now a residence on Massachusetts Avenue, was the most conspicuous building on Court Hill, and there were several residences between it and the junction with Main Street. One was the home of Dr. Elijah Dix. A few days before Concord and Lexington Dr. Joseph Warren brought his four motherless children there from Boston that they might be safe in the care of his good friend, and there they were on that seventeenth of June when their noble and gallant father fell at Bunker Hill.

Worcester did not have a postmaster until Isaiah Thomas came to Worcester in 1775 and took the office. There had been but one post a week, as a rider traveled over the road from Boston to Hartford and New York which required seven days in either direction. Thomas improved this service greatly by establishing a system of postriders from Worcester to Boston, Salem, Providence, Fitchburg, Sutton, and other county centers. His principal motive was the quick distribution of his Massachusetts *Spy and Oracle of Freedom,* Patriot newspaper, which kept the people of the shire informed of the happenings of the world in which they were interested, and particularly with the progress of the war.

A century and a half ago had a person stood anywhere within the village of Worcester, on the Common, the Main Street, or at Lincoln Square, and gazed beyond the buildings in any direction, he would have seen nothing but hillsides covered with mowings and pastures and woodlands, with here and there a farmhouse and its outbuildings—a tranquil landscape, suggesting only prosperity and peace. But the atmosphere about him would have been heavily charged with rebellious and war-like feeling, which gave expression in stern faces and ominous words.

In Revolutionary times the roads were still for the most part rough and crude. The day of the stagecoach and post-chaise had not arrived. There was an occasional passenger vehicle for town use and even for longer distances. Heavy carts when the roads were open, sledges in winter, usually drawn by oxen, hauled freight between the towns and wood and produce from the farms to the villages. But as a general thing, people traveled in the saddle. It could not have been otherwise, for much of the year the roads were almost impassible for vehicles. In the winter they were blocked with snow, in the spring of the year and in wet weather they were deep with mud. When the county men came to Worcester to participate in public affairs, they were mounted on horses, or, as soldiers, marched afoot.

The Stamp Act and the Boycott—At the close of the French and Indian War, England wasted little time in carrying forward her plans for taxing her American Colonies. She had already taken to herself a monopoly of the provincial trade, to the exclusion of American ships as well as those of foreign countries. She had practically stifled manufacturing. But the blow which aroused American indignation to white heat was the Stamp Act, which was taxation without representation. With it began the movement which resulted in the independence of the Colonies and the creation of the United States of America.

News of the new import tariff reached Boston in 1767. It spread like wildfire over Worcester County, with inflammatory effect everywhere. A copy of resolutions adopted at a great Boston meeting was received by the board of selectmen of every town. The next Legislature recommended a boycott of British manufactured products, urged the establishment of domestic manufactures, and condemned King and Parliament in clear and definite terms.

The only dissenting vote in the legislative body was that of Timothy Ruggles of Hardwick. His reasons for dissenting were, first, "because in all countries manufactures are set up at the expense of husbandry, or other general employment of the people, and if they have not peculiar advantages over husbandry, they will by discouraging the latter, have an injurious effect." Second, "that manufactures here must encounter insurmountable obstacles from the thin population and high price of labor; and would be detrimental, by taking hands away from agriculture and the fisheries." General Ruggles was evidently in desperate straits to find a sound argument.

The towns one after another adopted a pledge to which a large majority of the inhabitants eagerly subscribed, based on the resolutions adopted by the Legislature, of which the following was typical: "In order to prevent the unnecessary exportation of money, of which the Province hath, of late, been drained, the subscribers would, by all prudent means, endeavor to discounte-

nance the use of foreign superfluities, and encourage the manufactures of this Province. And whereas the Parliament of Great Britain has passed an act imposing duties on sundry articles for the purpose of raising a revenue on America, which is unconstitutional and an infringement of our just rights and privileges; and the merchants of this Province having generally come into agreement not to import goods from Great Britain, a few articles excepted, till that act is repealed, which in our opinion is a lawful and prudent measure, we will not at funerals use any gloves except those made here, or purchase any article of mourning on such occasion, but what shall be absolutely necessary."

The pledge went on to the pith of the boycott when it provided that: "We consent to abandon the use of all foreign teas, which are clearly superfluous, our own fields abounding in herbs more healthful, and which, we doubt not, may, by use, be found agreeable."

Finally, "We further promise and engage that we will not purchase any goods of any persons, who, preferring their own interest to that of the public, shall import merchandise from Great Britain; or of any trader who purchases his goods of such importer. And that we will hold no intercourse, or connection, or correspondence, with any person who shall purchase goods of such importer, or retailer; and we will hold him dishonored, an enemy of the liberties of his country, and infamous, who shall break this agreement."

Thirsty Tea-Drinkers—Immediately the popular thirst for tea became incredibly great. In a time when strong liquor was drunk as matter-of-factly as water, the craving was diverted to the herb that cheers without inebriating. To swear off tea-drinking was to make the greatest of sacrifices and tests of will power. But we must remember that in the 1760's tea alone afforded the stimulation and comfort which today we get from coffee as well. The women of Boston met, and agreed to discontinue the use of the taxed leaf. Then the women of Worcester met and took like action. "But the royalists, who loved their tea and their king," wrote William Lincoln, "and were equally averse to the desertion of the social urn or the sovereign, had influence enough to convene another assembly, and procure the reconsideration of its approbation of the American plant (Labrador tea, a rare plant hereabouts), and a renewal of allegiance to the exotic of India."

The Boston *Post* had the following squib, perhaps from its "special correspondent":

"Worcester, Nov. 11, 1768. We hear that the ladies have discovered the most malignant quality in the Labrador tea, which, by vote of the daughters of liberty within the metropolis, was substituted, to be used in the room of the Indian shrub called Bohea; that they find it to be of so debilitating a quality, and that it produces such a total frigidity in their warmest friends of the

other sex, that at a later convention, to deliberate on matters of the greatest consequence, it was agreed, by a majority greater than that of 92 to 17, to rescind their former vote in favor of the detested plant, as being clearly unconstitutional, and tending to rob us of our dearest privileges and deprive us of our most sacred and invaluable rights." The reference to ninety-two to seventeen will be explained presently.

As the nonconsumption agreement prevented the sale by the merchants of the obnoxious article, the gardens and fields were laid under contributions to supply the lack.

"Liberty tea" was brewed from the leaves of the four-leaved loosestrife, and "Hyperion tea" from rasberry leaves, said by good Patriots to be "very delicate and most excellent." Thoroughwort, sage and strawberry leaves were other substitutes. But none, so far as known, ever produced the soothing "kick" of a good cup of real tea, which made the sacrifice the more blessed on the part of those who forebore through the love of country, and more accursed on the part of those Tory souls who were compelled to join in the sacrifice. "Those who ventured to acknowledge the abstract right of taxation, by the use of tea, indulged in the luxury, as if they were committing crime, with the utmost secrecy, drawing bolt and bar, and closing every crevice which might betray the fragrance of the proscribed beverage."

To show the importance attached to tea, even by physicians, the following resolution adopted by a town meeting in Templeton is significant: "That we will not directly or indirectly purchase any goods of any person whatever, that is, or shall be subject to any duty for the purpose of raising a revenue in America. Also, that we will not use any foreign tea, nor countenance the the use of it in our families, unless in case of sickness, and not then without a certificate from under the hand of one or more physicians, that it is absolutely necessary in order for the recovery of their patient."

Oakham spoke right out in meeting when it learned of the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, and wrote to John Murray of Rutland, its representative in the Massachusetts House, as follows: "Sir, we are sensabel of the dutey we owe to the Crown of great Britain, at the same time Canot but have a sensibel feeling, not only for ourselves, but also for all the Colonies hear, on account of a Lent Act of parlement, Respecting the Stamp dutey, which we humble concive, presses hard on our Innaliable rights and priveliges granted us by Charter, and which tends to Distress the Inhabetents of this countrey, Especially of this provance and are Convinced must End in our Ruing as we are by no means abel to pay the duties Imposed in said Act."

Bootleggers and Rum-Runners—History repeats itself in strange ways. The "Bootlegger" of Prohibition days had his counterpart in the pre-Revolutionary period when tea was tabooed by all patriotic people. Men ran great risk in furnishing it to those who would not do without it, for when

such a person were caught by the angry Patriots it went hard with him. Usually they were peddlars who carried little bags of the precious herb in their saddlebags, and secretly conveyed them to carefully chosen customers. One of the most obnoxious of these "Tory peddlars," as they were called, Breed Batchelor by name, operated in the North County and southern New Hampshire. He was making his rounds one day when he encountered members of the Committee of Inspection of the New Hampshire towns of Fitzwilliam and Marlborough, just over the county line. They were on his trail and were watching for him when he came along on his horse. He promptly hit a committeeman over the head with a club, and departed on the run. But they caught him later, and doubtless gave him what he deserved.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned here that there were rum-runners, too. On May 22, 1777, we find one Charles Kathan apprehended by the Committee of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety of the town of Southboro, as he was carting a hogshead of New England rum. On June 15 of the same year, Elijah Bruce was caught under similar circumstances in Grafton by the town's committee, with a hogshead and a teirce of rum. Both men were summoned into court. But the charge against them was not running rum into the province, but running it out! The Patriots refused to part with that which might be good for the sinews of war.

When in 1768 the Massachusetts House of Representatives by a vote of ninety-two to seventeen refused to rescind its action in forwarding an address to the King setting forth its grievances, the Sons of Liberty of Petersham celebrated the occasion in odd fashion. They selected a strong young elm tree, cut away seventeen branches, and, tradition says, there were ninety-two remaining. With songs, toasts and inspired speech, the seventeen dismembered branches were given to the flames, and the living tree dedicated to the Goddess of Liberty. The event had strange consequences.

One of the celebrants was Ensign Man, Patriot, elected town schoolmaster over the protest of Rev. Aaron Whitney, pastor of the village church and a Tory. The ensign's public association with the Goddess of Liberty enraged the Royalists. One Captain Beaman, claiming he owned the schoolhouse, padlocked its door to keep out the teacher. The ensign and one Sylvanus How, former owner of the land, who maintained the schoolhouse stood on the public highway, broke open the door with an axe. Beaman sued How and got six shillings damages. How appealed and employed the eminent Josiah Quincy, Jr., as his counsel. But he finally lost his cause, but with reduced damages.

Strange as it may seem, there never would have been any padlocking of the schoolhouse or any law suit, had Ensign Man met the Tory parson's daughter a few weeks sooner. As it was, he wooed and won her, but not, it

would seem, until she had won him over to the side of King George. He proved himself a white-livered patriot, not worth quarreling about.

But as for Captain Beaman, he went down in Petersham history as the man who guided the British Army on its march to Lexington and Concord, and made of himself, in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, a merger of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold.

Bitter Patriot-Royalist Feud—The feeling between Patriots and Royalists gradually but continuously grew more tense. For a time friends and neighbors forebore to hurt one another's feelings by acrimonious discussion. Dangerous topics were avoided, no doubt. But all the time exasperating influences were working. Royalists resented being compelled to participate in the boycott of British goods and tea. Royalists importers and merchants did not dare to buy and sell the forbidden commodities. The boycott was absolutely air-tight. The crown did not take in one pound of revenue from the tariff in the northern provinces, and only a few hundred pounds in the South.

The Patriots were incensed by Royalist defence of the British measures aimed at the integrity of the charter. They came to regard such an attitude as disloyal and traitorous. Finally the rift became so wide and deep as to result in violence. Royalists were maltreated, sometimes with brutal violence, and there were reprisals.

A typical instance of this militant animosity occurred in Petersham. Dr. Ball of Templeton, which then included Phillipston, while on a visit to Petersham got into a dispute with a group of young Patriots and hard words were said. They waylaid him as he was returning home and stoned him. He was very seriously hurt, and, one tradition has it, eventually died of his injuries.

When news of the assault reached Templeton, Dr. Ball's friends promptly armed themselves and proceeded to Petersham where they were joined by other Royalists. In the meanwhile, Captain Holman of Templeton, Patriot, got wind of what was threatening, assembled the Patriots of the town, and marched in pursuit. At Petersham their ranks were strongly reinforced. In the peaceful village were two considerable bodies of armed men, one of them bent on vengeance, the other on protecting their own kind. The Royalists found themselves outnumbered, and sought refuge in a house, where they prepared to resist attack. There they spent the night, surrounded by a vigilant enemy. In the morning they were compelled to surrender, and were marched to a tavern, where the matter was threshed out. The result was the surrender of all arms of the Royalists and their parole as prisoners of war—when there was no war. The story goes that on the evening of the siege, the wife of a besieged Royalist and the wife of a besieged Patriot "met between their homes and exchanged condolences."

CHAPTER XX.

The Mounting Flame of Revolution

Matters between the people of the Massachusetts Province and the Royal Government went from bad to worse in the years following the passage of the Stamp Act. The complete boycott of British manufactures, the resolute refusal of the people to drink the tea that must pay a duty, the implacable stand of the Council and General Court that the rights granted by the Provincial Charter should not be annulled in favor of Royal prerogative—these and other circumstances aroused a cumulating anger in the minds of King and Parliament. There answer was the despatching to Boston of ships of war and troops whose purpose was to back up the Royal Governor in whatever he should undertake in carrying out the King's wishes, and also to show that his Royal Majesty meant business.

But a show of force was far from exercising a restraining influence. Instead it made things very much worse. The immediate effect, as far as overt acts of the authorities were concerned, was chiefly centered in the town of Boston. But everything that happened there was reflected faithfully in shaping patriotic sentiment in every outlying community. Worcester County was in a tumult of active resentment. There followed, in 1770, the Boston Massacre. Grim-visaged county men openly talked armed rebellion. All the towns of the shire had their Tories, but in most of them the Patriot sentiment was preponderously strong. In Worcester town, however, were many Royalists, who included a very considerable number of the most influential people, and particularly those of the aristocratic class. They made a determined effort to counteract the influence of Patriot leaders and carried their fight into such town meetings as were called from time to time to deliberate and take action when the Governor announced, one after another, measures which offended the Whig conception of freedom under the charter. The Patriot Whigs were in large majority, but the Tories were able to make trouble, which, however, they came deeply to rue.

In the early years of this preliminary struggle of the Revolution, the Patriots experienced the greatest difficulty in unifying their efforts. If they were to succeed, close coöperation and concerted action of the towns was absolutely necessary. But there was no method of organized exchange of views, nor for the quick and dependable distribution of news of what was transpiring. Mails were infrequent. Information passed chiefly by word of mouth. The towns eventually learned what was going on in other towns, but it was a slow and unsatisfactory process.

Samuel Adams, indefatigable and fearless Patriot, had an inspiration. In order to bring the people together in full knowledge of events and full interchange of opinion and constructive suggestion, he conceived the idea of committees of correspondence. Every town in the province would have its committee, chosen at town meeting, and its duty would be to prepare and send letters containing everything of importance that had come to the knowledge of its members, and pass on the news to every other town. His motion, made in Boston town meeting in March, 1772, was epoch-making. It provided "that a committee of correspondence be appointed to consist of twenty-one persons, to state the rights of the Colonists, and of this Province in particular, as men, as Christians, and as subjects, and to communicate and publish the same to the several towns of this Province and to the world, as the sense of this town, with the infringements and violations thereof, that have been or from time to time may be made; also requesting from each town a free communication of their sentiments on the subject." Samuel Adams had in mind a general confederacy against the authority of parliament. The towns of the province were to take the initiative, the Assembly was to confirm their doings and invite the other provinces to join with them.

Out of the Boston Committee of Correspondence came the famous Boston Pamphlet which set forth the accumulated grievances of the province: The assumption by Parliament of absolute power over the Colonies; the exertion of that power to raise a revenue in the Colonies without their consent; the appointment of officers foreign to the charter to collect the revenue, vesting them with unconstitutional authority and supporting them with troops and ships-of-war in time of peace; the establishment of a salaried civil list out of this unconstitutional revenue, even including the judges, whose commissions were held only during the pleasure of the crown, and whose decisions affected property, liberty and life; the enormous extension of the power of the vice-admiralty court; the embargo on the manufacture of iron, hats and woolen goods; the assumed authority to transport persons arrested in the Colony to England for trial; the claim of a right to establish a bishop and the Episcopal Church without the consent of the people; and the frequent alterations of

bounds and the seizing of lands to the personal profit of rapacious Royal Governors.

The towns of Worcester County did not delay in replying to the communication of the Boston Committee, nor could any man doubt the meaning and sincerity of their words of condemnation of the many wrongs. Some replies were expressed in formal phrases, some leaped in the vigor of their denunciation. We can give abstracts of only a typical few of them. Lancaster, with dignity, resolved:

"That the raising of a revenue in the Colonies without their consent, either by themselves or their representatives, is an infringement of that right which every freeman has to dispose of his own property; that the granting of a salary to His Excellency, the Governor of this Province, out of the revenue unconstitutionally raised from us, is an innovation of a very alarming tendency; that it is of the very highest importance to the security of liberty, life and property, that the public administration of justice shall be pure and impartial, and that the judges should be free from every bias, either in favor of the Crown or the subject; that the absolute dependency of the judges of the Superior Court of this Province upon the Crown for their support, would, if it should ever take place, have the strongest tendency to bias the minds of the judges, and would weaken our confidence in them; and that the extension of the power of the court of vice-admiralty to its present enormous degree is a great grievance, and deprives the subject in many instances of that noble privilege of Englishmen, trials by juries."

The people of Fitchburg pledged their word "never to be wanting according to their small ability," for "they wanted to be known to the world and to posterity as friends to liberty."

Princeton's answer recognized "an alienation, the effect of which must be attended with bad consequences. For the resolute man, in a just cause, while in a state of freedom, never will consent to any abridegements or deprivements of his just rights, and disdains threats, or any measures of compulsion, to submission thereto,—not like the dog, the more he is beaten the more he fawns—but, on the contrary, with a noble mind, defends to the last, and every stripe stimulates his efforts and endeavors in defence of his own or his country's cause."

The Patriots of Warren put it tersely and strongly: "We Must, We Can, and We Will Be Free! We cannot part with our creation right. We are obliged forever to assert it, as it is our glory to be in subjection to that Supreme Power which made us free."

The Oxford town meeting said much in one paragraph of their resolutions: "That we ever have been and will be true and loyal subjects of our

most gracious sovereign George III, *so long as we are permitted the free execution of our charter-rights.*" The paragraph which followed provided for the organization of the town's military forces, for use in case King George failed in the people's conception of "free execution of their charter rights."

At Worcester the citizens declared in town meeting: "The fond affections that has ever subsisted in our hearts for Great Britain and its sovereign, has ever induced us to esteem it above any other country, and as fond children speak of a father's house, we have ever called it our home, and always have been ready to rejoice when they rejoiced, to weep when they have wept, and, when required, to bleed when they have bled. And in return, we are sorry to say, we have had our harbors filled with ships of war, in a hostile manner, and troops posted in our metropolis, in a time of profound peace: not only posted in a manner greatly insulting, but actually slaughtering the inhabitants (The Boston Massacre); cannon levelled against our senate house, the fortress or key of the Province taken from us; and as an addition to our distress, the commander in chief of the Province has declared that he has not power to control the troops."

Petersham's reply to Boston told the people of the harassed city: "The time may come when, if you continue in your integrity, that you may be driven from your goodly heritages; and if that should be the case (which God of his infinite mercy prevent), we invite you to share with us in our small supplies of the necessities of Life. And should the voracious jaws of tyranny still haunt us, and we should not be able to withstand them, we are determined to retire and seek refuge among the inland aboriginal natives of this country, with whom we doubt not but to find more humanity and brotherly love than we have lately received from our mother country."

Boston's answer, from the heart, was: "We join with the town of Petersham in preferring life among the savages to the most splendid conditions of slavery; but Heaven will bless the united efforts of a brave people."

But vastly more important than words, no matter how virile and sympathetic they might be, was the response of the towns to the suggestion that they immediately appoint committees of correspondence. In many of them the same town meeting which passed resolutions appointed the committee and delegated to it power. At home, its members were the watchdogs and the reporters of the news. They not only sent it, but received it, and passed it along among their fellows. In convention, they were members of a county congress which was vested with autocratic power and an immense responsibility. For most men believed that the fight for liberty was close at hand. To the Committees of Correspondence was entrusted the task of making ready for the time when the townsmen would go into action against British troops.

Boston Tea Party—On the twenty-eight of November, 1773, the British merchantman *Dartmouth* sailed into Boston Harbor loaded with 128 chests of tea, the first of three tea ships of the English East India Company, the empire's greatest monopoly. It was England's one determined attempt to make efficient use of the tea duty, and earn from it a revenue, and at the same time to stamp out smuggling. It came to ride upon the storm raised by the judges' salaries. Incidentally, it was a blow at Tory and backsliding Whig merchants, who had Dutch teas, smuggled or otherwise, which were held at high values, and which would be badly hit by the cut-rate prices at which it was planned to offer the British teas. It is an old story, how the Boston Patriots, centering about their Committee of Correspondence, gave the consignees and ship captains 20 days in which to evacuate without unloading their cargoes; how, as the time was expiring, Governor Hutchinson, himself at a safe distance, refused to give them clearance. They could not pass the guns of the Castle.

It is written that whole towns of Worcester County were on tiptoe to go down and join the Boston Patriots. "Go on as you have begun," wrote the Committee of Leicester, "and do not suffer any of the teas already come or coming to be landed, or pay one farthing of duty. You may depend on our aid and assistance when needed."

"The morning of Thursday, the sixteenth of December, 1773, dawned upon Boston, a day by far the most momentous in its annals," wrote Bancroft. "Beware, little town. Count the cost, and know well, if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile and poverty and death rather than submission." For on that night, when two thousand men from the country, even from as far as Worcester County, had assembled in Old South Church, it was found that the three tea ships would not be permitted to clear and sail from Boston and Samuel Adams had risen and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the Country." In an instant a shout was heard on the porch, the war-whoop resounded, and a party of forty or fifty men, disguised as Indians passed by the door. The Boston Tea Party was on. While sentinels guarded the wharf where the three ships lay, Sam Adams' "Mohawks" emptied every box of tea into the harbor water.

Expresses immediately left Boston with the fateful news. Every Worcester County town thrilled at the tidings. "The high height of joy that sparkled in the eyes and animated the countenances and the hearts of the patriots as they met one another, is imaginable."

The infuriated British Government in retaliation, in March, 1774, passed the Boston port bill, closing the port to all commerce, and prepared to enforce the new statutes by ample military and naval forces.

It was of this period that John Adams wrote in his diary: "I stopped one night at a tavern in Shrewsbury, about forty miles from Boston, and as I was cold and wet, I sat down at a good fire in the bar-room to dry my great coat and saddle-bags till a fire could be made in my chamber. There presently came in, one after another, half a dozen, or half a score, substantial yeomen of the neighborhood, who, sitting down to the fire after lighting their pipes, began a lively conversation upon politics. As I believed I was unknown to all of them, I sat in total silence to hear them.

"One said, 'The people of Boston are distracted.' Another answered: 'No wonder the people of Boston are distracted. Oppression will make wise men mad.' A third said, 'What would you say if a fellow should come to your house and tell you he was come to make a list of your cattle, that Parliament might tax them at so much a head? And how should you feel if he was to go and break open your barn, to take down your oxen, horses, and sheep?' 'What should I say?' replied the first, 'I would knock him in the head.' 'Well,' said a fourth, 'if parliament can take away Mr. Hancock's wharf and Mr. Rowe's wharf, they can take away your barn and my house.'

"After much more reasoning in this style, a fifth, who had as yet been silent, broke out: 'Well, it is high time for us to rebel; we must rebel sometime or other, and we had better rebel now than at any time to come. If we put it off for ten or twenty years, and let them go on as they have begun, they will get a strong party among us, and plague us a good deal more than they can now.'"

Even as the shrewd Shrewsbury farmer spoke, General Gage was writing Lord Dartmouth of the growing strength of the Tory element "which it is highly proper and necessary to cherish, and support by every means; and I hope it will not be long before it produces salutary results."

Worcester's American Political Society Takes Charge—A great power not only in Worcester but in the towns round about it, and, to an extent throughout the country, was the American Political Society, organized in December, 1773, by thirty-one prominent Patriots of Worcester. Its purpose was defined in its constitution which said: "As the good people of the County, and with respect to some particular circumstances, the town of Worcester especially, labor under many impositions and burdens grievous to be borne, which, it is apprehended, would never have been imposed upon us had we been united and opposed the machinations of some designing persons in this Province, who are grasping at power and the property of their neighbors, the associates incorporate themselves as the American Political Society."

It was a secret body in its deliberations, but not in its actions. The members proceeded to erect themselves into a supreme authority. Before any meeting, either town or county, the society met and mapped out proceedings.

One of its boldest acts was to cause the Worcester County Grand Jury to defy the Superior Court, highest tribunal of the province. The justices had become dependent upon the crown for their salaries. The General Court had remonstrated in vain with Governor Hutchinson when he refused to assent to legislative grants for the support of the courts. Whereupon, the representatives resolved "that any of the judges who, while they hold their offices, during pleasure, shall accept support from the crown, independent of the grants of the General Court, will discover that he is an enemy of the constitution, and has in his heart to promote the establishment of arbitrary government."

In February, 1774, on appeal being made by the assembly, four of the five judges replied that they had received no part of the allowance from the King, and this was deemed satisfactory. But Chief Justice Peter Oliver answered that he had accepted his Majesty's bounty, and could not refuse it in future without royal permission. Resentment concentrated upon him, a petition was presented for his removal, and articles of impeachment for higher crimes and misdemeanors exhibited, which, naturally, the Governor refused to sanction. Such was the situation when the sitting of the Superior Court at Worcester drew near.

The Political Society determined to express to the court the feelings of the people in no uncertain way. They selected Timothy Bigelow and Joshua Bigelow, men of known courage, as the town's two grand jurymen, procured their election, and voted that "This Society will each one bear and pay their equal part of the fine and charges that may be laid on Messrs. Joshua Bigelow and Timothy Bigelow, for their refusal to be empannelled upon the jury at the next Superior Court of Assize, for the County of Worcester. Their refusal is founded upon the principle that they cannot, consistently with good conscience and order, serve, if Peter Oliver, Esq., is present on the bench as chief justice, or judge of said court, before he is lawfully tried and acquitted of the high crimes and charges for which he now stands impeached by the Honorable House of Representatives, and the major part of the grand jurors for the whole county join them in refusing to serve for the reasons aforesaid." The Political Society even furnished their grand jurymen with the remonstrance. But the Chief Justice was not there to hear the Grand Jury's indictment of his transgressions. It was clearly proved, on the word of General Gage, that he was afraid to face the wrath of Worcester County. One of the four justices informed the jurymen that it was highly improbable that Judge Oliver would attend, and "being assured that the sheriff had, as usual, been a number of miles out of town in order to meet him and escort him to his lodgings, and had returned without him, the Grand Jury decided

to make no further objection to serving." Nor did the judges display any resentment at the high-handed action of the fifteen men whose legal duty it was to serve the court, and who had rendered themselves liable to severe punishment for contempt. The story goes that the Political Society was prepared to use force, if necessary, in taking the jurymen from the officers of the law in case the court ordered their commitment to the gaol.

Judge Oliver, in a letter to Governor Hutchinson, May 15, 1774, published in Edes' Gazette, expressed indignation at the conduct of his associates of the bench: "As to the affair of the Grand Jury's libel at Worcester court, I did not know of their conduct until I saw it in the newspapers; and had any of my brethren been charged in so infamous a manner, I would forever have quitted the bench, rather than have suffered such indignity to them to have passed unnoticed. How it is possible to let a brother judge, a friend, or even a brute, be treated in so ignominious a manner, I have no conception in my ideas of humanity. But so it is: and if the Supreme Court is content with such rudeness, inferior jurisdictions are to be exculpated in suffiering the commonwealth to be destroyed."

The Famous Worcester Tory Protest—The last attempt of Worcester Tories to work their will upon the community was in March, 1774. The annual town meeting condemned boldly the various abuses under which the province labored, and twenty-six Royalists dissented.

Joshua Bigelow was chosen representative to the General Court, and instructions were given him to carry out, among them this: "More particularly, should the people of this Province, through their representatives, be required to compensate the East India Company for the loss of their tea, we hereby lay the strictest injunction on you not to comply therewith." The meeting also demanded of their representative that as soon as may be, he should "endeavor that Peter Oliver, Esq., be brought to answer to the impeachment against him, preferred by the representatives of this province, in the name of the whole people." Judge Putnam, leader of the Royalists, exerted the whole force of a great power of eloquence to prevent what he termed the coöperation of the town in acts of rebellion, but he met with no success.

The Tories were not satisfied, and forty-three of them, freeholders, petitioned the selectmen that another town meeting be called for the purpose of reconsidering the previous action. The meeting was held on June 20 and after a violent debate, the Whigs again prevailed. The Tories then presented a paper, which became famous as the Worcester Protest. It was the cause of a great deal of trouble, but mostly for its authors. Clark Chandler, town clerk, took it upon himself to enter it

upon the town records. It was sent to Boston by Colonel Putnam or some other leader and published in the Boston *Gazette*. It was a bitterly worded tirade against the patriotic action of the town. It could not have been read when offered at the town meeting, for it would have caused immediate retributary action. Lincoln indicates that the first the Whigs knew of its contents was when they saw it in type in the Boston newspaper. Among other unpleasant statements included in it were these: "It is with deepest concern for public peace and order that we behold so many, whom we used to esteem sober, peacable men, so far deceived, deluded and led astray by the artful, crafty and insidious practices of some evil-minded and evil-disposed persons, who, under the disguise of patriotism, and falsely styling themselves the friends of liberty, some of them neglecting their own proper business and occupation, in which they ought to be employed for the support of their families, spending their time in discoursing of matters they do not understand, raising and propagating falsehoods and calumnies of those men they look up to with envy, and on whose fall and ruin they hope to rise, intend to reduce all things to a state of tumult, discord and confusion."

Then, which were fighting words: "We therefore, whose names are hereinunder subscribed, do each of us declare and protest, it is our firm opinion that the committees of correspondence in the several towns of this province being creatures of modern invention, are contrived by a junto to serve particular designs and purposes of their own, and that they, as they have been and now are managed in this town, are a nuisance. And we fear it is in a great measure owing to the baneful influence of such committees, that the teas of immense value, lately belonging to the East India Company, were, not long since, scandalously destroyed in Boston."

Fifty-two freemen signed this, and fifty-one of them were bitterly to regret it before many days had passed. The other was James Putnam, who, no one will deny, had the courage of his convictions. But he was careful to leave Worcester County immediately afterward and never again in Massachusetts ventured far from the muskets of the King's soldiers.

Another town meeting was held when the protest was attacked in language as vigorous as its own. It was also voted that Town Clerk Chandler "do, in presence of the town, obliterate, erase, or otherwise deface the said recorded protest, and the names thereto subscribed, so that it may become utterly illegible and unintelligible."

So the clerk, in the presence of the townsmen, blotted out the unwelcome record. He did the best he could with his quill pen, but it was not

enough. His tormenters used his fingers for a paint brush and smeared the lines thoroughly, as may still be seen on the ancient pages. In the meanwhile "many of the protesters, shrinking from the violence of the storm they had roused, and under the compulsion of force, sought safety by submission, and signed penetential confessions of error." But this did not end their penances. Again, and yet again, they were compelled to humiliate themselves publicly in the village Main Street, not only before their fellow towns-people, but before the assembled forces of the county.

The Baleful Regulating Act—A copy of the act of Parliament "for the better regulating the Province of Massachusetts Bay" reached Governor Gage August 6, 1774. If the British Government had sought the most effective way to rouse the people to furious resentment it could have achieved no better success. The principle of the statute was the concentration of executive power, including the courts of justice, in the hands of the Royal Governor. "Without previous notice to Massachusetts and without a hearing, it arbitrarily took away rights and liberties which the people had enjoyed from the foundation of the Colony, excepting the evil days of James the Second, and which had been renewed in the charter from William and Mary. That charter was coeval with the great English revolution, had been the fundamental law of the colonists for more than eighty years, and was associated in their minds with every idea of English liberty and loyalty to the English crown."

Under the charter the councillors, twenty-eight in number, had been annually chosen by a convention of the council for the previous year and the assembly, subject only to the negative of the Governor. Under the new statute there were to be not less than twelve nor more than thirty-six councillors, and their appointment was to be by the King, who could remove them at his pleasure. The Governor was given the sole authority to remove and appoint all judges of the inferior courts and justices of the peace, and all officers attached to the courts and to the council. The sheriffs could be appointed and removed at the will of the Governor and his council as often as they might choose, and for whatever purpose they might consider expedient. In the case of a vacancy, the Governor himself had the appointment of the chief justice and justices of the Superior Court, who were to hold office during the pleasure of the King and to depend upon him for the amount and payment of their salaries.

A singularly dangerous, in fact incendiary provision of the statute was the practical destruction of the institution of trial by jury; for the right of selecting juries was taken from the inhabitants, and given to the sheriffs of the respective counties. And even more dangerous to a great power which hoped to retain its Colonies was its attack upon the

town-meeting, New England's most highly valued institution, next to its churches. Its people "had been accustomed in their town meetings to transact all business that touched them most nearly as fathers, as freemen and Christians," wrote Bancroft. "There they adopted local taxes to keep up their free-schools; there they regulated all the municipal concerns of the year; there they instructed the representatives of their choice; and as the limits of the parish and the town were usually the same, there most of them took measures for the invitation and support of ministers of the gospel in their congregations; there, whenever they were called together by their selectmen, they were accustomed to express their sentiments on all subjects connected with their various interests, their rights and liberties, and their religion."

The regulating act swept away all these privileges. It permitted two meetings annually in which town officers and representatives might be chosen, but no other matter could be introduced. Every other form of meeting was forbidden except by the written leave of the Governor, and then only for the business specified by such permission. "The king trampled under foot the affections, customs, laws and privileges of the people of Massachusetts."

Two other acts empowered the Governor to quarter his army in towns, and to transfer to another Colony or to Great Britain any persons informed against or indicted for crimes committed, in supporting the revenue laws or suppressing riots. He had already been instructed that, in time of peace, he could order his troops to fire upon the people.

Again, to quote the greatest of authorities on the Revolution, George Bancroft of Worcester: "When it became known that a great effort to execute the new statute was designed to be made in Worcester, the uncompromising inhabitants of that town purchased and manufactured arms, cast musketballs, and provided powder for the occasion; and as Gage meditated employing a part of his army, they threatened openly to fall upon any body of soldiers who should attack them.—The shire of Worcester in August set the example of a county congress, which disclaimed the jurisdiction of the British House of Commons, asserted the exclusive right of the colonies to originate laws respecting themselves, rested their duty of allegiance on the charter of the Province, and declared the violation of that charter a dissolution of their union with Britain."

Bad Days for Mandamus Councillors—The enraged and outraged patriots proceeded to make things hot for the mandamus councillors, as those appointed by the Governor under his new authority were called.

These had all been chosen for their pronounced royalist sentiments. They had all been men of highest standing in their communities. Most of them had done brave service in the French and Indian War. Their fellow-townsmen had honored them by election to high office. But when they turned against their own people and openly countenanced and abetted the tyrannical attitude of the King and his government, they were declared enemies, and were treated as such.

Brigadier-General Timothy Ruggles, mandamus councillor, received word from his home town of Hardwick: "If you value your life, I advise you not to return home at present." The freemen of that town, together with those of Greenwich and New Braintree, were roused to the highest pitch of anger. They felt themselves betrayed. Timothy Paine of Worcester was compelled to make a humiliating public show of himself in signing a compulsory resignation. John Murray of Rutland fled in the night over back roads to escape an approaching army of determined men. Abel Willard of Lancaster was found by the people of Union, Connecticut, within their town one August evening. They kept him under watch through the night and started with him over the highway for the county jail. But they had gone no more than six miles when "he begged forgiveness of all honest men for having taken the oath of office, and promised never to sit or act in council." To step outside the county for a moment, when the good people of Plymouth found that their esteemed fellow-townsman, George Watson, intended to act under his appointment, on the first Sabbath following, as soon as he took his seat in meeting, his neighbors and friends left the church, which so undermined his desire for councillor honors that he resigned. Twenty of the thirty-six honored by the King were induced to refuse service. The remaining sixteen did not dare to leave the protection of the soldiers in Boston.

Few men had ranked with Timothy Paine in the esteem of his fellow-townsmen. He had been tolerated as a Tory, but now he had committed a sin which was unforgivable unless he should withdraw from the office forthwith and expressed his humble regret for his transgression. Truth to tell he had not welcomed the appointment, but had not dared to refuse it, for to do so would have been construed as contempt of the authority of the King who conferred it. He found himself between the horns of a dilemma, with the King of England on one horn and his Patriot neighbors on the other.

The County Committee of Correspondence summoned the military companies of the surrounding towns to appear at Worcester, August 22, 1774. Day was breaking as the soldiers began to approach the Common,

headed by their officers, in military formation but without arms. When reinforced by the local soldiery they numbered more than three thousand men. At 7 o'clock they were ready for action. A committee consisting of two or three to a company was instructed to wait on Mr. Paine at his residence on the Boston Road and demand his resignation as councillor.

That gentleman did not hesitate. He must have heard and seen the ranks of determined men marching by his house on their way to the rendezvous, and must have divined their ominous purpose. At any rate, a statement was prepared and signed by him, expressing his sense of obligation to his fellow-citizens, his reluctance to oppose their wishes, his regret at having qualified for the new office, and his solemn promise that he would never exercise its powers.

The committee returned to their respective commands, Mr. Paine's statement was read to each, and was considered satisfactory in its terms. But the assembled Patriots wished to hear it confirmed by the signer himself, and the committee returned to the house and demanded his presence. This he resented. But there was no option, and he accompanied the committee.

In the meanwhile the soldiers had moved from the Common and extended their lines on either side of the main street from the meeting-house to the courthouse. Mr. Paine passed between the lines, stopping at intervals, on demand, to read his confession of repentance. But presently he had plenty of company.

The signers of the Worcester Protest had been informed by the Committee of Correspondence that an apology for their action would be required of them. Forty-three of them had met with representatives of the Patriots in the King's Arms Tavern the evening before, and having signed an acknowledgment of error and repentance, had received a paper which purported to insure them protection against further punishment. Trusting to this document, they mingled with the crowd on the street. To their horror, they found themselves "collected by the Revolutionary magistrates, and on the arrival of Mr. Paine, they were escorted through the ranks, halting at every few paces to listen to the reading of their several confessions of political transgression. Having thus passed in review and suffered some wanton outrage of feeling, in addition to the humiliation of the procession, they were dismissed."

The majority of the visiting militia then departed for their homes, but a force of five hundred strong, accompanied by the Worcester Committee of Correspondence, marched the twelve miles to Rutland to visit Colonel Murray and demand his resignation as councillor. Before their arrival

they were joined by a thousand men from the western county towns. But the Tory had been warned the night before, and had escaped in the darkness, and reached Boston in safety.

A committee of the troops went to his house and inquired for him. They were told by his family he was not at home, and so reported to the Committees of Correspondence. But this was voted unsatisfactory. The Murray house must be searched. So the committee thoroughly investigated the premises, but, of course, found no mandamus councillor. Convinced that their bird had flown, a letter was addressed to him informing him that unless he published his resignation in the Boston newspapers before the 10th of September, they would visit him again. But he never returned to Rutland.

Congress of County Committees of Correspondence—In the summer and autumn of 1774 several conventions of the Committees of Correspondence of Worcester County were held in Worcester, in the King's Arms Tavern or the Courthouse. Their members were: Bolton, Captain Samuel Baker, Jonathan Holman; Brookfield, General Jedediah Foster, Captain Jeduthan Baldwin, Captain Phineas Upham; Charlton, Caleb Curtis, Captain Jonathan Tucker; Douglas, Samuel Jennison; Grafton, Captain Luke Drury; Hardwick, Captain Paul Mandell, Stephen Rice, Lieutenant Jonathan Warner, Deacon John Bradish; Harvard, Rev. Joseph Wheeler; Holden, John Child; Lancaster, Dr. William Dunsmore, Deacon David Wilder, Aaron Sawyer, Captain Samuel Ward, Captain Asa Whitcomb, Captain Hezekiah Gates, John Prescott, Ephraim Sawyer; Leicester, Spencer and Paxton, Colonel Thomas Denny, Captain William Henshaw, Captain Joseph Henshaw, Rev. Benjamin Conklin, Willard Moore; Lunenburg, Dr. John Taylor; Mendon, Captain Nathan Tyler, Deacon Edward Rawson, James Sumner, Elder Nathaniel Nelson, Benoni Benson; Oxford, Captain Ebenezer Learned, Dr. Alexander Campbell; Petersham, Captain Ephraim Doolittle, Colonel Jonathan Grout; Princeton, Moses Gill; Barre (Rutland District), Asa Hapgood, Lieutenant Nathan Sparhawk, Deacon John Mason, Lieutenant Andrew Parker; Shrewsbury, Colonel Artemas Ward, Phineas Hayward; Southboro, Captain Jonathan Wood; Sutton, Amos Singletary, Captain Henry King, Rev. Ebenezer Chaplin; Westboro, Captain Stephen Maynard; Worcester, William Young, Joshua Bigelow, Captain Timothy Bigelow, Lieutenant John Smith.

New County Regiments Formed—One of the first matters to receive consideration was the reorganization of the militia, not including the minutemen. A regiment was made to consist of ten companies, fifty-

nine men to a company, including captain and two subalterns. Previously, the companies had a hundred men, which was regarded as an unwieldy number, especially when assembled as a regiment. By vote of the assembled Committees of Correspondence, the soldiers of the county were divided into seven regiments, as follows:

First—Holden, Leicester, Paxton, Spencer and Worcester.

Second—Charlton, Dudley, Oxford, Sturbridge and Sutton.

Third—Ashburnham, Bolton, Fitchburg, Harvard, Lancaster, Leominster, Lunenburg, and Westminster.

Fourth—Brookfield, Hardwick, New Braintree, Oakham, and Western (Warren).

Fifth—Athol, Hutchinson (Barre), Hubbardston, Petersham, Princeton, Royalston, Rutland, Templeton, and Winchendon.

Sixth—Grafton, Northboro, Shrewsbury, Southboro, Westboro.

Seventh—Douglas, Mendon, Northbridge, Upton.

The vote creating the regiments carried with it recommendations that without delay one-third of the men in each town between the ages of sixteen and sixty be enlisted "to be ready to act at a minute's warning"; that the soldiers of each town elect their captains, lieutenants and ensigns; and that these convene by regiments before October 10 to elect regimental officers.

The militia was an organization entirely separate from the Minutemen. The officers of the latter were summoned to Worcester on October 17 to proportion their own regiments and choose their field officers.

The towns were requested to provide and mount field pieces, obtain proper ammunition, and put themselves in a position of defence.

A strong protest was directed to Governor Gage, in which they wrote, in conclusion: "Bringing into the town a number of cannon from Castle William; sending for a further reinforcement of troops, with other concurring circumstances, strongly indicating some dangerous design, have justly excited in the minds of the people apprehensions of the most alarming nature, and the authors must be held accountable for all the blood and carnage made in consequence thereof. Therefore, this County, in duty to God, their country, themselves, and posterity, do remonstrate to, and earnestly desire your excellency, as you regard the service of the king, and the peace and welfare of the Province, to desist from any further hostile preparations, and give the people assurance thereof by levelling the entrenchments and dismantling the fortifications, which will have a tendency to satisfy their doubts, and restore that confidence so essential to their quiet, and His Majesty's service."

Captain Joseph Henshaw, Colonel Thomas Denny, and Captain Willard were the committee assigned the duty of presenting the memorial. The Governor would not receive them at first, because the address to him was as general and not as Governor. They rectified the error, and received the unsatisfactory answer that "I have repeatedly given the strongest assurance that I intended nothing hostile against the town or country—My wish is to preserve peace and tranquility." No wish ever came farther from fulfillment.

A standing County Committee of Correspondence of the convention was formed, by the union of the committees of Worcester and Leicester, and was authorized to call meetings, communicate with towns in the county, and persons abroad, and present subjects for consideration.

Civil officers holding commissions were directed to continue in the discharge of their duties, excepting Timothy Ruggles, John Murray, and James Putnam.

It was voted that the sheriff "do adjourn the Superior Court and that he retain such as are or may be committed as criminals in his custody, until they have a trial."

It was further voted "that as the ordinary courts of justice will be stayed, in consequence of the late arbitrary and oppressive acts of the British Parliament, we would earnestly recommend to every inhabitant of this county, to pay his just debts as soon as possible, without dispute or litigation; and if any disputes concerning debts or trespasses should arise, which cannot be settled by the parties, we recommend it to them, to submit all such causes to arbitration; and if the parties, or either of them, shall refuse to do so, they ought to be considered as coöperating with the enemies of the country."

Sheriff Called to Account—Sheriff Chandler had presented an address to General Gage from the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas at the June session, congratulating him on his appointment as first magistrate of the province, lamenting the disturbed condition of the times, bearing testimony against all riots, combinations, and unwarrantable resolves; denouncing the circulation of inflammatory papers by order of certain persons, calling themselves committees of correspondence for the towns of Worcester and Boston, which they represent, as stimulating the people to break off all connections with Great Britain, and having a tendency to alienate the affections of the people from the mother country, and to create discord and confusion. The address concluded with the assurance of the signers' exertions to discountenance such proceedings, to support the execution of the laws, and to render the administration successful and prosperous.

The convention voted, "to take notice of Mr. Sheriff Chandler, for carrying an address to Gov. Gage," and appointed a committee to wait on him and require his attendance. That gentleman presented himself before this remarkable body, whose jurisdiction was supreme, and with some hesitation signed the following declaration:

"Whereas, the convention of committees have expressed their uneasiness to the sheriff of this county, now present before them, for presenting, with others, an address to Gov. Gage, he frankly declares it was precipitately done by him: that he is sorry for it, and disclaims an intention to do anything against the minds of the inhabitants of this county; and had he known it would have given offence, he would not have presented that address.—Gardner Chandler."

Court Severely Disciplined—On September 6, there occurred a repetition of the disciplinary measures which had proved so successful in the case of Councillor Paine and other Tories. On August 31, the County Congress of Town Committees issued a call to the militia of the county to report under arms at Worcester on September 6 to prevent the sitting of the Court of Common Pleas and the General Sessions of the Peace under the new laws. On the morning of that day six thousand men were assembled in the town, filling the Common and its immediate vicinity. They were expecting trouble, perhaps a fight with the British regulars, and they were ready for it. Judge Thomas Steele of Leicester and Judge Joseph Wilder of Lancaster had come with the intention of sitting at the opening of the court, braving the anger of the people over the justices' letter to General Gage. Justice Timothy Ruggles was conspicuously absent. Charles Martyn's *Life of Artemas Ward,* 1921, has an excellent account of what happened next, based upon studies chiefly of the Artemas Ward Papers, as follows:

"The County convention gathered in Timothy Bigelow's house (opposite the Courthouse on Main Street), adjourning later to the 'green beyond Mr. Salisbury's.' Its initial resolution was that *'the court should not sit on any terms!* It next requested the people to come together on the Common and choose one man from each company 'as a committee to wait on the judges to inform them of a resolution to stop the court's sitting, if the people concur therein.'

"There followed a considerable delay, selecting the company representatives and then hunting up the justices to inform them officially of what they had already learned beyond any manner of doubt!—that they would not be permitted to hold court. The judges were also told that they, together with the court officers, must show their submission to the

will of the people by walking through the militia ranks to the court-house, there to affix their signatures to a promise to stay all judicial proceedings.

"Next for attention were the local subscribers to a Tory protest of June 20. (That same Worcester Protest and a repetition of punishment.) Most of them had signed a recantation and begged to be taken back into the good will of the community, but this was not considered sufficient. The convention instructed them that they must follow after the judges and publicly read their disavowals. Then, 'notice was taken' of the justices who had signed the Tory letter to Gage.

"The actors having been coached, the assembled militiamen massed in deep ranks on both sides of Main Street, extending from the Old South Church to the court-house. A great sight for patriot eyes—but it bred misgivings among the timid of the people, whether Patriot or Tory. What would come of this show of force, this military array, this massing of the County militiamen against the edict of the King and in defiance of the English governor and commander-in-chief? Many apprehensive thoughts turned toward the Boston Road, along which the redcoats might even now be approaching. Any moment might hear the galloping of horses, bearing the alarm.

"Then came the play—designed by its producers to impress upon all men the resolution of the people of Worcester County to maintain their supremacy; that higher than the law's officials were the people themselves, who would brook no laws other than of their own making. The word was given and the procession started. First through the 'ranges' of the people came the judges of the Court of Common Pleas—two of the three (It would have been three of the four if Ruggles had ventured from Boston) to be pointed at as men who had taken sides with the English Parliament and against their own people. Artemas Ward was the one exception.

"After the judges, the officers of the court. Next followed the justices of the peace—many of these also to be pointed at as having signed the Tory letter. A humiliating experience for men who had hitherto held themselves proudly among their fellows! Last came the townsmen who had subscribed to the local Tory Protest. Every minute or two the procession stopped while the 'leaders,' or chief men, among the local protesters humbly read their recantations. Arrived at the court house, the 'protesters' were dismissed, but the justices and their attendants continued into the building and signed the following declaration:

" 'Gentlemen: You having desired, and even insisted upon it, all judicial proceedings be stayed by the justices of the courts appointed this

day, by law, to be held in Worcester, on account of the unconstitutional act of the British parliament, respecting the administration of justice, in this province, which, if effected, will reduce the inhabitants thereof to mere arbitrary power, we do assure you, that we will stay all judicial proceedings of said courts, and will not endeavor to put said act into execution.'"

Resolutions adopted at an earlier session of the County Convention were copied into the London newspapers, as evidence of the feelings of the people. The editor added the significant inquiries, "Doth this look like submission? Doth it carry the face of acquiescence?"

CHAPTER XXI.

Opening Guns of Revolution

Where the townships of Holden and Worcester come together is a lofty and expansive ridge which owes its name of Stone House Hill to the panicky flight of a band of Worcester Tories in 1774. The Patriot element had lost patience with those who had espoused the cause of the King, and the assembling of militia at the county seat and the disciplinary punishment meted out to offenders, even to royal councillors and judges of the courts, raised the fear in Tory hearts that presently resentment would take sterner form. So a few score of Royalists, in the dark of an early autumn night, stole out to a hiding place in the wilderness, four miles west of the Common, where, if discovered and attacked, they would be at an advantage in defending themselves. They must have had previous knowledge of the chosen spot, a sharply overhanging cliff high up on the southerly slope of the hill. Strategically it was well adapted to their purpose. Otherwise it was an inhospitable region, notorious for its rattlesnakes, exposed to the elements, and difficult of approach by the friends upon whom they must depend for food supplies.

The Tory Fort is much the same today as it was in '74, for it is on a private estate, and, moreover, was never known to many people. The cliff, some twenty feet high, overhangs the ground beneath it to form the roof of a room perhaps twenty feet deep, and thirty feet or more long on the face of the precipice. The garrison could not be attacked from above or from either flank. At the front the approach presented a perfect "field of fire," to use a modern military phrase. Close by was a spring of good water.

The fugitives first erected a breastwork of rock fragments of which the supply was inexhaustible, and gradually increased its height with stone and wood, and closed in the ends, until they had a more or less snug house. They built a fireplace, which may still be seen. Provisions came to them from time to time. They stayed in armed retirement for several weeks, constantly on

guard against surprise attack. They imagined companies of militia and Minutemen organizing to storm their citadel. But the nights grew cold, and an occasional storm set icy wind whistling through crack and cranny of their wall. Their lot was not a happy one.

All this time the Patriots knew exactly where they were hiding, and were content to let them abide there. There was no thought of attacking them, nor of maltreating them should they return from self-imposed exile. Finally, kind-hearted Sons of Liberty took pity on them, and a party of them went out to the Stone House, or Stone Fort, or Tory Fort, as it has been variously called. Presumedly under a flag of truce, to guard against a shot or two. they informed their old neighbors that they might as well go home and behave themselves. With the thought before their minds of winter days and nights on the dreary hillside, the words of the visitors must have sounded sweet to Tory ears. They returned to town, after an experience which was a mighty leavener of love for King George.

The "Powder Alarm"—About the first of September, 1774, a detachment of the King's troops went up the Mystic River one night and carried off a quantity of gunpowder which was stored in the arsenal in Charlestown. News of the raid went over the province with incredible speed, and grew as it went. By the time it got into Worcester County the report had it that the soldiers had slain inhabitants of Boston Neck, and that worships were bombarding Boston.

The effect was electric. "The bells rang out from the spires, beacon fires flamed from the hills, alarm guns echoed through the villages." The Patriots rose almost to a man. The little newspapers of the day stated that before night six thousand men from the county of Worcester were marching to fight to the death, if need were. Dr. Stiles of Worcester set down in his diary that the next morning's sun would have shone on an army of thirty thousand men, concentrated at the point of supposed danger, had not their movement been stopped by word that the war-like rumor was a canard.

The alarm began to reach the county towns in the afternoon following the taking of the powder. The Committees of Correspondence acted instantly, and the alarm was sounded and messengers sent out to summon the soldiery. Pewter platters and leaden window frames went into the crucibles to be melted for the bullet moulds. No one doubted that a battle was to be fought. The militia companies did not march alone. Boys and men, even the aged turned out regardless of everything but a burning desire to avenge their supposedly slaughtered fellow-countrymen. Lincoln wrote:

"The highways, thronged with citizens bearing such weapons as the enthusiasm of the hour supplied, are described as presenting scenes the

counterparts to the display of the military establishment of the Dutch dynasty of New York, as related by Washington Irving: 'There came men without officers and officers without men, long fowling pieces and short blunderbusses, muskets of all sorts and sizes, some without locks, others without stocks, and many without lock, stock, or barrel; cartridge boxes, shot belts, powder horns, swords, hatchets, snickersees, crow bars, and broom sticks, all mingled together.' Such was the spirit animating the community, that men who had never seen the tents of the enemy, left plough in the furrow and the sickle in the harvest, and went out, without discipline, equipments, or munitions, to encounter the trained veterans of foreign lands. Ample evidence was afforded of stern determination to meet even the terrible appeal to war, and a pledge was given of the support every town might hope from its neighbors, in extremity."

Perhaps some good Patriot bore the strange and threatening weapon invented by Colonel Ephraim Doolittle of Petersham, commander of a regiment of Minutemen. A shortage of muskets and other firearms made it necessary to provide substitute arms, and the Colonel produced a weapon which might indeed bring fear to the British heart. It consisted of a long and stout wooden shaft having an iron head to which were attached five razor-edged blades eight inches long. The shaft was to be leveled at the enemy, in which position two blades projected forward like the prongs of a pitchfork; one was set at a right angle to them on either side, and the fifth pointed to the ground, to puncture the enemy's skull by a downward slash. For several feet back of the head the shaft was encased in sharpened iron plates, intended to resist a saber cut, or to lacerate the hand of the foeman who would seize it. At the butt end was a metal point, so that the weapon, which resembled some monstrous, complicated surgical instrument rather than a military arm, could be imbedded in a rampart, to confront a storming party, and discourage its advance. Colonel Doolittle's invention never had a fair trial, for before the day when it would have been needed a sufficient number of muskets had been secured.

Blacksmiths Boycott Tories—Patriotic enthusiasm took other forms than action in town meetings and other assemblies of citizens. Meetings of artisans and craftsmen as distinct bodies were held and spirited resolutions adopted. One of these was the convention of the blacksmiths of the county, held at Worcester, with Ross Wyman of Shrewsbury presiding and Timothy Bigelow as clerk. Their action, signed by forty-three smiths, and widely distributed as a handbill, was an agreement that from December 1, 1774, "we will not perform any blacksmith's work of any kind whatever, for any person whom we esteem an enemy to this country, commonly known by the name of

ROLLSTONE ROCK

Which formerly stood on the Fitchburg hill which bears its name. The colossal boulder was reduced to fragments, carted to the upper end of Fitchburg Common and put together again, that it might escape its threatened demolition

LEOMINSTER HOSPITAL

Photo by Chase Studio

Tories, *viz.* all counsellors in this province appointed by mandamus, who have not publicly resigned said office, also every person who addressed Governor Hutchinson at his departure from this Province, who has not publicly recanted; also every officer exercising authority by virtue of any commission they hold tending to carry any of the late oppressive acts of parliament into execution in America; and in particular, we will not do any work for Tim. Ruggles of Hardwick, John Murray of Rutland, and James Putnam of Worcester, Esq'rs; nor for any person or persons cultivating, tilling, improving, dressing, hiring or occupying any of their lands or tenements."

Worcester County in First Provincial Congress—In the early autumn of 1774, the towns of the county elected each its delegates to the first Provincial Congress, which met at Salem, and quickly adjourned to Concord. Here are the names of the brave men who spurned the commands of King George, the Parliament and the Royal Governor, and gathered to direct the affairs of the Massachusetts Province:

Ashburnham, Jonathan Parker; Athol, William Bigelow; Barre, then Rutland District, John Mason; Boston, Captain Samuel Baker, Ephraim Fairbanks; Brookfield, Jedediah Foster, Captain Jeduthan Baldwin, Captain Phineas Upham; Charlton, Captain Jonathan Tucker; Douglas, Samuel Jennison; Dudley, Thomas Cheney; Grafton, Captain John Goulding; Hardwick, Captain Paul Mandell, Stephen Rice; Harvard, Joseph Wheeler; Holden, John Child; Hubbardston, John Clark; Lancaster, Captain Asa Whitcomb, Dr. William Dunsmore; Leicester, Spencer and Paxton, Colonel Thomas Denny, and afterward, because of the serious sickness of Colonel Denny, Captain Joseph Henshaw; Leominster, Thomas Legate, Israel Nichols; Lunenburg and Fitchburg, Captain George Kimball, Captain Abijah Stearns, Captain David Goodridge; Mendon, Joseph Dorr, Edward Rawson; New Braintree, Captain James Wood; Northboro, Levi Brigham; Northbridge, Samuel Baldwin; Oakham, Jonathan Bullard; Oxford, Captain Ebenezer Learned, Dr. Alexander Campbell; Petersham, Captain Ephraim Doolittle; Princeton, Moses Gill, Captain Benjamin Holden; Royalston, Henry Bond; Rutland, Daniel Clap; Shrewsbury, Colonel Artemas Ward, Phineas Hayward; Southboro, Captain Jonathan Ward; Sturbridge, Captain Timothy Parker; Sutton, Captain Henry King, Edward Putnam; Templeton, Jonathan Baldwin; Upton, Abiel Sadler; Uxbridge, Captain Joseph Reed; Warren (the Western), Gershom Makepeace; Westboro, Captain Stephen Maynard, Dr. Joseph Hawse; Westminster, Nathan Wood, Abner Holden; Winchendon, Moses Hale; Worcester, Joshua Bigelow, Captain Timothy Bigelow.

In the proceedings of this first Congress we find our county men taking prominent parts, under John Hancock, the presiding officer. Colonel Ward of Shrewsbury, Colonel Doolittle of Petersham and Captain Upham of Brookfield were members of the committee which delivered the protest of the Congress against the war-like occupation of Boston to Governor Gage in person, and brought back his irritating and unsatisfying answer. Colonel Ward was the county's member on the committee of thirteen "to consider what is necessary to be now done for the defense and safety of the Province." Moses Gill of Princeton was one of the committee of three "to report a non-consumption agreement relative to British and India goods," and Colonel Doolittle one of a committee of five "to report a resolve recommending the total disuse of India teas."

Mr. Gill was elected one of five commissaries, which proved to be a particularly important post, and which led to his membership in the Provincial Committee of Safety and Supply. Colonel Jedediah Foster of Brookfield was the representative of the shire on a committee consisting of "one gentleman from each county, and one from each maritime town of this Colony, to prepare from the best authentic evidence which can be procured, true state of the number of the inhabitants and of the quantities of exports and imports of goods, ware, and merchandise, and of the manufactures of all kinds within the Colony, to be used by our delegates at the Continental Congress to be held in Philadelphia."

Ruggles Again, but Not in Person—The Committee of Correspondence of the town of Hardwick submitted a communication which caused indignant action. It set forth the form of an association intended for the signatures of Royalists, prepared and sent by Timothy Ruggles to the Tories of Hardwick. The "form" set forth that "apprehending it to be our indispensible duty to use all lawful means in our power for the defence of our persons and property against all riotous and lawless violence, and to recover and secure the advantages we are entitled to have, from the good and wholesome laws of the government, we do hereby associate and mutually covenant, and engage, to and with each other.

"That we will on all occasions, with our lives, and fortunes, stand by and assist each other in the defence of life, liberty and property, whenever the same shall be attacked or endangered by any bodies of men, riotously assembled, upon any pretence or under any authority not warranted by the laws of the land.

"That we will, upon all occasions, mutually support each other in the free exercise and enjoyment of our undoubted right to liberty, in eating, drinking,

buying, selling, communing and acting, what, with whom, and as we please, consistent with the laws of God, and of the King.

"That we will not acknowledge, or submit to the pretended authority of any Congresses, Committees of Correspondence, or other unconstitutional assemblies of men; but will, at the risk of our lives, if need be, oppose the forcible exercise of all such authority."

This was not all of it. Other resolves were along the same line. The answer of the Provincial Congress was to promise any who should be enticed into signing the agreement "that their names would be published to the world, their persons treated to that neglect, and their memories transmitted to posterity with that ignominy which such unnatural conduct must deserve." General Ruggles did not return to Hardwick to put his "form" of association to the test "at the risk of our lives, if need be."

Committee of Safety and Supplies—Moses Gill was an indefatigable member of the small Committee of Supplies which coöperated with the Provincial Committee of Safety and met with it in secret, usually in Charlestown. In the records we find such entries as: "That the Province arms now in Roxbury and Boston be removed by Moses Gill, Esq., to Worcester"; "that Moses Gill, Esq., and Doctor Church be a committee to draft a letter to each member of Congress, to require his attendance directly on receipt of said letters"; "that certain colonels, including Colonel Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury and Colonel Jedediah Foster of Brookfield, have each two field pieces put in their hands"; and that "Colonel Timothy Bigelow be applied to as Captain of the Worcester company."

At a meeting in Cambridge April 29, 1775, letters from John Hancock, "now at Worcester" were read; whereupon, it was voted, "that four reams of paper be immediately ordered to Worcester, for the use of Mr. Thomas, Printer," beyond doubt, that he might continue the publication of the Massachusetts *Spy and Oracle of Liberty* in its new home town.

There is significance in the vote: "That the Rev. Mr. Gordon have free access to the prisoners detained at Worcester and elsewhere, and that all civil magistrates and others be aiding him in examining and taking depositions of them and others." Mr. Gordon was minister of the church and was very active in the Patriot cause.

May 15, 1775, it was voted that Captain John Walker of Worcester, "who came down to the committee for liberty to go into Boston, upon the proclamation issued by Congress, be apprehended and confined as a prisoner of war, he being a half-pay officer, and under the orders of General Gage, and so not included in that proclamation." On the same day it was voted "to permit Captain John Walker, now on his parole of honor, to pass unmolested to his family at Worcester."

The committee knew the value of utilizing its prisoners. "In a letter from Colonel James Barrett it is represented that a prisoner now in Worcester is a paper-maker, and that Mr. James Boice of Milton is in want of such a person in his paper manufactory; therefore, resolved, that Colonel Barrett be, and he is hereby directed and empowered, to remove said prisoner from Worcester to said Boice's manufactory in Milton."

"The Committee of Correspondence of the town of Northboro, having sent a certain Ebenezer Cutler to this committee for trial, upon complaint of his being an enemy to this country, and this committee not having authority to act in the case, as they apprehend, do refer the matter to Congress."

Here is what the committee set up as the daily rations for each soldier in the Massachusetts army: One pound of bread, half a pound of beef, and half a pound of pork, and if pork cannot be had, one pound and one quarter of beef; and one day in seven they shall have one pound and a quarter of salt fish, instead of one day's allowance of meat; one pint of milk, or if milk cannot be had, one gill of rice; one quart of good spruce or malt beer; one gill of peas or beans, or other sauce equivalent; six ounces of good butter per week; one pound of good common soap for six men per week; half a pint of vinegar per week per man, if it can be had." We very much doubt if our soldiers often had the chance to enjoy this substantial menu.

The Committee of Safety was actively preparing for war. In its records we read its recommendation to the Committee of Supplies that it procure pork, flour, rice and pease, and deposit the same partly in Worcester and partly in Concord. It further advised the procuring of all arms and ammunition that could be got from the neighboring provinces, and also spades, pick-axes, billhooks, iron pots, mess boards, cannon balls, etc.

On November 2, 1774, the committee "voted to procure supplies as soon as may be, and that two hundred barrels of pork, four hundred barrels of flour, one hundred and fifty bushels of peas be deposited in Worcester; also at Concord one hundred and fifty barrels of pork, three hundred barrels of flour, fifty tierces of rice and one hundred and fifty bushels of peas. On January 25, 1775, the committee "voted that all cannon, mortars, cannon balls and shells be deposited at the towns of Worcester and Concord in the same proportions that provisions are deposited."

The tension increased. On February 22, the committee "voted that Mr. Abram Watson, on the arrival of more troops (at Boston) take possession of all arms now in the college (Harvard at Cambridge) and send them to Worcester, and also voted that the Province arms, now in Boston and Roxbury, be removed by Moses Gill, Esq., to Worcester." The activities of the Tories were suspected, and also those of spies from the British troops, and as

a precaution the committee voted, "that watches be kept constantly at places where the Provincial magazines are kept, and that the clerk write on the subject to Colonel Barrett at Concord, Henry Gardner, Esq., at Stowe, and Captain Timothy Bigelow at Worcester, leaving it to them how many the watchers shall consist of."

Almost on the eve of Concord and Lexington, April 17, it was "voted that all ammunition be deposited in nine towns in this Province, *Viz.*: Worcester, Lancaster, Concord, Groton, Stowe, Mendon, Leicester and Sudbury." And on the 18th, on which night Paul Revere started on his immortal ride, it was "voted that the towns of Worcester, Concord, Stowe and Lancaster be furnished with two iron three-pounder cannon each; that five hundred iron pots be deposited at Sudbury, five hundred at Concord and one thousand at Worcester; that two thousand wooden bowls be deposited as are the pots, and the spoons in the same manner; also canteens, two medical chests at Worcester in different parts of the town; sixteen hundred yards of Russian linen, eleven hundred tents to be deposited in Worcester, Lancaster, Groton, Stowe, Mendon, Leicester and Sudbury."

The Call "To Arms!"—"Before noon, on the 19th of April, an express came to the town, shouting, as he passed through the street at full speed 'to arms! to arms! The war has begun!'" says Lincoln. "His white horse, bloody with spurring, and dripping with sweat, fell exhausted by the church. Another was instantly procured, and the tidings went on. The bell rang out the alarm, cannon were fired, and messengers sent to every part of the town to collect the soldiery."

The few lines tell the story of what happened in every Worcester County town. The Minutemen were ready. For days they had been expecting the summons. Soon on every road leading easterly could be heard the tramp of marching men, eager, exalted at the task before them.

Rev. A. H. Coolidge in his *History of Leicester* described a typical scene of that momentous day: "Early in the afternoon of the 19th of April an unknown horseman rode rapidly through the village, stopped long enough before the blacksmith's shop to say, 'The war has begun; the regulars are marching to Concord!' and then hurried on to alarm the towns beyond. The blacksmith, who was Captain Seth Washburn, dropped a ploughshare which he was working, rushed into the road and discharged his musket. The members of the companies were called together from all parts of the town. At four o'clock every minuteman was on the common. They were not uniformed, but they came with their Queen's arms, and with their powder-horns and shot-pouches.

"Dr. Honeywood, an Englishman—the physician of the place—had never till that hour had confidence in the ability of the Province to resist the power of Great Britain, but when he saw that little company of resolute, determined men, who had come at a moment's warning, some of them leaving their plows in the furrows, he said, 'Such men at these will fight, and what is more, they won't be beat.'

"The pastor of the church, Reverend Benjamin Conkling, himself a 'high liberty man,' was present, and before the company started, as the men leaned upon their muskets and all heads were uncovered, committed them, in prayer, to the guidance and protection of the God of battles. 'Pray for me and I will fight for you,' said the captain to his venerable mother, and then gave the order 'Forward!' The company began its march but halted in front of the house of Nathan Sargent in Cherry Valley, and Mr. Sargent, to supply the need, melted down the leaden weights of the family clock, and distributed the bullets to the soldiers."

The Minutemen of Worcester County, with a few execptions, were too late, of course, to get into the fighting as the British retreated from Concord. But the towns lying nearest to Concord got the alarm when the morning of April 19 was still young, and some of the mounted men and probably others reached the scene of action before the running fight ended. Among them were Fitchburg and Lunenburg Minutemen, and, it is believed, the mounted company of the Lancaster Regiment of militia with General John Whitcomb, who assisted in directing the attack.

The great majority of the several thousand soldiers of the county did not turn back. They marched on to Cambridge to join the forces from which the Continental Army was created. Their commander-in-chief was General Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury, until he was succeeded by George Washington.

The County Men at Bunker Hill—The battle of Bunker Hill was fought before the arrival of Washington, while General Ward was in command of the militia army, and while the companies and regiments were still in their original form. Among the fifteen hundred Patriots who fought there, "Worcester and Middlesex furnished more than seventy from Brewer's regiment, and with them the prudent and fearless William Buckminster of Barre," wrote Bancroft. "From the same counties came above fifty more, led by John Nixon of Sudbury. Willard Moore of Paxton, a man of superior endowments, brought on about forty of Worcester County; from the regiment of Whitcomb of Lancaster there appeared at least fifty privates." As a matter of fact, there were one hundred and fifty men from Whitcomb's regiment. Burt's Harvard and Hasting's Bolton company and, it is believed.

Wilder's Leominster company also fought at Bunker Hill. Their losses were high. But against the Patriot casualties, were the one thousand dead and wounded of the British army of twenty-five hundred.

One cannot refrain from dwelling briefly upon this picture of the redoubt and breastwork and rail fence stuffed with green hay on that historic hill, and waiting behind them farmers and mechanics, doctors and lawyers and merchants, rich men and poor men, boys and gray-haired veterans of the French War, scores and scores of them from our own home Worcester County towns. We see them meeting trained and perfectly armed regulars of the British Army, and beating them bloodily and disastrously, until Patriot powder is exhausted. Our men had labored among the thousand who threw up the works in a night. All morning the guns of British men-of-war had played on them.

In the bright sunshine of a June afternoon we see advancing up the slope the lines of brilliantly uniformed Grenadiers and Light Infantry, the 57th Regiment and the Marines, a gorgeous, disciplined array, twenty-five hundred strong, firing as they advanced—but too soon and too high. We see Colonel Prescott moving among his men, with the cautioning word, "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes." We hear the sharp command "Fire!" The front line of the British falls almost to a man. They lie as a windrow. The redcoats are staggered. The American fire continues, at point blank range. The British retreat down the hill in disorder. They come again, and again are slaughtered and retreat. With dogged purpose they charge yet again, and this time Patriot powder is exhausted. The fight is hand to hand, American clubbed rifle against British bayonet thrust. Now it is that Worcester County loses its full share of brave men.

With the beginning of active hostilities, Worcester County ceased to be a scene of martial action. But through the long years its people endured supreme trials with fortitude and high moral courage and self-sacrifice. Thousands of its men served in the army and hundreds of them died. The towns filled countless requisitions for men and supplies, and their people paid the bills. As for the campaigns of the Revolution a history of this character has no space to devote to them, for to treat them in narrative form would, naturally, require volumes. Nor is it feasible to consider the personnel of the thousands who enlisted from the shire, drummer boy to commander-in-chief. It is sufficient to repeat that Worcester County contributed more than a generous share in defeating the British forces and winning for the provinces their independence.

Isaiah Thomas Moves to Worcester—The first copy of a newspaper to be issued in Worcester County was the Massachusetts *Spy and Oracle of Liberty* which appeared May 3, 1775. Isaiah Thomas established the paper in Boston in 1770, and it soon became the organ of the Patriots and anathema to the Royal Governors. The strongest of the Patriot writers gave the *Spy* their support. Its influence was felt and feared by the Royalists. Overtures were made to Thomas, with promises of honors, offices, patronage and reward, if he would espouse the cause of the Royal Government. He paid no attention either to their attempted bribes or to their threats of vengeance. His financial ruin was attempted; Patriot friends discharged the sum which he owed for the purchase of his printing establishment. He was summoned to appear before the Governor and Council. Obedience to the executive mandate, three times repeated, was as often refused. Prosecution for libel was instituted by the Royal Attorney-General, but no indictment could be obtained. The name of Isaiah Thomas was placed on the list of the suspected. His printing house was dubbed "the sedition factory." Threats of personal violence went unheeded.

In 1774 Thomas was urged by Worcester County Whigs to establish a newspaper in Worcester. This he finally consented to do. He would continue the Massachusetts *Spy and Oracle of Liberty* at Boston, and publish the Worcester *Gazette and Oracle of Liberty* in Worcester.

But Boston got hotter and hotter for the intrepid publisher and editor. Early in April, 1775, he visited John Hancock at Concord, and what he learned there coupled with what he already knew, impelled him to get his printing plant out of Boston without a moment's delay. On the night of April 16, assisted by General Joseph Warren and Colonel Timothy Bigelow, he packed up his press and type, and they were conveyed across the Charles River to Cambridge, and there loaded on an ox-cart and brought over the road in the night.

Mr. Thomas did not accompany his possessions. He remained in Boston to assist Paul Revere and other leaders in watching the British for troop movements, and on the night of the eighteenth of April was an active figure in spreading the alarm. The next morning, musket in hand, he was busy helping harry the British soldiers in their flight back to Boston. This duty ended, he hurried to Worcester, and on the twentieth started setting up his press in the cellar of Timothy Bigelow's house. Paper was procured, and the *Spy* made its first appearance in the county. Its publisher quickly arranged for its prompt distribution to the towns of the shire and elsewhere, and the *Spy* became a help and a power in the Patriot cause.

Rum and Tea Necessities—The people of the county became very much wrought up over an act of the Massachusetts Legislature imposing duties on spirituous liquors, teas and other articles of luxuries, which, they

declared, were not luxuries at all, but necessities. Said one set of resolutions: "If it is necessary to lay duties for the support of government and the suppression of extravagance, such duties ought to be levied on such articles as are merely luxurious, and not on some mentioned in this act. Spirituous liquors being absolutely necessary for our seafaring brethren, coasting along our shores in boats and lighters, at all seasons of the year, to supply the markets with wood, lumber and fish; also for the farmer, whose fatigue is almost unsupportable in haytime and harvest; and for the beginners in bringing forward new townships where they have nothing to drink but water, and are, perhaps, exposed to more hardships than any other persons. Nor on Bohea tea, which, in populous towns, and in many places in the country, is substituted, by many poor persons, in the room of milk, which is not to be had, and they find it to be a cheap diet. Nor on common chaises and other carriages, such as are kept in the country, for the necessary conveyance of families to meeting, etc., the use of them very often saves the keeping a horse extraordinary, and enables the farmer to keep more cattle and sheep, which are more profitable."

The Committees of Correspondence had their hands full attending to unregenerate Tories. Everywhere these individuals were compelled to redeem themselves in the eyes of their fellows by espousing the Patriot cause, or giving up their arms, or, in some cases, standing committed to the jail. A considerable number of them fled to Boston, believing that the British Army would soon put an end to the rebellion. In Worcester, the local committee ordered the sheriff to bring before it all Royalists who had not complied with the terms of an offer of redemption, and twenty-nine persons appeared bringing with them all their arms and ammunition, as ordered, and these were seized.

The poor little jail on the Boston Road must have been filled almost to the bursting point. In it were confined obnoxious Tories, British prisoners of war, soldiers of the American Army who had offended military law, poor debtors and criminals. The jailer must have moved his family elsewhere to make room for his many guests. Prisoners of war were released on parole when employment could be found for them, and in 1777, were all removed to Ipswich.

Committee of Secrecy Watches Worcester County—In the year 1777, the county, in common with the rest of the province, and, in fact, with every province, was filled with rumors of Tory plots. No doubt there was foundation for many of them. *The Life of Artemas Ward* tells of the feeling of distrust and disquiet as follows: "The protraction of the struggle and the precarious condition of the American cause (early in 1777) emboldened the

Tories and they became 'exceedingly busy.' Reports of internal sedition multiplied and the General Court of May 3, 1777, appointed a new 'Committee of Secrecy.' Only two weeks later General Heath (commanding in Massachusetts), advised the Council that he had received information that May 20 was to be made 'the hottest Day that ever America saw, for on that day the Tories would Rise and show themselves.' He added that he believed 'from several other concurring circumstances uncommon vigilance and Exertion are necessary. Distrust is the Mother of security. It is said that a rendezvous of the Paricides is to be somewhere in the County of Worcester. Are there not in that County a considerable number of Highland Soldiers? Should there be an insurrection, can there be any doubt, that they will not instantly join? And as to their getting of Arms they can easily effect it.'

"May 20 passed innocuously, but dangerous disorder still threatened. The preparations to meet the projected arising had caused its fomenters to delay the attempt, but did not cure their mutinous spirit. They continued 'visiting & journeying from place to place . . . . plotting measures to oppose public exertions, and assist the enemy should a favorable opportunity present.'

"General Ward's home County being especially affected, he left Boston (he was a member of the Council) to return to Shrewsbury for the secret committee—which was equipped with a wide range of power and held authority to direct 'warrants to any Persons Inhabitants of this state for Purpose of arresting and convening any Persons who are liable by law to be arrested for transgressing the Act against Treason and Offences less than Treason and any Acts for punishing Persons inimical to the American States.'" But the surrender of Burgoyne in October, 1777, gave pause to Tory activities in New England, and it is not known that the Committee of Secrecy had to act against the "Paricides."

Burgoyne's Army at Rutland—In the summer of 1778, "you could hardly turn your eyes in any direction without seeing Red Coates" in Rutland, it was written at the time. After the surrender of Burgoyne's army in the previous year, Congress had authorized the building of barracks in some interior town, and in May Moses Gill and Colonel Thomas Dawes were chosen to "repair to Rutland and Barre and procure a piece of ground to erect barracks thereon." They selected as a site land on the present Rutland-Barre State Highway, at the junction of Chanock Road, then the New Boston Road.

Rutland folk were not pleased with the idea of having their town infested with British and Hessian soldiers, and declined positively to coöperate with the government in the building of the barrack. They refused to sell timber, boards and brick at any price. The work lagged. The committee was compelled to obtain of the Board of War the power to seize building materials,

and presently the structure was completed. It was a big building for that day, forty feet wide, one hundred and forty feet long, and two stories. It was divided into twenty-four rooms twenty feet square, each with its fireplace and two glazed windows. Each room had bunks for twenty prisoners. The barrack was surrounded by a palisade of pickets twelve feet high, with a gate at which sentinels were constantly stationed. A huge well was constructed by the prisoners, fifteen feet in diameter and ninety feet deep, which gave an abundance of good spring water.

Under the terms of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, his troops were to be released on parole and permitted to return to England and Germany. Boston was agreed upon as the port of debarkation, and the soldiers were marched to Cambridge to be near the harbor. The British were encamped on Prospect Hill and the Hessians on Winter Hill. The officers had expected to be quartered in Boston, but those who rode on in advance of their fellows and got into the town were promptly ejected. All were assigned to Cambridge, Watertown and Mystic, and had a parole area about ten miles in circumference. One of them wrote: "It is no little mortification that I cannot visit Boston, the second city in America, and the grand emporium of rebellion, but our parole excludes us from it." The debarkation of the British Army was delayed, Burgoyne quarrelled with Congress, and the soldiers were left behind as prisoners of war.

In April, 1778, the transfer to Rutland of the troops, officers and men, was begun. Lieutenant Aubrey, one of the paroled officers, wrote an account of his American experiences, which was published in London in 1789. Telling of the transfer he said: "The intentions of Congress are very apparent as to our detention as prisoners, no doubt as hostages in case of failure to the southward and the ensuing campaign, and the apprehension that some division may be made near Boston so that our soldiers might be released, or escape to any army that may make a landing. The council of Boston, under pretence that the troops would fare better, removed the first brigade of the British, consisting of the artillery, advanced corps and Ninth Regiment on the fifteenth of last month from Prospect Hill to a place called Rutland, fifty-five miles further up the country, at which place they are to stay until further orders from Congress. The rest of the British troops are soon to follow. As to the Germans, the Americans look on them as being so tame and submissive that they are to remain at their old quarters on Winter Hill.

"By an officer who came from Rutland we learned that the First Brigade arrived there on the 17th about two o'clock. The men were sent to the barracks that were picketed in with pickets near twenty feet high, and had been treated with great severity, were very badly supplied with provisions, and denied to go out for anything among the inhabitants. The officers with great

difficulty obtained quarters in the neighboring houses, and those at a considerable distance from each other. It happened fortunately for the troops that a vessel under a flag of truce arrived with some necessaries just before they marched, otherwise the men would have been in a most wretched state."

The commissioned officers were quartered in the homes of the townspeople who seem to have enjoyed a profitable business out of the barrack which they had so bitterly opposed. The officers lived very well, each with his man servant and his horses, paid their bills promptly and strictly observed the terms of their surrender. Evidently they mingled socially with the American families, for three of them fell in love with Rutland belles, and upon departing carried them away as brides.

In spite of Lieutenant Aubrey's charges of ill treatment, the non-commissioned officer and privates were given considerable liberty. They were permitted to leave their barrack to trade with the people for the purchase of food not contained in the regular ration and such luxuries as were available and which they could afford.

Major John Mercereau, D. C. G. P., in charge of the prisoners, seems to have been a forgiving and generous foeman, to judge from the number of complaints lodged against him, alleging over-leniency. One letter in particular attracted the attention of the Council, for in it he was accused of permitting Colonel Campbell, a British officer, to drink the King's health at a tavern in Worcester. He told a committee assigned to investigate the charge:

"Before dinner, Colonel Campbell asked me if I had any objection to his drinking the King's health as it was his birthday and it was his custom to do so. I replied, 'If it did not give umbrage to the company, you may. It will not alter my principles.' The Colonel replied, 'I know it won't.'

"At dinner the Colonel asked, 'Have you any objection to my drinking George?' I replied, 'You may drink to your George, and I will drink my George.' The Colonel asked: 'Who is your George?' 'George Washington is my George.' On which the company put the laugh on the Colonel and after that Colonel Campbell drank George Washington and the Congress.' "

Summoned later before the Council, the major found that his explanation had not exonerated him. He was rebuked with the warning "that his conduct was highly imprudent in suffering Colonel Campbell drinking King George's health on his birthday at Worcester, and unbecoming the character he sustains as Commersary of Prisoners, and that he be more cautious in the future."

But the stay of the British at Rutland was short-lived. When the weather turned cold, the expense of maintaining so many men in that latitude and altitude was found prohibitive, and Congress ordered them sent to Charlotteville, North Carolina. They were marched in five divisions, three British

and two Hessian, a day's march between divisions "for the convenience of both inhabitants and the troops."

In this manner two thousand two hundred and sixty-three British and one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two Germans were transferred to the more salubrious winter climate of the Carolinas.

Poverty and Almost Worthless Currency—As the war advanced, the people became poorer and poorer. So many men were absent in the army that farms were not so well cultivated and productive. But the chief trouble was with the fiat currency. Hard money was scarce. Paper money was continuously depreciating. At one time it took $100 in paper to buy the value of $1 in silver. The inevitable result was that prices of everything, because they must be measured in paper money, soared to extraordinary figures.

Profiteering was prevalent, and the townspeople suffered under what they considered extortionate prices. A town meeting to consider the situation was held in Worcester August 5, 1779, when resolutions were adopted, couched in indignant language. Among other things it was set forth that "as many of the respectable merchants and fair traders have retired from business, their places have been supplied by an augmented number of locusts and canker worms in human form, who have increased and proceeded along the road to plunder, until they have become odiously formidable and their contagious influence dangerously prevalent. Therefore, resolved, that such persons ought not to be admitted to bear a part in mercantile consultations, but should be considered pestilential mushrooms of trade which come up in the night of public calamity, and ought to perish in the same night."

It was further resolved by the citizens, "that whoever refuses to sell the surplus of the produce of his farm, and retains the same for a higher price, by means of an artificial scarcity, is very criminally accessory to the calamities of the country, and ought to be subjected to those penalties and disabilities which are due to an enemy."

There followed a county convention, held at Worcester, August 31, 1779, at which thirty-eight towns had representatives, to act on the recommendations of Congress to the people of the United States, and of a convention held at Concord to the people of Massachusetts, the purpose being to stabilize prices on the basis of the deflated buying power of the currency. This county convention voted "as friends to the sacred and important cause of our distressed country, to use our most vigorous efforts for removing as far as in us lies that club of impending ruin which at present hovers over our country by means of the amazing depreciation of our currency, and the exorbitant price of the necessaries of life."

Then a scale of prices was established above which necessaries should not be sold. To translate some of the items from pounds and shillings into dollars and cents, the maximum permitted were corn $18 a bushel, rye $22.50

a bushel, wheat $40.50 a bushel, beef $1.30 a pound, butter $2.75 a pound, cider $20 a barrel, hay $7.50 a hundred weight, which is $150 a ton; and sheep's wool on the fleece $6.65 a pound. Farm laborers could charge no more than $12 a day, and women's labor was restricted to $10 a week. Teamster's pay was set at $5 a mile, "one way, for carrying one ton gross weight and loaded."

Among other "necessaries" West Indian flip was priced at $3.25 the mug, and West India toddy at $3.25 the bowl. Flip or toddy of New England rum was cheaper at $3 the mug or bowl. Cider was the cheapest drink at 75 cents the mug. A "good common dinner" was priced at $3.25.

To show how prices advanced in the brief span of three years under the influence of a depreciating currency, here are those fixed in November, 1776: Corn 75 cents a bushel, rye $1.12 a bushel, wheat $1.75 a bushel, beef six cents a pound; butter 18 cents a pound; cider $1 a barrel, labor in summer 75 cents a day, flip or toddy made with New England rum 18 cents a mug; wood, good oak, delivered at the door, $2 a cord; "a good common dinner" 15 cents.

The condition of the currency is aptly illustrated in a letter written by Mrs. Timothy Bigelow to her husband, then serving as colonel of the 15th Regiment of the Massachusetts line of the Continental Army, on February 26, 1780: "On account of the heavy fall of snow there is not a possibility of getting wood from the farm at present; no one who does not live on the great road can bring any with a sled. The common price is fifty dollars, and it had been sold for fifty-six dollars the load . . . . The Money you sent me was very acceptable, for I was in debt for Andrew's pair of shoes, forty dollars; and also for mendings in the family, which made the account almost seventy dollars. I paid the servant fifty-eight dollars for what money he had expended on the road (in a journey of about sixty miles). A bushel of malt now sells for thirty dollars, and a pound of hops for six dollars."

Surrender of Cornwallis—The anxious years finally came to an end with the wonderful news of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The word reached Worcester County by express rider early in November, 1780. One can imagine the wild spirit of jubilation. Those who went through the Armistice Day of the World War, November 11, 1918, can realize just what those people felt. November 7 was the day of rejoicing. To quote Isaiah Thomas' Massachusetts *Spy and Oracle of Liberty*: "In consequence of this glorious intelligence, the morning was ushered in by ringing of bells, discharging of cannon, displaying of colors, attended with the shouts of a grateful populace, and even Aurora advanced and unlocked the ruddy gates of the morning with a sympathetic smile."

CHAPTER XXII.

County Twice Threatened With Invasion

General Gage twice threatened Worcester County with invasion. When he learned that the congress of Committees of Correspondence had resolved that the regular sessions of the courts at Worcester, September 6, 1774, should not be held, he planned to send troops to protect the judges and by force, if necessary, prevent interference. But a more formidable projected military undertaking was the dispatch of a powerful army in the spring of 1775, to destroy stores in Worcester and in the towns along the way from Boston. At least twice he sent out spies to make surveys of roads, bridges and fords and the strategic possibilities of the route, and to get first-hand knowledge of the military strength of the Patriots and their degree of preparation. In both instances the spies kept journals of their experiences. That of two officers who made a quick journey to and from Worcester is interesting. That of John Howe, a twenty-two-year-old private British soldier, is a great story.

The County Congress of Committees of Correspondence had been informed of General Gage's intention to compel the sitting of the courts in September. It voted "as it is generally expected that the governor will send one or more regiments of troops to enforce the acts of parliament, on the 6th of September, that Minutemen and militia, if there is intelligence that troops are on the march to Worcester, shall march immediately to repel any hostile force."

The British general's intentions were set forth in an official dispatch sent by him to the Earl of Dartmouth, dated Salem, August 27, 1774, extracts of which follow: "Since the unwarrantable impeachment of the chief justice (Oliver), I understand he has never taken his seat on the bench, but he has promised me to attend the Superior Court at Boston, towards the end of the month, and I hope also he will preside in said Court to be held in Worcester, in September, notwithstanding the threats thrown out against him. I have

engaged to meet him at Boston to prevent violence, which, from the present system, I don't expect to meet with there. I believe I must attend him also at Worcester, where I am to expect it. By the plan lately adopted forcible opposition and violence is to be transferred from the town of Boston to the country.

"In Worcester, they keep no terms; openly threatening resistance by arms; have been purchasing arms; preparing them; casting balls; providing powder; and threaten to attack any troops who dare to oppose them. Mr. Ruggles of the new council is afraid to take his seat as judge of the Inferior Court, which sits in Worcester on the 6th of next month; and, I apprehend, that I shall soon be obliged to march a body of troops into that township, and perhaps into others, as occasion happens, to preserve the peace."

Had Gage then carried out his intention of marching a body of troops to Worcester "the shot that was heard around the world" would have been fired in Worcester County, perhaps even before the British arrived at the county seat. We might now be speaking of the battle of Northboro or the battle of Shrewsbury, or the battle of Worcester Courthouse or Worcester Bridge. What would have happened to British redcoats, fifty miles from their base as the roads were in that day, every mile of the way through bitterly hostile country, is not difficult to picture. But Gage saw light. On September 2 he wrote further to Dartmouth: "I came here (Boston) to attend the Superior Court, and with the intention to send a body of troops to Worcester, to protect the court there; and, if wanted, to send parties to the homes of the councillors (Ruggles at Hardwick, Paine at Worcester, and Murray at Rutland). But finding, from undoubted authority, that the flames of sedition had spread universally throughout the country, beyond conception; the councillors already driven away; and that no court would proceed to business, I waited the event of the sitting of the Superior Court here, on the 30th ultimo. The judges met, but could get neither grand nor petit jury."

The severity of the winter of 1774-75 prevented all military activity on the part of the British. But with the coming of spring General Gage turned his attention to the crippling of Patriot fighting strength by the destruction of their military stores. His two objectives were Worcester and Concord. There is some reason to believe that his original plan was to direct his first expedition to Worcester. The activities of his spies, and his own words to John Howe, might indicate that such was the case. William Lincoln in his history wrote:

First Spies Reach Worcester—"Preparations were making for the march of the forces in the spring into the counties of Middlesex and Worcester, to inflict vengeance on these styled rebels. Captain Brown of

the 53d, and Ensign De Berniere of the 10th Regiment, were ordered by General Gage to make an expedition, examine the roads, note the distances from town to town, sketch the positions of the streams, heights, passes and posts, and collect such topographical information as would be useful for the advance of a detachment. The report of their journey, made by Ensign De Berniere, was found after the evacuation of the metropolis. They left Boston disguised as countrymen, without uniform, and passed through Cambridge, Watertown, and by Framingham to Shrewsbury, on the old road." Here is De Berniere's account of their experience:

"We came into a pass about four miles from Worcester, where we were obliged to stop to sketch. We arrived at Worcester at five o'clock in the evening, very much fatigued. The people in the town did not take notice of us as we came in, so that we got safe to Mr. Jones' tavern. On our entrance he seemed a little sour, but it wore off by degrees, and we found him to be our friend, which made us very happy. We dined and supped without anything happening out of the common run.

"The next day being Sunday, we could not think of travelling, as it was contrary to the custom of the country, nor did we dare stir out until the evening, because of meeting, as no one is allowed to walk the street during divine service, without being taken up and examined. So that, thinking we could not stand examination so well, we thought it prudent to stay at home, where we wrote and corrected our sketches. The landlord was very attentive to us, and upon our asking what he could give us for breakfast, he told us *tea,* or anything else we chose. That was an open confession what he was, but for fear he might be imprudent, we did not tell him who we were, though we were certain he knew it.

"In the evening we went round the town, and on the hills that command it, sketched everything we desired, and returned to the town without being seen. That evening, about eight o'clock, the landlord came in and told us that there were two gentlemen who wanted to speak with us. We asked who they were? On which he said we would be safe in their company. We said we did not doubt that, as we hoped two gentlemen, who travelled merely to see the country and stretch our limbs, as we had lately come from sea, could not meet with anything else but civility, when we behaved ourselves properly. He told us he would come in again in a little time, and perhaps we would change our minds, and left us. An hour after he returned and told us the gentlemen were gone, but had begged him to let us know, as they knew us to be officers of the army, that all their friends of government at Petersham were disarmed by the rebels, and that they threatened the same at Worcester in a very little time.

"He sat and talked politics, and drank a bottle of wine with us, and also told us that none but a few friends to government knew we were in town. We said it was very indifferent to us whether they did or not, though we thought very differently. However, as we imagined we had stayed long enough in that town, we resolved to set off at daybreak the next morning, and get to Framingham. Accordingly, off we set after getting some roast beef and brandy from our landlord, which was very necessary on a long march, and prevented us going into houses, where, perhaps, they might be too inquisitive. We took a road we had not come, and that lead us to the pass four miles from Worcester. We went on unobserved by anyone, until we passed Shrewsbury, when we were overtaken by a horseman, who examined us very attentively, especially me, whom he looked at from head to foot, as if he wanted to know me again. After he had taken his observation, he rode off pretty hard, and took the Marlboro road, but by good luck we took the Framingham road again, to be more perfect in it, as we thought it would be the one made use of."

The horseman was Timothy Bigelow, sent by the Committee of Correspondence to observe the officers, whose military bearing, despite their disguise, betrayed them. It developed that after following the Framingham road to its intersection with the highway through Sudbury, they turned back to Marlboro. There they were in great danger of discovery, but friends arranged for their escape.

After the evacuation of Boston, Isaiah Thomas found the reports of the two spies, which included a plan of Worcester village, with the outline of fortifications, including an extensive camp on Chandler Hill.

John Howe Comes to Worcester—Lost to sight these many years, and now brought to light, the journal of John Howe reads like a tale of thrilling fiction written for the delectation of boys. His story has the additional merit of being cold truth. It affords not only a series of close-up views of war-time conditions, but also many sidelights on everyday life in taverns and homes and on the road in the Revolutionary period. Of particular interest are the word pictures of General Gage himself and his officers at their headquarters in Boston, and of scenes in Concord and along the road to Boston, on the nineteenth of April, '75, as the boy spy raced as a courier from Pitcairn's harassed Grenadiers in quest of reinforcements.

The night before Paul Revere rode from Boston to Concord spreading the word of the coming of the British soldiery to "every Middlesex village and farm." That morning, John Howe, private soldier and spy, rode from Concord to Boston to carry the word that powerful help must be sent, else the Grenadiers must surrender or die. On the way his heart turned from the

King whose uniform he had come to wear, to the "Liberty Men," who were fighting for freedom. We are reproducing his journal in full.

Howe Meets Troublesome Wench—"On the 5th of April, 1775, General Gage called on me to go as a spy to Worcester to examine the roads, bridges and fording places, and to see which was the best route to Worcester to take an army to destroy the military stores deposited there. Accordingly Colonel Smith and myself dressed ourselves as countrymen, with gray coats, leather breeches, and blue mixed stockings, with silk flagg handkerchiefs round our necks, with a small bundle tied up in a homespun checked handkerchief in one hand, and a walking-stick in the other.

"Thus equipped we set out like countrymen to find work. We travelled to Cambridge, about two miles, and found the roads good. Nothing extraordinary took place until we got to Watertown, about six miles. Here we called for breakfast at the tavern. While at breakfast came in a negro woman to wait on the table. Col. Smith asked her where we two could find employment. She looked Col. Smith in the face and said, 'Smith, you will find employment enough for you and all Gen. Gage's men in a few months.'

"This conversation about wound up our breakfast. Smith appeared to be thunderstruck, and my feelings were of the keenest kind. Directly the landlord came in and asked how our breakfast suited. Smith replied 'Very well, but you have a saucy wench here.' The landlord asked what she had said. Smith repeated very near what she had said. The landlord then replied that she had been living in Boston and had got acquainted with a great many British officers and soldiers there, and might take you to be some of them. Then we paid our reckoning as soon as possible. The landlord said it was likely that we could find work up the road. We bid him good morning and set off and travelled about one mile, found the road very good. Here we were out of sight of any house and got over the wall to consult what was best to be done.

"I told Smith that for us to go any farther together would be imprudent. Smith said he thought so, and would return to Boston, if I would pursue the route. He then gave me up the journal book and pencil, and ten guineas with several letters to Tories between Boston and Worcester. Smith said that if he came out with a regiment, he would kill that wench. He told me if I would pursue the route and got through he would insure me a commission. So we parted. The last I saw of Smith was running through the barberry bushes to keep out of sight of the road.

"I then set out toward Waltham Plain, and found the roads good. When I got to the head of the Plain, being about four miles from where we breakfasted, I called at a tavern and inquired if they wanted to hire. The land-

lord asked me where I was from. I told him from the eastward. He asked me what kind of work I could do. I told him farming work, but that I should rather work at gunsmithing, for that was my trade. When I mentioned that, he told me I could get employment at Springfield, for they were in want of hands to work at that business, and said I had better get there as soon as possible for they were in want of guns, for they expected the regulars out of Boston, and they meant to be ready for them. He asked me if I would take some spirit. I told him I would take some New England and molasses, for I well knew that to be a Yankee drink, and the good man wished me prosperity in my business and I set off.

"I found the roads hilly, stony and crooked for about three miles, when I came to a hollow with a narrow causeway over it. Here I left the road and went below to see if there was any place where our artillery could cross. Here I saw a negro man setting traps. The negro asked me what I was looking for. I told him for sweet flag root for the stomach ache. He said it did not grow here, but he had a piece he would give me. He walked out to the road with me.

Giant Tree to Block Artillery—"About ten feet from this narrow road stood the largest tree I ever saw. I asked the black man what kind of wood that tree was. He said buttonwood and further said that the people were going to cut it down to stop the regulars from crossing with their cannon. I asked him how they would know when the regulars were coming, in time enough to cut the tree down. He said they had men all the time at Cambridge and Charlestown looking out. This tree would completely block the road should they do it. I asked this negro how far it was to a tavern. He said one mile to a tavern by Weston meeting-house, another tavern half a mile above. I asked him which was the best, and what their names were. He said the first was kept by Mr. Joel Smith, a good tavern, and a good liberty man, the other was kept by Capt. Isaac Jones, a wicked Tory, where a great many British officers go from Boston to his house.

"Here I left the negro and proceeded on my way one mile; found the road hilly, stony and crooked. Came to Smith's tavern, where two teamsters were tackling their teams. I asked them if they knew of any one who wanted to hire. One of them answered and said he did not know of any body who wanted to hire Englishmen, for they believed I was an Englishman. I asked them what reason they had for thinking so. They said I looked like them rascals they see in Boston. Here I wished myself at Capt. Jones', but to start off then I thought it would not do. So I walked into the house, called for some rum and molasses. One of them followed me in, and told the landlord he guessed I was a British spy. The landlord then questioned me very

closely, where I was from and where I was going. I told him I was going to Springfield to work at the gunsmithing business as I understood arms were very much wanted, but I should like to work a few days to get money to bear my expenses. The landlord told me he believed Capt. Jones would hire me.

"I asked him where he lived, he said about half a mile above and kept tavern at the sign of the Golden Ball. This seemed to pacify the teamsters. I now went on to Capt. Jones'; here I handed him a letter from Gen. Gage. After perusing it, he took me by the hand, and invited me up stairs. There I made him acquainted with all that had taken place from Boston here, it being fourteen miles. He informed me it would not do for me to stay over night, for his house would be mobbed and I should be taken. Here I got some dinner, then he said he would send his hired man with me to the house of one Wheaton in a remote part of the town where I must remain till he sent for me.

"After dinner I set out with the hired man for Mr. Wheaton's. I arrived there about sunset. The hired man informed Mr. Wheaton of my business, and that I was a British spy, and Capt. Jones wished him to keep me secure until he sent for me. Then I was conducted into a chamber with a table furnished with a bottle of brandy, candles, paper, etc. Now I went to work to copy from my head on a journal. I remained here all night. The next day, being the sixth, the good hired man came to see me early in the morning. He informed me that the news of the conversation which took place at Watertown between Col. Smith and a black woman reached Capt. Jones' last evening by the same teamsters you saw at J. Smith's tavern yesterday. They insisted that there were British spies in the house. The news spread and by eleven o'clock there were thirty men collected. Capt. Jones gave them leave to search the house, which they did, in part. Then they went into the kitchen and asked the black woman if there were any strangers or Englishmen in the house. She replied she thought not. They asked if there had been any there that day. She answered, one or two gentlemen dined up stairs this afternoon. They asked her where they went to. She answered they sent them off to Jericho Swamp, a dismal swamp about two miles from Jones' tavern. By this time their fury was subsided. Capt. Jones set up a bottle of spirits to drink, which they drank, and all retired.

"Now the hired man went home, saying he should call again in the evening. After breakfast I went to work upon my journal. Here I set down the number of militia arms and ammunition of this place, sent to me by the hired man by Mr. Jones. After dinner Mr. Wheaton introduced his two daughters, stating to them I was a British officer in disguise. Here we sat and played cards till tea time. After tea the ladies retired and I lie down, being very tired and expecting company.

"That evening about eight o'clock the hired man called for me and said he was going with me to Marlborough, but said we could not go by Capt. Jones' for they were lying in wait for me there. So I bid Mr. Wheaton and his family Good-bye, and off we set on the back road, coming out above Capt. Jones one mile on the Worcester road. Here I found the roads good to the Sudbury river. Here I found myself twenty-five miles from Boston. Here we examined the river for a fording place, providing the bridge should be moved. We found a place which was fordable in Framingham, a town opposite from here.

Esquire Barnes, Gage's Tory Friend—"We proceeded for Esquire Barnes', in Marlborough, and found the roads bad. We travelled all night, examining the roads as well as possible, and arrived at the house of Esquire Barnes at two o'clock in the morning of the seventh. Here we knocked at the door, the Esquire put his head out of the window and asked who was there. My guide answered 'Capt. Jones' hired man.' He struck a light and let us in. I gave him a letter from Gen. Gage. My guide likewise gave him one from Capt. Jones.

"After reading them he took me by the hand, saying he wished me good luck in my undertaking, and promised to assist me all in his power. He set on the table a bottle of brandy and some victuals. After refreshing ourselves, I asked him if he had heard of the affair of the spies at Watertown and Weston. He answered he had, but it was not believed in that quarter. Here my guide bid me good morning and left me. The Esquire said I had better go to bed and rest myself, and that he would find means to help me to Worcester. I went to bed about four o'clock and slept till nine. Then the Esquire waked me, informing me he had been to the tavern, and reports were there that two men, supposed to be spies, by their examining a small bridge near the house where a woman, being up with a sick child, saw them. She said they went on toward Worcester.

"The Esquire told me I must remain there that day, make out the plan of the road so far as I had come, and any other writing I wished to do. He said he would go back to the tavern and see if there was any stir about the spies. If there was, he would let me know seasonably enough so that I could be conveyed to the swamp. Here the table was furnished with victuals and drink, pen, ink and paper, and the Esquire left me to go to the tavern. About four o'clock in the afternoon he returned and said all was quiet. The stories had turned out to be negro stories. I must wait till dark, when he would let me have a horse, as he concluded I was tired to go to Worcester, when I must examine the roads and bridges as well as I could in the night, and I must remain in Worcester till the next night.

Tory Betrays Patriots—"About eight o'clock in the evening I started for Worcester on the Esquire's horse. I rode all night and it snowed all the time. I arrived in Worcester about an hour before sunrise, found the roads very hilly and bad. I had slow work getting along, for I had to get off my horse to examine the road and bridges. Here I delivered a letter to Mr.—— from Esquire Barnes, and one from Gen. Gage. After reading them, he ordered my horse put up, and conveyed me to a private chamber, where he said I must remain all day. Here I was furnished with all things that were comfortable. I was informed of the number of militia, and of the quantity of military stores in this place. Nothing in particular took place during the day.

"After dark, Mr.——— took me to the place where the military stores were deposited, showed me the place where I could break in; also two old wells where I could throw in them the flour and Ammunition. Now I returned to the chamber. After he had looked over my papers, I asked him what he thought of an army coming from Boston to Worcester. He said he did not think a man would dare to lift a gun to oppose the regulars, and asked me what was my opinion.

"I told him that if he would keep it a secret, I would give him my opinion. He frankly declared he would. I then told him if General Gage sent five thousand troops with a train of artillery from Boston to Worcester, they would never one of them get back. Then he answered, 'We, his Majesty's friends, are in a bad situation.'

"Then I collected up my papers, ordered my horse, and started from Worcester about nine o'clock in the evening to go to Esquire Barnes'. The night was clear and cold. I was now fifty miles from Boston and in danger of being captured every moment. The night was long and dismal. I often wished that night that I had never undertaken the business of spy. Nothing particular took place during the night. I arrived at Esquire Barnes' about the break of day on the ninth, where the Esquire kindly received me.

"Here I had some hot sling and a warm breakfast. Soon after breakfast I gave the Esquire my papers. He told me I must go to rest and lie until one o'clock and he would go to the tavern and see if he could make any discoveries which would operate against me. At one o'clock he called upon me and informed me that all was safe, but it would not do for me to tarry in his house that night. I got dinner and then I collected my papers, after the Esquire had given me an account of the militia and ammunition from there to Worcester. Now he took me to his garret window and pointed the way for me to go to Concord. He said I must go across the lots and roads. He said I must start about eight o'clock. Then we retired to a private chamber. We conversed about the British coming to Worcester.

"Then I got my papers and tied them up in a bundle and threw them on a table all ready for a start. Then he set out a bottle of brandy and we drank. Now, it being about eight o'clock, we heard a knocking at the front door. The Esquire told me if he did not return in one moment to make my escape out of the chamber window upon the shed and from there into the swamp, and make for Concord.

Howe's Hair-Breadth Escape—"I heard a man say, 'Esquire, we have come to search your house for spies.' I heard him say, 'I am willing.' I then hoisted the window, leaped upon the shed, which being covered with snow, my feet flew up and I fell on my back in the garden. I recovered a little from the fall, picked up my bundle and hat and made for the swamp. Here I was afraid they would track me, the snow lying about six inches deep. I looked back to the house, and could see lights dodging at every window. I heard horses' feet in the road as if great numbers were collecting at the Esquire's house.

"Now, I travelled, as near as I could judge, four miles, the snow being on the ground. It was tolerably light. I came to a negro's house, where I found a black man and his wife. I told them I believed I had got out of my way and enquired the way to Concord. The man said I had better stay all night and he would show me the way in the morning. I told him my business was urgent, and if he would show me the way to the road which led to Concord I would pay him, showing him a silver dollar. He asked me what my business was, that I wished to go that night. I told him I was going to making guns to kill the regulars, for I thought they would be out of Boston in a few weeks. Now the man consented to go. The woman observed, she wished I could make guns to shoot the regulars, as she understood there had been a number about Esquire Barnes' a day or two. I asked her if Esquire Barnes was a Tory. She said he was. I said I hoped they would catch him and hang him.

"Then I set out with my black guide. We proceeded on to Concord River; my guide went to a black man's, a little above, where he borrowed a canoe, and carried me safe over. He said he would go with me a mile further if I would give him a half dollar, which I readily granted. When we arrived here he went up to a house and said we could buy rum here if I wanted. I told him I should be glad of it, and if he would go in I would follow him. Then he knocked and they bid us come in. Here my guide told them about my coming to his house, and our route across the lots and my business. The people in the house appeared to be very glad. I called for some brandy and it was set on. I told my guide to help himself which he did quite freely. The man of the house said I had better tarry till morning and

he would go to Concord with me, it being now nearly daylight. By this time my guide was fast asleep. I slept till about sunrise, and I called for some breakfast.

"I set out for Concord which was in sight. Mr. Wetherby accompanied me to Concord, where he introduced me to Major Buttrick and several other gentlemen, and informed them that I wanted to get into business, which was gunsmithing. They said I was the very man they wanted to see, and would assist me all they could, and immediately went to hire a shop. Here they brought me several gun locks for me to repair, which I repaired with neatness and dispatch, considering the tools I had to work with.

Hoodwinks Major Buttrick—"I was now invited to take dinner at the tavern with a number of gentlemen. The conversation at dinner was respecting the regulars at Boston, which they expected out. I asked them if there were many Tories in the place. The answer was, they expected there were, but not openly. I was asked by a gentleman where I was from. I answered Pownalborough, down east. The gentleman asked what I would call my name. I answered him, Wood. He asked me if I was a relation of Col. Wood, of Pownalborough. A distant relation, I said. He asked me whether he was called a liberty man. I answered him it was doubtful which way he would be. He said he would write the Colonel a letter immediately to stand his hand. He asked me when I was going to return there. I answered him that I was going right down to get some tools to carry on my business here. 'Inform the Colonel, when you see him, that you have seen old Major Parmenter of Sudbury; tell him I say, that if he turn Tory I will seek his life at the risk of my own.'

"By this time we had got through dinner. After dinner we walked up to the store house to examine some guns. They asked me if I could make such guns. I told them I could make any kind they wished. Here I found a quantity of flour, arms and ammunition. After examining the gates and doors attached to yard and store house, I returned to the tavern, where, after taking some brandy and water, I took leave of them, and set off for Pownalborough after my tools as they supposed.

"Now I set off on the road to Lexington. I travelled about two miles. Here I called at a small house a small distance from the road. I found it inhabited by an old man and his wife. The old man was cleaning his gun. I asked him what he was going to kill, as he was so old I should not think he could take sight at any game. He said there was a flock of red coats at Boston which he expected would be here soon; he meant to try and hit some of them, as he expected they would be very good marks. I asked him when they were expected out. He said he should not think strange if they should

come before morning. He said some supposed they would go up through Watertown to Worcester, 'for we hear they have sent out spies that road.' I asked the old man how he expected to fight. He said open field fighting or any way to kill them red coats. I asked him how old he was? He said 'seventy-seven and never was killed yet.' The old man asked me what parts I was from, and what my business was. I repeated the same story I did at Concord.

"I asked the old man if there were any Tories nigh here. He said there was one Tory house in sight and he wished it was in flames. I asked what the man's name was. He said it was Gove. I very well knew where I was now, being the very house I wanted to find. It was situated in Lincoln, about four miles from Concord, Mr. Gove being one of His Majesty's friends. Here the old gentleman told the old lady to put some balls in the bullet pouch. She asked him how many. He said 'thirty or forty; perhaps I shall have an opportunity to give some to them that have not got any.' The old woman pulled out an old drawer and went to picking out. The old man said, 'Old woman, put in a handful of buckshot, as I understood the English like an assortment of plums.' Here I took leave of them.

"I travelled on the Lexington road about one mile, then I turned out west for Mr. Gove's house, arrived there about half an hour after sunset, inquired for the man of the house. He immediately came forth. I told him I wanted to speak to him in private. He took me to a private room. I informed him of my business and told him I put my life in his hands. I laid my papers on the table and asked him to examine them. He told me to give myself no uneasiness for he was my friend. He informed me he was at Southboro at the time I escaped from Esquire Barnes'. He informed me the mob were supplied with tar and feathers to apply to the Esquire, if they found me in the house.

"I was furnished with refreshment and apparatus for continuing my Journal. I wrote till about 10 o'clock when Mr. G. came into the chamber and informed me he must remove me to an out house he had at a small distance to lodge, for fear that the plot would be found out at Concord, and his house would be immediately searched. According I did, and retired to rest. He called me about break of day, this being the 11th day, and said I might return to my chamber, and he would go to Concord, and see if he could hear anything new.

"He returned from Concord about 10 o'clock, and said they were very much pleased with the prospect of having an armory established there. He said I must stay until evening, and he would convey me to Charlestown which was about twelve miles. Accordingly about eight o'clock in the evening

we set off for Charlestown on horseback, and examined the road through Lexington to Charlestown, and arrived there about twelve o'clock. I took leave of Mr. G. and he took the horse I rode and returned back. I went to the ferry and took a boat and crossed over to Boston the 12th (April), about two o'clock in the morning and retired to my quarters to rest.

Gives Sound Advice to General Gage—"About sunrise I turned out, threw by my Yankee dress and put on my British uniform, and walked down King street, and directly met Col. Smith. He took me by the hand and said, 'How do you do, John? We heard you broke your neck jumping out of Barnes' chamber window.' Smith further said 'Come up to the General's quarters.' I told him I should rather go after breakfast. 'Tell me nothing about your breakfast; you are under me now.' Accordingly, we went to the General's quarters, where the officers were generally collected. I thought they had been taking their bumpers rather too freely by their actions.

"The General said, 'Good morning, John. How do you like the rebels?' I replied I should not like to fall into their hands. I took my papers out and presented them to the General. I asked him after he had perused them if he would return them to me. He told me he would, with fifty guineas in them. The General said, 'Adjutant, take charge of the papers.' He took the papers, handed me a guinea. He said, 'Take that, John, and go and get some liquor; you are not half drunk enough for officers' company.' The General told me to call at his quarters at 11 o'clock. Accordingly I did.

"The General said 'John, we have examined your journal; you are well deserving the name of a good soldier and a lucky and expert spy. How large an army will it take to go to Worcester and destroy the stores and return safe?' By answering that question I must stand or fall, but I was determined to give my opinion in full, turn as it would. I said, if they should march 10,000 regulars and a train of artillery to Worcester, which is forty-eight miles from this place, the roads very crooked, stony, and hilly, the inhabitants generally determined to be free or die, that not one of them would get back alive.

"Here Smith exclaimed, 'Howe has been scared by the old women.' Major Pitcairn says, 'Not by a negro wench, John,' which caused a great laughter. The General asked me what I thought of destroying the stores at Concord, only eighteen miles. I stated that I thought five hundred mounted men might go to Concord in the night and destroy the stores and return safe; but to go with 1,000 foot to destroy stores the country would be alarmed, that the greater part of them would get killed or taken. The general asked me what I thought of the Tories? I stated that they were generally cowards, and no dependence could be placed on them. The General asked me how old I

was. I told him twenty-two. He said my judgment was very good for a beardless boy of twenty-two. 'Here are your papers and money, John. You shall be exempt from carrying a firelock.' And I was dismissed for that day.

"He said I must call again the next day at nine o'clock. Accordingly the next day at nine o'clock I called at the General's headquarters. He said he should want me to put on my Yankee dress and go on horseback through Malden, Lynn, and Marblehead to Salem, on the 18th, at night, to carry letters to the Tories in those places, to have them use their influence to restrain the militia and secure the arms and ammunition, if they should attempt to take up arms against His Majesty's regulars, 'as I shall detach Major Pitcairn to march on the 19th, at one o'clock in the morning with 800 grenadiers'; to have me on my return from Salem, if I heard of any alarm from the Americans, to ride through the adjacent towns east of Concord to see what preparations were making; if any to let Major Pitcairn know without delay. This I told the General I would undertake. He might rely on my faithfulness in this dangerous undertaking.

"Accordingly on the 18th, the troops were put in readiness. About two o'clock we embarked and crossed over to Charlestown. Here I left the troops, mounted on a country horse prepared for the purpose, with my Yankee dress. I called at Malden on Mr. Goodridge, delivered him a letter from the British general. I rode from this place to Lynn. Here I called on another Tory, delivered my letter. I now proceeded to Marblehead. There I delivered another message. Then I proceeded to Salem, where I arrived about daybreak, making the distance about fifteen miles. Here I refreshed myself and my horse. About sunrise I mounted, returned back to Lynn, where I called for a breakfast.

"While at breakfast the thundering news came that the regulars had gone to Concord and had killed eight men at Lexington. Such a confusion as the people were in I never heard or saw. They asked me where I had been and where I was going. I told them I was a Bostonian and had been to Salem to notify the people that the regulars were going out of there to Concord. They said I had better make my way through Reading and Woburn, also through Billerica to Bedford and Concord, and notify the people that the regulars had gone on, and have themselves in readiness to march to Concord. Now I set out full speed. Wherever I saw the people were alarmed, I informed them that the British had come out and gone to Concord, and for their lives and country to fly to arms. Where there was no alarm I made none. When I arrived at Woburn I found the militia about on their march for Concord.

"I made the best of my way through Bedford to Concord. Here my horse failed me in some measure. Here I overtook crowds of militia. I told them

to drive on. I told them I was afraid the regulars would leave the town of Concord. This kind of alarm I gave the people all the way. I soon arrived at Concord where I found confusion, sure enough. Here I found militia pouring in from every quarter.

"I rode up to Major Pitcairn and informed him the militia were turning out all the way from Concord to Salem. Major Pitcairn informed me he must have a reinforcement from Boston, or else he could not get a man back to Charlestown, for they were very sore and fatigued. I was furnished with a fresh horse and set off for Boston and alarmed the people on the road to fly to arms and waylay the regulars from behind fences and walls and anything that would cover them from their fire. No person mistrusted but what I was a faithful American through the whole route. When I arrived in Charlestown I met Lord Percy with a regiment of regulars and two pieces of artillery. I passed the troops and went to the ferry and crossed over to Boston, went to Gen. Gage's headquarters and informed him of my route, and all that had taken place. He said he did not think the damned rebels would have *taken up arms against* His Majesty's troops, etc.

"From this time I was determined to leave the British Army and join the Americans."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Shays' Rebellion

Looking back of Shays' Rebellion, many of the principal activities of which center in Worcester County, it appears as an incident of minor historical importance. Yet in those few months of 1786-87 there existed in Massachusetts a very real threat of grave consequences to the new republic. When thousands of men, most of them war-wise veterans of the Continental Army, rose in arms and closed the courts by force, and, flushed with success, set out to establish a new order of government more to their liking, the situation contained all the explosive elements which might easily culminate in sanguinary civil war.

President George Washington and his associates at the national capital were much disturbed. They realized that the uprising might be strictly a local affair, perhaps capable of peaceful adjustment. But they feared it was the result of a carefully nurtured British attempt to breed mischief which would spread beyond New England. "What is the cause of all these commotions?" demanded Washington in a letter to a friend. "Do they proceed from licentiousness, British influence dessimated by the Tories, or real grievances which admit of redress?" His friend, General Knox, replied, "From all information I have been able to obtain, I should attribute them to all three causes which you have suggested." The suspicions of the President did not abate. In a later letter he declared that he felt no doubt that Great Britain was "sowing the seeds of jealousy and discontent among the various tribes of Indians on our frontier," and "that she would improve every opportunity to foment the spirit of turbulence within the bowels of the United States." Many Massachusetts leaders thought likewise and may have had cause. But it needed no British agent to instill in the minds of the rank and file of the people the conviction that if they were to save their little estates and keep out of the debtors' prison, their only recourse was the closing of the courts and bringing to an end the flood of judgments against them.

Providentially as it would seem, two obstacles intervened to prevent the rebellion from winning more than a transient success. One was the New England climate. The other was the choice of Daniel Shays of Pelham as commander-in-chief. The winter of 1786-87 was one of utmost severity. Blizzard followed blizzard, and, as it chanced, each picked a time most inopportune to the plans of the rebels. Shays possessed no quality of leadership. Physically brave in battle, he was lacking in principle and the finer instincts. When in 1780 Lafayette presented a sword to each of the American officers who served directly under him, a pledge of regard and appreciation which any good soldier would have cherished as a precious possession, Shays quickly sold his for a few dollars. As a lieutenant, he was sent from the Continental Army to New Hampshire to raise recruits. He enlisted an entire company under a pledge that they would serve under no captain but himself. Returning to camp, the inspector was about to distribute the recruits to various commands, when Shays produced the enlistment papers, and pointed to the conditions contained therein. After indignant remonstrance, rather than to lose so many men, Shays was given the company and eventually the promised commission as captain. We mention these incidents to show the type of man he was. When it became evident that the cause of rebellion was lost, he was first to seek forgiveness from the government, and, this failing, took to flight, leaving his subordinates to shoulder the responsibility. His only claim to distinction was to give the rebellion its name.

Had the insurgents been led by a man resolute and bold and of outstanding military skill, it might have taken more than winter storms to discourage their efforts, and battle with government troops might have followed. As it was the rebellion was little more than a flash in the pan.

The Causes of the Revolt—William Lincoln's account of the Rebellion, contained in his *History of Worcester,* generally accepted as authoritative, summarizes the causes as follows. "After eight years of war Massachusetts stood, with the splendor of triumph, in republican poverty, bankrupt in resources, with no revenue but an expiring currency, and no metal in her treasury more precious than the Continental copper, bearing the devices of union and freedom. The country had been drained by taxation for the support of the army of independence, to the utmost limit of its means; public credit was extinct, manners had become relaxed, trade decayed, manufactures languishing, paper money depreciated to worthlessness, claims on the nation accumulated by the commutation of the pay of officers for securities, and a heavy and increasing pressure of debt rested on the Commonwealth, corporations and citizens.

"The first reviving efforts of commerce overstocked the markets with foreign luxuries and superfluities, sold to those who trusted to the future to supply the ability of payment. The temporary act of 1782, making property a tender in discharge of pecuniary contracts, instead of the designed remedial effect, enhanced the evils of general insolvency by postponing collections. The outstanding demands of the Royalist refugees, who had been driven from large estates and extensive business, enforced with no lenient forbearance, came in to increase the embarrassments of the deferred pay day.

"At length a flood of suits broke out. In 1784 more than two thousand actions were entered in the County of Worcester, then having a population less than fifty thousand, and in 1785 about seventeen hundred. Lands and goods were seized and sacrificed on sale, when the general difficulties drove away purchasers.

"Amid the universal distress, artful and designing persons discerned prospect for advancement, and fomented the discontent by inflammatory publications and seditious appeals to every excitable passion and prejudice. The Constitution was misrepresented as defective, the administrations as corrupt, the laws as unequal and unjust. The celebrated papers of Honestus directed jealously toward the judicial tribunals, and thundered anathemas against the lawyers, unfortunately for them, the immediate agents and ministers of creditors. Driven to despair by the actual evil of enormous debt, and irritated to madness by the increasing clamor against supposed grievances, it is scarcely surprising that a suffering and deluded people should have attempted relief, without considering that the misery they endured was the necessary result from the confusion of years of warfare."

The position of the debtor in the eighteenth century was very different from what it is today. There were no insolvency or bankruptcy laws to purge him of his honest debts and thus permit him to start anew. There were no banks. Loans were made from one man to another, usually at high rates of interest and with security covering much if not all of the borrower's possessions. As a rule creditors were hard. Old letters show that they met with cold refusal the most pitiful appeals for more time in which to pay. If a man owed money payable on a given day, it had to be paid on that day. Otherwise mortgaged property was sold forthwith. An execution levied against a man was promptly put into effect. Often, to be sure there was good reason for haste, for there was no law under which a bankrupt estate could be equitably divided among creditors. The first to get a judgment took the first bite. If it required all of a man's property to meet the claim, the creditor took it all. If, after all was gone, a few dollars of debt remained, the debtor could be committed to jail and kept there as long as the creditor would pay the required dollar or more weekly for the prisoner's board.

NEW WORCESTER POST OFFICE

Photo by Paul W. Savage

In 1784 one hundred and four offenders were committed to the Worcester County Jail—ten under sentence for criminal offenses, ninety-four for debt. If in Worcester County today the same proportion of its citizens were imprisoned because they could not meet their obligations, the jails would have a thousand more prisoners than now occupy them. So crowded was the old jail in Worcester that the poorer debtors were crowded fifteen in a room.

The menacing aggregate of private indebtedness of which the innumerable law suits were the result was the accumulation of several years. During the Revolution the people had exercised the most rigid economy in their manner of living and in their financial affairs generally. There followed as a reaction, an extremity of extravagance which had no precedent in New England. In the closing period of the war, there had been a very large influx of gold and silver money, chiefly from disbursements of the French and British armies, and also from foreign trade conducted under the protection of the French fleet. Massachusetts got a large share of precious currency during the visit of the French fleet to Boston following the taking of Yorktown. But the specie soon disappeared, largely because of great sums sent abroad in payment for luxuries. There was hoarding of currency, also. Finally trade in Worcester County was practically paralyzed, labor was without employment, and there was so little money that trade was reduced to the level of barter. There was clamor for fiat money, as there always is under such circumstances, insisted upon by demagogs ignorant of or ignoring the inevitable consequences.

As was inevitable in New England, the people turned to town meeting and county convention. Of the latter the first was held in 1782, with representatives present from twenty-six towns. They set forth a list of grievances, which was the foundation upon which succeeding conventions built as fast as new causes of complaint were discovered or imagined.

The 1782 convention recommended that the towns instruct their representative to require immediate settlement with all public officers entrusted with the funds of the Commonwealth, and if settlement were delayed, to withdraw from the General Court and return to their constituents; to reduce the compensation of members of the House and other State officials, and likewise the fees of lawyers; to insist upon contribution to the support of the Continental Army in specific articles instead of money; to demand that an account of public expenditures be rendered annually to the towns; and finally to demand the removal of the General Court from Boston. There was a feeling abroad that in the State capital undue influences were brought to bear upon the body of representatives.

In succeeding years similar connventions were held by invitation of the towns, at Sutton, Leicester and Paxton. Each added to the list of grievances, until they became almost innumerable, and town meetings added others. It is related that at such a gathering, a citizen asked one of the most active of the discontents what grievances he himself suffered and what were the principal evils among them. "There are grievances enough, thank God," was the reply, "and they are all principal ones."

In the meantime companies of "Regulators," as they first called themselves, were forming and drilling. Not every town had them. Perhaps lack of leaders was to blame for this. The shire town showed no active interest in the military preparations. The eastern counties were not deeply affected, but in some of the towns of Hampshire and Berkshire the movement reached fever heat. Worcester County communities which had no companies sent recruits to neighbor towns which had.

Rebel March on Worcester—The crisis came in early September, 1786. The government had plenty of warning of what was to be expected, but the Governor and other officials found it impossible to believe that the people of Massachusetts would resort to armed rebellion. Therefore no precautions were taken for protecting the sessions of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions which were scheduled for the first week in the month.

On Monday night of court week, a company of eighty armed men commanded by Captain Adam Wheeler of Hubbardston marched into Worcester and took possession of the courthouse. Early the next morning his force was increased to a hundred men, and there were as many more without arms. The judges were assembled at the house of Joseph Allen, clerk of courts, which stood on the south corner of Main and School streets.

Shortly before noon the judges started for the courthouse. In the little procession were Chief Justice Artemas Ward and his associates of the Common Pleas, the justices of the Sessions, the clerk, the high sheriff and other court officers, and the members of the bar. Court Hill was crowded with rebels and spectators. On the outskirts paced a sentinel. As the judges approached he challenged them, levelling his musket which carried a bayonet. The Chief Justice was furiously indignant. "Present arms!" he commanded. The sentry, formerly a subaltern in Ward's own regiment, mechanically obeyed. The insurgents opened their ranks to let the procession through and proceeded to the courthouse steps. At the door was a file of men with fixed bayonets, with Captain Wheeler at their front.

"Who commands the people here?" thundered the old general. "By what authority and for what purpose have you met in hostile array?" He ordered

the crier to open the doors and he threw them back. There stood revealed a triple line of soldiers with levelled muskets. The Chief Justice was not to be so rebuffed. He advanced and the bayonets were turned against his breast. Again and again he demanded who commanded the people there. At length, Captain Wheeler, first disclaiming the rank of leader, replied that they had come to relieve the distresses of the county by preventing the sitting of the courts until the people could obtain redress for their grievances. The judge answered that he would satisfy them that their complaints were without foundation.

He was informed by Captain Smith of Barre that any communication he had to make must be reduced to writing, and this the Chief Justice indignantly refused to do. He told the assembled officers and men that he "did not value their bayonets. They might plunge them to his heart. But while that heart beat he would do his duty. When opposed to it, his life was of little consequence. If they would take away their bayonets and permit him to be heard by his fellow-citizens, and not by the leaders alone, who had deceived and deluded them, he would speak, but not otherwise." The officers refused to permit an address. They feared the effect of the words of so influential and determined a man. They had not come there to listen to long speeches, they told him, but to resist oppression. They had the power to compel submission, and demanded an adjournment of the court without delay. Judge Ward refused to answer any demand or request unless it was accompanied by the name of him who made it.

They ordered him to "fall back." The drum was beat and the order to charge given. The soldiers advanced until the points of their bayonets pressed hard upon his breast. "He yielded not an inch, but stood immovable as a statue," although the steel was piercing his clothing. The soldiers could not stand the strain. They feared to wound the distinguished jurist. They were struck with admiration at his stand. The bayonets were withdrawn and the judge ascended the courthouse steps and addressed the insurgents and spectators. He had never been a ready speaker; eloquence was foreign to his make-up. But on this occasion, inspired by the thought that the fruits of the long labors of Massachusetts patriots were imperiled by rebellious citizens, he soared to hitherto unknown heights. In a style clear and forceful, "he examined their supposed grievances, exposed their fallacy, explained the dangerous tendency of the rash measures, admonished them that they were placing in peril the liberty acquired by the efforts and sufferings of years, plunging the country in civil war, and involving themselves and their families in misery; that the measures they had taken must defeat their own wishes, for the government would never yield to force." For nearly two hours he spoke. He was frequently interrupted, but never lost the thread of his argument.

Finally he addressed himself directly to Captain Wheeler and advised him to order the troops to disperse. "They are waging war," he said "which is treason and the end will be"—he paused—"the gallows!"

The judges then retired through a respectful gathering and repaired to the United States Arms Tavern across Main Street, which hostelry, removed only a few years since, is remembered today as the Exchange Hotel. Their court was opened and immediately adjourned to the following day.

The judge had done a fine and brave thing. His argument and warning were sound, and under ordinary circumstances would have been convincing. But the insurgents were in no mood to be convinced. Their wrongs, real and imaginary, rankled as deeply after listening to his words as before. The threat of the gallows did not move them. Perhaps the Chief Justice symbolized to them that which they were attempting to correct by force of arms.

It happened at this time that a petition of Athol citizens was presented to the court, asking that no judgments be rendered in civil actions, except where debts would be lost by delay, and no trials held unless with the consent of both parties to the action. The request was exactly in line with the views of the justices. Had there been no interference they would probably have adopted some such temporary rule. But under the new circumstances no concession of any sort was possible.

Almost simultaneously with the receipt of the petition, Captain Smith of Barre unceremoniously entered the presence of the judges and, drawn sword in hand, presented a paper which he said was a petition of "the body of people now collected for their own good and that of the Commonwealth requiring an adjournment of the court without delay." His manner was threatening as he demanded an answer within half an hour. Judge Ward informed him that no answer would be given, and he retired. In the evening an interview was asked by a committee. The answer was that the court would have no dealings with men under arms against the State but an intimation was given that the request of the people of Athol was considered reasonable, which terminated the conference. The committee reported the results to the body of insurgents. They voted it unsatisfactory, and decided to remain until the next day.

Through the night the courthouse was guarded as if it was a fortress. Sentinels were placed along the front of the building and in Main Street. Men off duty slept in the court room and were quartered by their friends. At daybreak the force formed on Court Hill and was addressed by the leaders. During the morning another committee waited upon the court and renewed the demand that adjournment be without day, and again met with peremptory refusal. The judges assured the committee that if the armed force would disperse, the people of the county would have no cause for complaint with the course the court would pursue.

The "Regulators" had been reinforced by two hundred men from Holden and Ward (Auburn), and now mustered four hundred men, half of them carrying muskets, the remainder sticks. They formed in column and marched through Main Street with their music, inviting all who sought relief from oppression to join their ranks. But they won no recruits and returned to the courthouse. Sprigs of evergreen had been distributed and stuck in their hats as a symbol of their cause, and a young pine tree was set up as a standard.

Orders had been dispatched to the colonels of the county brigade of militia to call out their regiments and march without delay, but so strongly was the dissatisfaction shared by the people, that the officers reported it beyond their power to muster their men. The military arm of the government was paralyzed. The justices saw that the only alternative was to adjourn court and ordered the sheriff to proclaim to the people that all cases were continued until the next term. The answer of the insurgents was to parade their two hundred unarmed men before the house of Clerk Allen to which the justices had retired. They halted there for an hour, meditating violence. Then the main body marched down and passed through them, and the entire command proceeded to the Common where they paraded in line, and appointed another committee to wait upon the court, with the same unsatisfactory result. The Court of Sessions followed the example of the superior tribunal and adjourned its sitting to November 21. Before nightfall, the Regulators had dispersed and were returning to their home towns.

The judges went from Worcester to Springfield, where the courthouse was under guard by a body of militia. But the assembled insurgents were rapidly increasing in numbers, and it was considered inexpedient to continue the sitting, and on the third day the court adjourned, having heard no cases.

The Legislature Intervenes—To meet the emergency, the Legislature assembled in special session on September 27. The gravity of the situation was recognized, but the members were divided on the course which should be taken. Many of them were in sympathy with the insurgents and were not keen on casting their votes for laws imposing heavy punishments on this special class of offenders. But an agreement was finally reached, and various acts were passed to strengthen the arm of the government and to remove some of the oppressions.

One law provided particularly severe penalties in case of the assembling of armed persons or of riotous or tumultuous assemblies, whether armed or not. The full punishment for offenders was that they should forfeit all "lands, tenements, goods and chattels," and should further "be whipped thirty-nine stripes on the naked back, at the public whipping post, and suffer imprisonment for a term not exceeding twelve months nor less than six

months; and once every three months during the said imprisonment receive the same number of stripes on the naked back, at the public whipping post, as aforesaid." The law of *habeas corpus* was suspended, and the Governor and Council were empowered to cause the arrest and imprisonment without bail of anyone whom they considered dangerous to the Commonwealth.

As remedies of existing evils, full pardon was offered for offenses already committed in the course of the rebellion; an act provided for the payment of back taxes in kind; and another reduced the costs of civil actions. An address to the people summarized the indebtedness of the State, explained the necessity of taxes as levied, and declared that some of the grievances offered were without foundation, and that State officials were by no means overpaid. The solons concluded by giving the people a scolding. They were blamed for unnecessary extravagances, particularly for wasting money on "gewgaws imported from Europe and the more pernicious produce of the West Indies," notably rum and molasses from which to make it, and for indulgences "in fantastical and expensive fashions and intemperate living." But the address conceded that "the taxes were indeed very great."

Court of Sessions Interrupted—When the 21st of November came round, no defensive steps were taken to guard the Court of General Sessions at Worcester, because, as its jurisdiction was chiefly over criminal offenses, no interruption was anticipated. But on that day sixty armed men under command of Abraham Gale of Princeton marched into Worcester, and the next morning a hundred more arrived from Hubbardston, Shrewsbury and other towns. A committee presented a petition to the judges at the United States Arms asking for their adjournment until a new choice of representatives could be made. But the petition was not received. The insurgents then took possession of the grounds around the courthouse, and when the judges approached, they found their advance checked by rows of bayonets.

The sheriff, Colonel William Greenleaf of Lancaster, tried reasoning with the rebels, but to no purpose. Next he read the riot act. He then remarked with great severity on the conduct of the men about him. Whereupon one of the leaders replied that they were only seeking relief from grievances, that one of the most intolerable among them was the sheriff himself, and next to his person were his fees, which were exorbitant, particularly in criminal executions.

"If you consider fees for executions oppressive," replied the angry sheriff, "you need not wait long for redress, for I will hang you all, gentlemen, for nothing, with the greatest pleasure." Then some sly hand stuck a sprig of evergreen in his hat, and he departed with the judges, wearing the badge of rebellion.

This second assault on the courts caused a revulsion of feeling on the part of many whose sympathies had been strongly with the rebel. So long as their purpose was simply to check the flood of executions which wasted their property and brought misery to their families, their acts of military violence were regarded with indulgence, not only by the people but by the government itself.

The insurgents, however, had fallen into the error of construing a policy of extreme leniency as a symptom of weakness and fear, and instead of accepting results already obtained by their aggressive action, proceeded to extend their plans from present relief to permanent change. Their interference with the criminal sitting, which had no bearing whatsoever upon their grievances, wiped out sympathy and roused indignation. The dignity of the Commonwealth had been flouted. Stern methods of suppression were imperative, even should they threaten actual civil war and the shedding of blood.

Governor Bowdoin and his Council were informed that large bodies of insurgents were forming, and were proposing to oppose the session of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas to be opened at Worcester, Monday, December 4. The Governor and his Council determined to protect the court with an amply strong body of troops, and orders were issued to General Warner to call out the militia of his Worcester County division, and five regiments were directed to hold themselves in instant readiness to march. But doubt arose as to whether troops mustered from the infected districts were to be trusted, and the sheriff of the county confirmed this suspicion by reporting that a sufficient force could not be collected. Therefore the instructions to General Warner were countermanded, and it was determined to raise an army of sufficient size effectually to crush out the last vestige of rebellion. The judges were advised to adjourn the sitting to January 22 following, which would afford time for completing the necessary military preparations.

The insurgents knew nothing of this plan, and concentrated their full strength with the intention of stopping the sessions at Worcester and Concord. Shrewsbury was the place of rendezvous, and there Captain Wheeler established his headquarters and enlisted thirty men. On November 29, he was joined by a company of forty men from Barre, Spencer, and Leicester. Soon afterwards Commander-in-Chief Daniel Shays made his first appearance in the county with a strong force from Hampshire County, and other reinforcements brought the number of men to some four hundred. Sentinels were posted, and patrols were sent out on the roads to Concord, Cambridge and Worcester, and travelers were stopped and questioned.

But on November 30, the rebel troops were thrown into confusion by the word that the Light Horse had captured three of their leaders, and was

advancing against them. They instantly abandoned the idea of marching into Middlesex, and hurriedly retreated to Holden. The next day Captain Wheeler was in a house as the horsemen rode by, and escaped only by accident. The troopers chased another insurgent whom they supposed to be Wheeler, and he received a sabre cut in the hand, which immediately raised him to the pinnacle of martyrdom. The wound was superficial, but afforded sufficient grounds for the claim that blood had been shed. The cry of vengeance was raised. The injured man was exhibited to prove the brutality of the soldiery.

As the Light Horse retired, the insurgents, to their great disgust, discovered that the troopers numbered but twenty men, and gave chase over the road which brought them back to Shrewsbury. The cavalry of the Commonwealth did not wait for them. They were well aware of their weakness, and had accomplished their purpose, whatever that might have been. So the rebel commanders turned their attention to a hunt for the town's stock of powder, which had been hidden through the vigilance of Colonel Cushing, one of the selectmen. They surrounded his house with the intention of taking him and compelling him to reveal the hiding place, but he had discounted their intention and was not at home. So they had to give it up.

The weather was cold, the rebels were without money or food or sufficient warm clothing. Shrewsbury was not hospitable. They decided not to march direct to Worcester and take possession of the courthouse, but to proceed to Grafton and quarter themselves on friends there.

Shays proceeded to the barracks at Rutland, where Burgoyne's captured army had been confined, which had been seized by the insurgents, and dispatched couriers to hurry up the companies from Hampshire and Berkshire. Evidently he expected to come into collision with the government forces at Worcester.

On Sunday evening, the day before the scheduled opening of the court, the troops quartered at Grafton entered Worcester under command of Captains Abraham Gale of Princeton, Adam Wheeler of Hubbardston, Simeon Hazeltine of Hardwick, and John Williams, reputed to be a deserter from the British Army, and once a sergeant of the Continental Line. They halted at the courthouse, and having secured the keys, placed a strong guard about the buildings and posted sentinels in the streets and approaches to the town to guard against surprise by the government forces. Those who were off duty rolled themselves in their blankets and sought rest on the floors within the building.

Almost a Battle in Main Street—Monday afternoon it was touch and go in Worcester Main Street as to whether blood would be shed in battle. A wave of anger and impatience had swept over public opinion. The

people had finally realized that the rebellion must be checked or the very foundation of organized government would be in danger. The military forces of the town rallied to a man. Two full companies, one hundred and seventy strong, under Joel Howe, the senior captain, paraded at the South Meetinghouse, formed in column and marched down Main Street toward North Square, as Lincoln Square was called. As they approached the United States Arms the rebel drums beat the alarm, and the men sprang to arms and formed in lines across the street.

"Captain Howe, advancing in slow time, sent forward an adjutant to demand by what authority the highways were obstructed. A contemptuous answer was returned, that he might come and see. Another officer was detached, to order them to remove, as the militia intended to pass over the ground they occupied. The reply was they might pass if they could. Captain Howe then halted and addressed his men in an animating tone.

"The bayonets were fixed, and the company then advanced. In a few paces they came to the position for a charge. The front ranks of the insurgents stood in readiness to use their muskets, while the band of Captain Howe moved steadily down upon their line. For a moment, civil war seemed about to drench our streets in blood. Veterans of the Revolution were arrayed on both sides, who had been too often amid the shot of battle to shrink from danger in any form. Fortunately, the insurgents were not prepared to stain their cause by the slaughter of their brethren. Their line wavered, and breaking, by a rapid wheel, gained a new position on the hill. The militia went by their post to the Hancock Arms, beyond the North Square. After a brief rest they returned, and were dismissed until the next morning, with merited commendations." The incident demonstrated that Shays' men were too apprehensive of consequences to support their demands by force, "and the dread their formidable array might have inspired, was changed to contempt and derision of their pretensions." But the charge of the militia had no positive effect on the situation.

Townsmen Heckle Tired Insurgents—"As the evening closed in, one of the most furious snow storms of a severe winter commenced. One division of the insurgents occupied the Courthouse, another sought shelter at the Hancock Arms. The sentinels, chilled by the tempest, and imagining themselves secure by its violence from attack, joined their comrades around the fire in the guard room. The young men of the town, in the spirit of sportive mischief, contrived to carry away their muskets, incautiously stacked in the entry way, and having secreted them at a distance, raised the alarm that the Light Horse were upon them.

"The party sallied out in confusion, and panic-struck by the silent disappearance of their arms, fled through the fast falling snow to the Courthouse, where their associates had paraded. The guns were discovered, at length, and the whole force remained ready for action, several hours, frequently disturbed by the fresh outcries of their vexatious persecutors."

The earnest purpose of the insurgents may be judged by the fortitude of the men of Holden and vicinity, who in spite of the fury of the storm and the well nigh impassable condition of the rude highway, arrived on Tuesday morning, swelling the force to five hundred. But the court convened at the Sun Tavern (on the site of the present Walker Building, on the south corner of Main and Mechanic streets) and, making no attempt to transact business, adjourned to December 23. Petitions were presented by committees from Douglas and Sutton, asking that the next session be postponed till March, but these were disregarded.

Worcester was like a garrison town. The local militia made no further demonstration, which was wise. Sentinels were everywhere, and the people had to answer frequent challenges. Sentries paced before the house of Joseph Allen, where Chief Justice Ward was staying, and Allen was threatened with violence on his own threshold. Justice Washburn of Leicester was intercepted on his way home, and two of his companions who seized a gun pointed at his breast were made prisoners by the insurgents. Judge Samuel Baker of Berlin was stopped on the road, and his captors suggested he be imprisoned that he might experience the corrective discipline to which he had subjected others.

A council of war was held, and plans made for a march to Boston as soon as a sufficient force could be assembled, to effect the rescue of insurgents who were held prisoners there. Governor Bowdoin, anticipating some such movement, had placed Boston under guard, with strong forces of militia at the prison and at the entrance to the town. Alarm posts were assigned, and the Middlesex militia was held in readiness to defend the road in case of an attempted advance from Worcester.

"Poison" at Hancock Arms—This military occupation of Worcester had its lighter side. Again to quote Lincoln: "During the evening of Tuesday an alarm broke out more terrific to the party quartered at the Hancock Arms, than that which had disturbed the repose of the preceding night. Soon after partaking the refreshment which was sometimes used by the military, before the institution of temperance societies, several of the men were seized with violent sickness, and a rumor spread that poison had been mingled with the fountain which supplied the water.

"Doctor Samuel Stearns of Paxton, astrologer, almanac manufacturer, and quack by profession, detected in the sediment of the cups they had drained a substance which he unhesitatingly pronounced to be a compound of arsenic and antimony, so deleterious, that a single grain would extinguish the lives of a thousand. The numbers of the afflicted increased with frightful rapidity, and the symptoms grew more fearful.

"It was suddenly recollected that sugar used in their beverage had been purchased from a respectable merchant of the town (Daniel Waldo, Sr.), whose attachment to government was well known, and the sickness around was deemed proof conclusive that it had been adulterated for their destruction. A file of soldiers seized the seller, and brought him to answer for the supposed attempt to murder the levies of rebellion. As he entered the house, the cry of indignation rose strong. Fortunately for his safety, Doctor Green of Ward, an intelligent practitioner of medicine, arrived and the execution of vengeance was deferred until his opinion of its propriety could be obtained. After careful inspection of the suspected substance, and subjecting it to the test of different senses, he declared that to the best of his knowledge, it was genuine, yellow, Scotch *snuff*. The reputed dying raised their heads from the floor, the slightly affected recovered, the gloom which had settled heavily on the supposed victims of mortal disease was dispelled, and the illness soon vanished.

"Strict inquiry furnished a reasonable explanation. A clerk in the store of the merchant had opened a package of the fragrant commodity in the vicinity of the sugar barrel, and a portion of the odoriferous leaf had, inadvertently, been scattered from the counter into its uncovered head. A keg of spirit was accepted in full satisfaction for the panic occasioned by the decoction of tobacco so innocently administered."

Daniel Shays Makes Spectacular Entry—In spite of the storm and the drifted roads, that same night government troops were approaching Worcester. But the court having adjourned, General Warner sent orders that the soldiers should return to their homes. The rebel forces were left in triumphant possession of the town. The next day, Wednesday, they marched out to meet Shays, who was coming in from Rutland at the head of three hundred and fifty men. The united force entered the town eight hundred strong. "The companies included many who had learned their tactics from Steuben, and served an apprenticeship of discipline in the ranks of the Revolution—war worn veterans who in a good cause would have been invincible. The pine turt supplied the place of plume in their hats.

"Shays, with his aide, mounted on white horses, led on the van. They displayed into line before the Courthouse, where they were reviewed and

inspected. The men were then billeted on the inhabitants. No compulsion was used; where admittance was peremptorily refused they quietly retired, and sought food and shelter elsewhere. Provision having been made for the soldiers, Shays joined the leaders in council. At night, he was attended at his quarters at the house of Colonel Samuel Flagg by a strong guard, preceded by the music of the army, with something of the state assumed by a general officer. Precautions against surprise were redoubled. Chains of sentinels were stretched along the streets, planted in every avenue of approach, and on the neighboring hills, examining all who passed. The cry of 'all's well' rose on the watches of the night, from those whose presence brought danger to the Commonwealth."

An important rebel conference was held the next day in which participated committees from some of the towns and leaders in the various conventions which had been held. There was discord as to what should be done. The situation was perplexing. The weather was against them; the storm had prevented the expected arrival of reinforcements. There were no stores of food or ammunition and little or no money. The absurdity of moving on Boston was recognized, and it was determined to employ pacific measures. A petition to the Legislature was circulated, remonstrating against the suspension of the *habeas corpus,* asking for the release and pardon of prisoners, and the suspension of the courts until after the new Legislature should convene in May. A new act of amnesty was requested, and a readiness was expressed to lay down their arms should their petition be granted. In the afternoon five hundred men marched to the barracks at Rutland.

The next day, recognizing that public sentiment had set against them, the leaders addressed a letter to every town in the county, inviting the inhabitants to unite in their petition. Shays himself was frightened. He told an acquaintance, "For God's sake, have matters settled peaceably. It was against my inclinations I undertook this business. Importunity was used which I could not withstand. But I heartily wish it was all over."

The situation of the rebels was pitiful. The week closed with another raging snowstorm. A company of 150 men from Hampshire was snowbound in Leicester. The companies from Ward, Holden, Spencer, Rutland, Barre and Petersham took up their march for home over roads choked with drifts.

Distressed Rebels in Fatal Retreat—Even at this late day one feels a surge of pity for these deluded men. Wrote Lincoln: "Their condition during their stay in Worcester was such as to excite compassion rather than fear. Destitute of every necessity of life, without money to purchase the food which their friends could not supply, unwelcome guests in the quarters they occupied, pride restrained the exposure of their wants. Many must have

endured the gnawings of hunger in our streets; yet, standing with arms in their hands, enduring privations in the midst of plenty, they took nothing by force, and trespassed on no man's rights by violence. Some declared they had not tasted bread for twenty-four hours. All who made known their situation were relieved by our citizens with liberal charity."

No words could better portray the character of the men who made up this rebel army—self-respecting and law-abiding by nature, strong to endure for a cause, and fighting only for what they truly believed was justice.

"The forlorn condition of the insurgents was deepened by the distress of their retreat. The course was amid the wildest revelry of storm and wind, in a night of intense cold. Some were frozen to death by the way. Others, exhausted with struggling through the deep and drifted snow, sunk down, and would have perished but for the aid of their stouter comrades. When relief was sought among the farmhouses, every door was opened at the call of misfortune, and the wrongs done by the rebel were forgotten in the sufferings of him who claimed hospitality as a stranger."

Yet the backbone of insurrection had not been broken. The holding of the court in Springfield on December 26 was resisted. Plans were made for preventing the session of the Common Pleas in Worcester on January 23. But forbearance on the part of the Commonwealth had long since ended. An army of forty-four hundred men had been raised in Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex, Hampshire and Worcester counties, under command of General Benjamin Lincoln. The march from Roxbury to Worcester was begun January 21, and the troops reached Worcester on the 23d, where they were joined by the county regiments. The houses of the inhabitants were thrown open to the soldiery with glad hospitality. There were bodies of insurgents in Rutland, New Braintree, Princeton, Sterling and Sutton, but their strength was insufficient to warrant venturing into the county seat.

Instead they shifted their attack to Springfield, with the Arsenal as their objective, for they were in great need of arms and ammunition. They actually attempted to capture the arsenal, but were repulsed. The commander, however, noting the swelling numbers of the enemy, sent messengers post-haste for help, and Lincoln, leaving a thousand men in Worcester, made a forced march to the Connecticut River town.

The Battle of New Braintree—General Warner, in command at Worcester, got word that a body of two hundred rebels had established themselves at New Braintree, and were intercepting travelers, and "insulting the friends of government." He sent against them a company of twenty horse and one hundred and fifty infantrymen in sleighs, with orders to disperse or capture them. The rebels were warned and abandoned their headquarters at the house of Micah Hamilton, and posted themselves behind walls by the

roadside. The government cavalry was ordered to proceed at a gallop to the insurgent headquarters. As they reached the place of ambush the insurgents poured in one volley and then ran for it. Deputy Sheriff Jonathan Rice of Worcester was shot through the arm and hand, and Doctor Davis Young got a ball in his knee, a most painful wound. Another trooper had his bridle rein cut by a bullet. The cavalry did not pause but charged down upon the empty headquarters. They found no insurgents, but released two Worcester men, who had been made prisoners the preceding day. The detachment then moved on to Rutland, dispersed the occupants of the barracks, and returned to Worcester with four prisoners.

An aftermath of the rebellion was a law suit brought by Doctor Young against certain citizens who had fired from behind the New Braintree wall, and one of whom had put a bullet in his knee. He won his case and was awarded $5,000 damages.

Shays was driven to the wall. He saw no way to escape punishment for his crime but to make one final stand against the Commonwealth forces. He envisioned the gallows, or imprisonment with periodic floggings. He gathered the remnants of his forces at Petersham. Their presence filled the loyal inhabitants with fear. Rev. Dr. Samuel Willard of Deerfield as a lad of ten was an eye witness of the exciting events of those two days. His family home was one of several occupied by the insurgents, "I will remember," he wrote in after years, "the entrance of the insurgents into Petersham, and the alarm it excited among those who were known to be on the side of the government. Several of the insurgents had been arrested and condemned to death for having been found with arms the second time, in violation of the oath of allegiance which had been imposed after their first capture. And their party had threatened to take prisoners who should be held as hostages for the life and safety of those who were under condemnation. On this account my father and some others secreted themselves when the insurgents approached the house."

The Freezing March on Petersham—General Lincoln, at Hadley, determined to send a large force to the old hill town, and, if possible, end the rebellion at one blow. In his report to Governor Bowdoin, he relates the story of that dreadful night's march, as follows:

"Saturday evening I was informed that Shays had left Pelham, and had pointed his forces towards this place (Petersham), where, it was said, he expected to be joined by many others, and where he could make a stand, as many towns in this vicinity were in his interest. At 8 o'clock the troops were in motion. The first part of the night was light and the weather clement, but between two and three o'clock in the morning, the wind shifting to the westward, it became cold and squally, with considerable snow. The wind arose

very high, and with light snow that fell the day before and was falling, the paths were soon filled up. The men became fatigued, and they were in a part of the country where they could not be covered in the distance of eight miles, and the cold was so increased that they could not halt in the road to refresh themselves. Under these circumstances they were obliged to continue their march. We arrived here (Petersham) about nine o'clock, exceedingly fatigued by a march of thirty miles, part of it in a deep snow, and in a most violent storm. When this abated the cold increased, and a great part of our men are frozen in some part or other. I hope none of them are dangerously so, and that most of them will be able again to march in a short time.

"We approached the town nearly in the center, where Shays had covered his men, and had we not been prevented by the steepness of the hill and the depth of the snow from throwing our men rapidly into it, we should have arrested very probably one half of the force, for they were so nearly surprised as it was, that they had not time to call in their out-parties, or even their guards. About one hundred and fifty fell into our hands, and none escaped but by the most precipitate flight in different directions. But most of their men fled for Athol. It is said they intended to reach Northfield. This brings him (Shays) near the line of another State, where he may vainly hope to find an asylum.

"Thus, sir, the body of men who were, a few days since, offering the grossest insults to the best citizens of the Commonwealth, and were menacing even government itself, is fast dissipating, and it will not long, I think, have the least existence. It must be pleasing to your Excellency to know that this has been effected, and bloodshed avoided, but in an instance or two, where the Insurgents have rushed on to their own destruction."

The Rebellion ended at Petersham. Shays did find asylum in a remote village of Vermont, eventually moved into New York State, and ironically enough, rounded out an impoverished old age as a pensioner of the Federal Government for services rendered in the Revolution.

But as for the good people of Petersham, their troubles did not end with the flight of Shays and his men. To quote another bit from Doctor Willard's reminiscence: "The sudden and unexpected arrival of Lincoln the next morning and the precipitate retreat of Shays and his army dispersed all fear, but not all trouble. The army of the Government was quartered upon us from Sunday morning till Wednesday, and left our houses in such a state as to inspire dread of armies in every bosom."

The Gallows on Worcester Common—The scene of the final act of Shays' Rebellion in Worcester County was Worcester Common. There the gallows had been erected, as was the custom when a man was to be executed.

Captain Henry Gale of Princeton was the only county man to be convicted of the high crime of treason and sentenced to die by hanging. He was one of thirteen in the State. Berkshire and Hampshire each had six such convicts.

On the 23d of June, 1787, Gale was taken from the county jail, and led in solemn procession through the Main Street to the Common. A great crowd had gathered there, massed about the gallows. The prisoner mounted the scaffold. He was about to die, he believed, and so did the breathless spectators. But the noose was not placed about his neck. Instead a reprieve was read to him, and he was taken back to the jail, soon to receive full pardon for his offense. The same leniency was extended to all of the doomed men. The only punishment imposed was upon a member of the General Court, convicted of seditious words and practices, who was compelled to sit upon the gallows with a rope about his neck, pay a fine of £50 and give bonds to keep the peace and be of good behavior for five years. Few of these rebels needed any bond to keep them good citizens, not for five years, but for the rest of their lives.

Rufus Putnam's Interview with Shays—An illuminating idea of Shays as a man is contained in a hitherto unpublished letter written by General Rufus Putnam of Rutland to Governor Bowdoin, as follows:

RUTLAND, JANUARY 8, 1787.

SIR,

As I was coming through Pelham the other day I met Mr. Shays in the road (alone) where we had a conversation. Some of which was of a very particular kind. I shall state the whole by way of dialogue as far as I can recollect, but in order to understand the meaning of some part of it, it is necessary you should know that the week before they stopped Worcester Court the last time, I spent many hours with Shays and his officers, endeavoring to dissuade them from their measures and persuade them to return to their allegiance.

MR. SHAYS—Do you know if the petition drawn up at Worcester has been sent to the Governor or not?

PUTNAM—I am surprised to hear you enquire that of me. You certainly ought to know whether you have sent it or not. However, since you ask the question, I tell you I have been credibly informed that so late as last Friday, it had not been presented.

SHAYS—They promised to send it immediately and it was very wrong they did not, but I don't know that it will alter the case for I don't suppose the Governor and Council will take notice of it.

PUTNAM—You have no reason to expect they will grant the prayer of it.

SHAYS—Why not?

PUTNAM—Because many things asked for is out of their power to grant: and besides that, since you and your party have once spurned at offered mercy, it is absurd to expect that another general petition should be ever granted.

SHAYS—No, then we must fight it out.

PUTNAM—That as you please but it's impossible you should succeed and the event will be that you must either run your Country, or *Hang,* unless you are fortunate enough to bleed.

SHAYS—By God, I'll never run my country.

PUTNAM—Why not? It's more honourable than to fight in a bad cause and be the means of involving your country in a civil war, and that it is a bad cause you have always owned to me; that is, you owned to me at Holden the week before you stopped Worcester Court that it was wrong in the people to take up arms as they had.

SHAYS—So I did and so I say now, and I told you then, and I tell you now that the sole motive with me in taking the command at Springfield was to prevent the shedding of blood, which would absolutely have been the case, if I had not. And I am so far from confessing of it as a crime that I look upon it that government are indebted to me for what I did there.

PUTNAM—If that was the case, how came you to pursue the matter? Why did you not stop there?

SHAYS—I did not pursue the matter. It was noised about that warrants were out after me and I was determined not to be taken.

PUTNAM—This won't do. How came you to write letters to several towns in the County of Hampshire to choose officers and furnish themselves with arms and 60 rounds of ammunition.

SHAYS—I never did, it was a cursed falsehood.

PUTNAM—Some body did in your name, which it can never be presumed was done without your approbation.

SHAYS—I never had any hand in the matter. It was done by a Committee Doctor Hunt (Hart?) and some body else who I don't know put my name to the copy and sent it to the Governor and Court.

PUTNAM—But why did you not take the benefit of the act of indemnity, as soon as it passed? But instead of that you ordered the whole posse collected and marched as far as Shrewsbury in order to go and stop the Court at Cambridge.

SHAYS—I never ordered a man to march to Shrewsbury nor nowhere else except when I lay at Rutland I wrote to a few towns in the County of

Worcester and Hampshire—You are deceived—I never had half so much to do with the matter as you think for, and the people did not know of the Act of Indemnity before they collected.

PUTNAM—If they did not, you did, for you told me at Holden that you knew everything that passed at Court and that when you talked with General Ward at Shrewsbury you were able to correct him in several things, which he advanced.

SHAYS—I could tell you but,—

PUTNAM—I don't wish to know any of your secrets. But why did you not go home with the Hampshire people from Holden, as you told me in the evening you would the next morning?

SHAYS—I can tell you it would not have done. I have talked with Maj. Goodman. I told him what you said and he gave it as his opinion the act would not have taken us in.

PUTNAM—Suppose that to be the case. Yet the General Court might have extended it to you. The chance in your favor was much greater before than (sic) after you had stopped Worcester Court. Why did you not petition before you added that crime to the score?

SHAYS—It would have been better, but I cannot see why stopping that court is such a crime that if I might have been pardoned before I would be exempted now.

PUTNAM—When offered mercy has been once refused and the crime repeated government never can with any kind of honour and safety to the community, pass it over without hanging somebody, and as you are at the head of the Insurgents and the person who directs all their movements. I cannot see you have any chance to escape.

SHAYS—I at their head, I am not.

PUTNAM—It is said you are first in command and it is supposed they have appointed you their general.

SHAYS—I never had any appointment but that in Springfield, nor did I ever take command of any men but those of the county of Hampshire. No, General Putnam, you are deceived. I never had half so much to do in the matter as you think for, nor did I ever order any men to march except when at Rutland as I told you before.

PUTNAM—Did you not muster the party to go to Springfield the other day?

SHAYS—No, nor had I any hand in the matter except that I rode down in a Slay (Sleigh).

PUTNAM—But I saw your name to the request presented to the Justices, that you won't deny.

SHAYS—I know it was there and Grover put it there without my knowledge. I wan't got into Springfield when it was done. The matter was all over before I got there, and I had no hand in it.

PUTNAM—But is it a truth that you did not order the men to march to Springfield the other day?

SHAYS—Yes. I was sent to and refused and told them I would have nothing to do in the matter.

PUTNAM—But why?

SHAYS—I told them it was inconsistent, after we had agreed to petition as we did at Worcester and promised to remain quiet, to meddle with the courts any more till we knew whether we could git a pardon or not.

PUTNAM—Have you not ordered the men to march to Worcester the 23d of this month?

SHAYS—No, I was sent to from Worcester County to come down with the Hampshire men. But I told them I would not go myself nor order any men to march.

PUTNAM—Who has done it? Hampshire men are certainly ordered to march.

SHAYS—Upon my refusing to act, they have chose a Committee who have ordered the men to march.

PUTNAM—But how do you git along with these people, having been with them so long? How is it possible they will let you stay behind?

SHAYS—Well enough. I tell them that I never will have anything more to do with stopping courts or anything else but to defend my self, till I know whether a pardon can be obtained or not.

PUTNAM—And what if you cannot git a pardon?

SHAYS—Why then I will collect all the force I can and fight it out, and I swear so would you or anybody else, rather than be hanged.

PUTNAM—I will ask you one question more. You may answer it or not as you please; it is this: Had you an opportunity, would you accept of a pardon, and leave these people to themselves?

SHAYS—Yes, in a moment.

PUTNAM—Then I advise you to set of this night to Boston and throw your self upon the mercy and under the protection of Government.

SHAYS—No, that is too great a risque unless I was first assured of a pardon.

PUTNAM—There is no risque in the matter. You never heard of a man who voluntarily did this whose submission was not accepted and if your submission is refused I will venture to be hanged in your room.

SHAYS—In the first place, I don't want you hanged and in the next place they would not accept of you—

The only observation I shall make is, that I fully believe he may be bought off, and no doubt he is able to inform government more of the Bottom of this plot then they know at present—

I have the honour to be Sir
your Excellencys most
obedient humble Servant
RUFUS PUTNAM

GOVERNOR BOWDOIN

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Marietta Settlement

Two generals of the American Revolution sat before the fire in a Rutland farmhouse in deep deliberation through a January night in 1785. One was General Rufus Putnam, returned to civil life to till his farm and carry on his profession as a surveyor. The other was his trusted associate, General Tupper, just back from an expedition toward Ohio. When the day dawned, Putnam had conveyed to his friend his plan for the settlement of the Northwest.

That plan was the nucleus of the movement which culminated in the Ordinance of 1787—"the first human government," said the late George Frisbie Hoar of Worcester, United States Senator from Massachusetts, "under which absolute civil and religious liberty has always prevailed. Here no witch was ever hanged or burned. No heretic was ever molested. Here no slave was ever born or dwelt." This Northwestern Country is now the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The Ordinance of 1787 replaced another ordinance under which these states would have been open to the establishment of slavery.

Rufus Putnam's life was associated with four Worcester County towns. He was born in Sutton. Much of his boyhood was passed in an Upton tavern. He served his apprenticeship as a millwright in North Brookfield, where he lived for twenty-seven years. He rounded out his New England career in Rutland. He never had even one day in school or under a teacher elsewhere. He taught himself the three R's and the higher mathematics necessary to a millwright and a surveyor. He served through three exhausting campaigns in the French and Indian War. A colonel in Washington's Army investing Boston, the most important tasks of military engineering were thrust upon him. His inspired idea of a movable fort for Dorchester Heights, which he erected in the dark of one night, drove the

British out of Boston. Again a simply-living farmer, he had conceived, and was prepared to carry through a plan which was to change the destiny of a nation. To him is given full historical credit for that exodus of people which founded the Marietta Settlement on the Ohio River.

The farmhouse in which this fateful meeting was held is now an historic shrine—the General Rufus Putnam House, a mile west of Rutland Town Hall on the highway to Barre. The ancient dwelling, restored within and without as it was in the old days, together with the one hundred and fifty acres of farmland, is owned by the Rufus Putnam Memorial Association, which was organized in 1898 by a group of men under the leadership of Senator Hoar. It contains the furnishings of the period of the late eighteenth century and many Revolutionary relics. Its great fireplace is as it was the night that Putnam and Tupper sat and planned, and, by candle light, drew up the call for the convention that organized the Ohio Company.

The story of Rufus Putnam's life reads like a highly colored fictional romance. He was born in Sutton in 1738. When he was seven his father died and two years later his mother married Captain John Saddler who kept a tavern in Upton. The captain did not believe in such frippery as schooling for a boy. Rufus did. He bought powder and shot with the pennies given him by tavern guests as tips as "bell-hop," killed grouse and other game with an old gun and sold them, and accumulated enough money to buy a primer and an arithmetic. With these, unassisted, he learned to read and spell and write and figure. At sixteen, he was apprenticed as millwright to a brother-in-law, Daniel Matthews of Brookfield, who likewise saw no useful purpose in book-learning. But he was more decent than the stepfather, for he did permit the lad to burn candles and study at night. At eighteen, Rufus, now a strapping, brawny fellow, six feet tall and noted for his strength and agility, was still doing his "home work." Among other things he learned some practical geometry in laying out the exact angles of the frame-work of a mill and in spacing the spokes of a wheel. Eventually he mastered the mysteries of land surveying.

In those years recruiting officers were drumming for enlistments in the villages, and young Putnam responded to join the English forces which were campaigning against the French. Twice he reënlisted, won a commission and remained with the troops until the fall of Quebec was followed by the ceding of Canada to England.

Washington's Engineering Officer—Quick to offer his services in the Revolution, we find him a lieutenant-colonel in the Patriot Army in front of Boston, stationed at Roxbury with his regiment. Shortly after the battle of Bunker Hill, the general and field officers of the Roxbury Division met in

council to consider their defenceless position, exposed at any time to the attack of the enemy, with no better protection than a board fence. It was decided that earthworks should be thrown up for the defence of the town. The difficulty was to find an engineer capable of planning the lines, for such men were rare in the Colonies. At length it was mentioned to the general in command at Roxbury by friends of Putnam that he had seen some service of the kind in the recent French War, and he was asked to undertake the task. He hesitated, and frankly told his commander that he had never read a word of the science of military engineering, and all the knowledge he had was what he had absorbed from working under British officers. The general would take no denial, and the colonel reluctantly set about planning entrenchments on the Boston front of the village, and at other places in the vicinity, especially Sewel's Point.

It so happened that while he was at the Point, Generals Washington and Lee rode over from Cambridge to inspect the situation on the side of the Charles River. The plan of the works met the approval of both officers, and they spoke of them in high terms, especially in their superiority over the defenses at Cambridge. All the forts at Roxbury, Dorchester and Brookline, including that at Cobble Hill, were of Putnam's laying-out. The millwright soldier made a deep impression on Washington, who from time to time entrusted him with other important commissions.

In the winter of 1776 Washington was deeply engaged in planning an attack on the British Army in Boston by crossing the troops on the ice, or else to draw them out from their stronghold by erecting works on Dorchester Heights, which would not only harass the town, but would destroy the shipping lying in the harbor. Putnam, himself, in his diary, described what followed:

"As soon as the ice was thought to be sufficiently strong for the army to pass over, a council of general officers was convened on the subject. What their particular opinions were I never knew, but the brigadiers were directed to consult their field officers, and they to feel the temper of their captains and subalterns. While this was doing I was invited to dine at headquarters and while at dinner General Washington invited me to tarry after the company had departed.

"When we were alone he entered into a free conversation on the subject of storming the city of Boston. That it was much better to draw the enemy out to Dorchester than to attack him in Boston, no one doubted; for if we could maintain ourselves on that neck of land, our command of the town and harbor would be such as would probably compel them to leave the place. But the cold weather which had made a bridge of ice for our passage into Boston,

had also frozen the earth to a great depth, especially in the open country, like the hills on Dorchester Neck, so that it was impossible to make a lodgement there in the usual way (that is of excavating the earth). However, the general directed me to consider the matter, and if I could think of any way by which it could be done, to make a report to him immediately.

"I left headquarters in company with another gentleman, and on the way came to those of General Heath. I had no thought of calling until I came against his door when I said, 'let us call on General Heath,' to which the gentleman agreed. I had no other motive than to pay my respects to the general.

"While there I cast my eye on a book which lay on the table, lettered on the back 'Muller's Field Engineer.' Immediately I requested the general to lend it to me. He denied me. I repeated my request. He again refused, saying he never lent his books. I then told him that he must recollect that he was one who, at Roxbury, in a manner compelled me to undertake a business on which, at the time, I confessed I had never read a word, and that he must let me have the book. After a few more excuses on his part, and pressing on mine, I obtained the loan of it."

Looking over the contents of the book Putnam came to the word "chandelier," a new one to him, and he turned the pages to the subject. Reading it carefully, he solved the apparently insolvable problem of Dorchester Heights. His report was accepted by Washington and work was begun immediately.

The chandeliers were made of stout timbers, ten feet long, into which were framed posts five feet high and five feet apart. These were placed on the ground in parallel lines, and the spaces between them fitted with bundles of facines, strongly picketed together. They formed a movable parapet, of wood instead of earth. The men were quickly put to work in neighboring apple orchards and woods, cutting and bundling up facines. On the night of March 4, 1776, the breastwork was assembled on the selected line of defense, guns were hauled up, and by morning the city of Boston and the British Navy lay at the mercy of the Continentals.

When the sun set on Boston on March 4, Dorchester Heights were as nature and the farmer had left them with the approach of winter. When Sir William Howe rubbed his eyes on the morning of March 5 he saw thorough the heavy mists the entrenchments on which, he said, the rebels had done more work in a night than his whole army would have done in a month. He wrote to Lord Dartmouth that it must have been the employment of at least twelve thousand men. His own effective force, including the sailors of the fleet, was about eleven thousand. "Some of our officers," said the *Annual Register,* in an article supposed to be written by Edmund Burke, "acknowledged that

the expedition with which these works were thrown up, with their sudden and unexpected appearance, recalled to their minds the wonderful stories of enchantment and invisible agency which are so frequent in the Eastern romances."

Lord Howe saw instantly that either the guns on the Heights must be taken or silenced or Boston must be evacuated and the English fleet moved out of range. He was a soldier of spirit. So he resolved to storm the works the next night before they could be made impregnable. Earl Percy, who had already met the Yankee farmers at Lexington and Bunker Hill, was assigned to the command. "But the Power that dispersed the Spanish Armada baffled all the plans of the British general." There came "a dreadful storm at night" which made it impossible to cross the bay until the works on the Heights had been perfected. "We take no leaf from the pure chaplet of Washington's fame," said Hoar, "when we say that the success of the first great military operation of the Revolution was due to Rufus Putnam. The Americans under Israel Putnam (Rufus Putnam's cousin), marched into Boston, drums beating and colors flying. The veteran British Army, aided by a strong naval force, soldier and sailor, Englishman and Tory, sick and well, bag and baggage, got out of Boston before the strategy of Washington, the engineering of Putnam, and the courage of the untried and despised yeoman, from whose leaders they withheld the usual titles of military respect. 'It resembled,' said Burke, 'more the emigration of a nation than the breaking up of a camp.'"

Colonel Putnam's Revolutionary record is a long one. Washington regarded him as his ablest engineer. He clearly outclassed in this respect all others of the American officers, and was held to be much superior in this difficult military art to the French and other foreign officers who were serving as volunteers in the Continental Army. Notable among the fortifications planned and built under his direction were those that made West Point on the Hudson an impregnable fortress. He also raised and commanded a regiment of infantry, and was with Washington's Army in the campaigns which had their culmination in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

In 1780 he bought the farm in Rutland, which had been owned by Colonel John Murray, a Royalist so obnoxious to the Patriots that his property was confiscated, and moved his family there from North Brookfield. When the war ended he joined them, and, his worth and ability being well known, he was called upon to fill many offices, which he accepted as a good citizen, though some of them were petty. The distinguished soldier even served as constable.

In this period, the plan which his brain had formulated of establishing a settlement in the rich country of the Ohio Valley remained constantly in his

mind. The town constable was planning an empire. His chief confidant and counsellor was his old commander and friend, George Washington, who was deeply interested in the project which Putnam had put before him as far back as 1782. For the Father of his Country believed the settlement of the Northwest was of vital importance, and from his young manhood, when he became more familiar with it than was any other Englishman, he had dreamed of connecting up the vast territory with the Atlantic coast by land and water, to form a homogeneous, closely knitted country. And he was himself a large landowner on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers.

Before the army had broken up, Putnam promoted a petition of two hundred and eighty-eight officers, which was forwarded to Washington, and by him presented to Congress, for a grant of lands north and northwest of the Ohio River to the veterans of the army in redemption of the pledges of Congress; and further, for sales to such officers and soldiers as might choose to become purchasers on a system which would effectually prevent the monopoly of large tracts. A year later the Rutland farmer renewed his urgent application to Washington for his aid in the project, to which he said he had given much time since he left the army. The President's answer was that he had exerted every power that he was master of with Congress, and had dwelt upon Putnam's argument for a speedy decision, but Congress had adjourned without action.

In 1785, however, Congress appointed General Putnam one of the surveyors of the Northwestern lands. In a letter accepting the office he wrote that "a wish to promote emigration from among my friends into that country, and not the wages stipulated is my principal motive." He was compelled by engagements with the State to devolve the duty upon General Tupper as a substitute. Tupper could not get below Pittsburg in the season of 1785. But he returned to Massachusetts in the winter with such knowledge of the country as he had gained, and reported to Putnam at Rutland on January 9, 1786. Thereupon they completed the call for a convention to form a company—to all officers and soldiers of the late war and all other good citizens residing in Massachusetts who might wish to become purchasers of lands in the Ohio Country.

The convention was held in the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, Boston, March 1, 1786. A committee was chosen with Putnam as chairman to draft a plan of organization, and so the Ohio company was begun. In 1787, the directors made Putnam superintendent. In the winter everything was ready.

Meanwhile Congress had enacted a law which was fraught with mischief. In 1784 Thomas Jefferson of Virginia reported an ordinance dividing the Northwestern Territory into ten states. His thought was, as he declared to Monroe, that if great states were established beyond the mountains they might separate themselves from the confederacy and become its enemies. His

ordinance, as he reported it, permitted slavery but contained a provision excluding it after 1800. This was stricken out by the Congress. His proposal, as amended, became law April 24, 1784.

From subsequent events it is probable that under this ordinance the territory would have been occupied by settlers from the South, with their slaves. It might have been impossible to exclude the institution of slavery if it had once got a footing. The result would have been ten slave-holding states, with their twenty votes in the Senate. It has been maintained that the American republic would have been a "great slave-holding empire," had not Rufus Putnam's Ohio Company stood in the way.

General Putnam and Manasseh Cutler of Ipswich met in Boston in the early summer of 1787. To quote Dr. Cutler's diary: "I conversed with General Putnam, and settled the principles on which I am to contract with Congress for lands on account of the Ohio Company." On July 6 he was at Washington, presenting his case. Three days later an ordinance was introduced in Congress, and was submitted to him for remarks and amendments. The clause prohibiting slavery had been omitted, but an amendment including it was adopted unanimously by northern and southern members, save for one vote.

Cutler was master of the situation. When some of his other conditions were rejected he "paid his respects to all the members of Congress in the city, and informed them of his intentions to depart that day, and, if his terms were not acceded to, to turn his attention to some other part of the country." They urged him "to tarry till the next day and they would put by all other business to complete the contract." Then, he told his diary: "Congress came to the terms stated in our letter without the least variation." The terms which Putnam and Cutler framed at their Boston conference became the Ordinance of 1787.

Congress was rid of various anxieties. The ordinance provided for veterans of war, extinguished a considerable portion of the public debt, largely increased the value of the rest of the public domain, placed a shield of veteran soldiers between the frontiers of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia and some of the most dangerous and powerful Indian tribes of the continent; and "secured to American occupation a territory on which England, France and Spain were still gazing with eager and longing eyes; in which England, in violation of treaty obligations, still maintained her military posts, hoping that the feeble band of our Union would break to pieces." In return the men of the Ohio Company received an immense area of some of the finest land in all the world.

The Settlement of Ohio—The first division of the pioneer settlers left Danvers December 1, 1787. The second division left Hartford, Connecticut, January 1 following. General Putnam went by way of New York City and

joined the division January 24 at Swatara Creek, Pennsylvania. There fell a deep snow that night which so blocked the roads with drifts that they were compelled to abandon their wagons at Cooper's Tavern, now Strawsburg, at the foot of the Tuscarawas Mountains. So they built four stout sledges to which they harnessed their horses in single file. Men afoot broke trail ahead. It required two weeks of exhausting labor to get across the mountain ranges, and they did not reach Simrel's Ferry on the Youghiogheny River, headwater of navigation, until February 14, where they found the Danvers division which had been there since January 23. They had to build boats in which to make the voyage down the river, and these were completed April 1. Taking aboard their stores of provisions they embarked, and on April 7 reached the Muskingum, and pitched their camp in the forest. The next day the survey of the house lots was begun, and a few days later were laid out the city lots and streets of Marietta, which was to be General Putnam's home until his death in 1824 in his 87th year.

The general returned to Rutland several times. Already some of his fellow-townsmen and others from Worcester County had followed him into this promised land. Finally, in September, 1790, he was ready to move his family to their new home on the Ohio. The story of the exodus of the Putnam family and their friends from Rutland as told by Benjamin Franklin Stone of Chillicothe, Ohio, in his autobiography, was published in the *New England Magazine* of April, 1897. Benjamin was a little boy then, living in the family of General Putnam's daughter, Mrs. Burlingame. He wrote: "I remember the morning of our starting for Ohio. Mr. Burlingame's family (and I was one of them) went to General Putnam's the evening before. The next morning after family prayer and breakfast, they began to tackle up the teams, and Sardine (his eldest brother), with my mother's wagon, and the family and Grandmother Barrett came along. Here my grandmother took leave of us all and returned.

"General Putnam's family consisted of himself and wife, two sons and five single daughters, *viz.*, Elizabeth, Persis, Abegail, Patty, and Katherine. The sons were William Rufus and Edward. General Putnam had two hired men, his teamsters, William Brauning and Samuel Porter, both natives of Rutland. Burlingame, whose wife was the daughter of General Putnam, had two children at that time. My mother's family that were there were Sardine, Matilda, Lydia, Israel, Augustus, myself, Christopher, Columbus, and Polly Buckley. Samuel Bridge, a single man of Rutland, and Charles Mills, were also of the party—twenty-six in all.

"It seemed even to the old folks a vast enterprise to go eight hundred miles into a savage country, as it was then called. There were three ox-wagons, with two yokes of oxen to each, and General Putnam's two-horse

carriage and one saddle horse. My mother had one cow, and General Putnam has three or four neat cattles, including a bull of choice breed."

They were eight weeks on the journey, through Pennsylvania and over the mountains to the Simrel's Ferry, where they were joined by Burlingame who had been doing pioneer work in connection with the Ohio settlement. It was a well organized expedition, as would be expected of the army engineer. On previous passings over the ground he had marked down each house where they might spend the night. Each morning he fixed the day's destination, and himself rode on ahead to make the necessary arrangement. They went aboard boats which had been contracted for by their leader and presently in a time of low water they were making a difficult way down the Youghiogheny and Monongahela to Pittsburgh and on down the Ohio to the Marrietta Settlement. There they found Colonel Silas Bent of Rutland waiting to welcome them, and other neighbors who were rejoiced to see familiar faces of home folk.

One incident of the journey which today seems almost trifling, but then was semi-tragic, is worth relating as picturing a phase of frontier conditions of the day. "Among other preparations for the journey," wrote Stone, "my mother and sister Lydia had laid up a large quantity of socks and stockings. These were packed in a bag, and that bag was used by the boys who lodged in the wagons, for a bolster. They were lost or stolen. Next morning Sardine went back the whole distance of the previous day's journey, and inquired and advertised for it without success. I do not remember how many pairs of stockings were in it, but from the size of the bag I judge that there were at least one hundred.

"One pair to each of the family were saved, besides those we had on, being laid aside in another place to wash. It was a severe loss. My mother had foreseen that we would have no sheep for some time in Ohio, and had labored hard to provide this most necessary article of clothing for her family, and so it was. We had no sheep for six years after that time."

The Forty-Eight Marietta Pioneers—The forty-eight original pioneers of the Marietta Settlement were a remarkable group of men. They had all been officers of the Revolution. "No Colony in America," said Washington, "was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which has just commenced at Muskingun. Information, property and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of a community."

"I knew them all," cried Lafayette, when the list of nearly fifty military officers who were among the pioneers was read to him in Marietta, in 1825. "I saw them at Brandywine, Yorktown, and Rhode Island. They were the bravest of the brave."

Senator Hoar in his oration delivered at the celebration of the centennial of the Founding of the Northwest, at Marietta, April 7, 1888, said of them: "There are many names that rise to the lips today. Varnum, than whom a courtlier figure never entered the presence of a Queen—soldier, statesman, scholar, orator—whom Thomas Paine, no mean judge, who had heard the greatest English orators in the greatest days of English eloquence, declared the most eloquent man he had ever heard speak; Whipple, gallant seaman as ever trod a deck—a man whom Farragut or Nelson would have loved as a brother; first of the glorious procession of American naval heroes; first to fire an American gun at the flag of England on the sea; first to unfurl the flag of his own country on the Thames; first pioneer of the river commerce of the Ohio to the Gulf; Meigs, hero of Sag Harbor, of the March to Quebec, of the storming of Stony Point—the Christian gentleman and soldier, whom the Cherokees named the White Path in token of the unfailing kindness and inflexible faith which had conveyed to their darkened minds some not inadequate conception of the spirit of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life; Parsons, soldier, scholar, judge; one of the strongest arms on which Washington leaned; who first suggested the Continental Congress; from the story of whose life could almost be written the story of the Northern war; the chivalric and ingenious Devol, said by his biographer to be the most perfect figure of a man to be seen among a thousand; the noble presence of Sprout; the sons of Israel Putnam and Manasseh Cutler; Fearing, and Greene, and Goodale, and the Gilmans; Tupper, leader in church and state—the veteran of a hundred exploits, who seems, in the qualities of intellect and heart, like a twin brother of Rufus Putnam; the brave and patriotic, but unfortunate St. Clair, first Governor of the Northwest, president of the Continental Congress.

"But what shall be said which shall be adequate to the worth of him who was the originator, inspirer, leader, and guide of the Ohio settlement from the time when he first conceived it in the closing days of the Revolution until Ohio took her place in the Union as a free state, in the summer of 1803? Every one of that honorable company would have felt it as a personal wrong had he been told that the foremost honors of this occasion would not be given to Rufus Putnam. Lossing calls him 'the Father of Ohio.' Burnett says 'he was regarded as their principal chief and leader.' He was chosen the superintendent at the meeting of the Ohio Company in Boston, November 21st, 1787, 'to be obeyed and respected accordingly.' The agents of the company voted in 1789 that the 7th of April, the day in which, as they say, 'Gen. Putnam commenced the settlement of this country,' be forever observed as a day of public festival!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Our Critical Quarter Century--- 1787-1812

The first quarter of a century of the United States, embracing the years from the close of the Revolution to the close of the war of 1812, was an acutely critical period. Its beginning was most unpropitious. Financial and business affairs were at sixes and sevens, largely because of the debased paper money. For lack of a central government there was no possible way of restoring the currency to a sound basis. The minds of men were bitter. Many of them had lost their homes and their estates. Some were prisoners for debt, and, with almost rare exceptions, all were poor. The congress, holding office under the loosely drawn Articles of Confederation, possessed no real power; it could not impose its will either on the individual or on the states, even for the collection of taxes with which to defray the cost of government. The Congress was weak in its membership. As George Washington wrote to Benjamin Harrison in December, 1778, narrating the result of his observations of these men:

"If I was to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of Men, from what I have seen, and heard, and in part know, I should in one word say that idleness, dissipation and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold on most of them. That speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration. That party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day, whilst the momentous concerns of an empire are but secondary considerations, and are postponed from day to day, from week to week."

A centralized government as established under the Federal Constitution met with powerful resistance, which nowhere was in greater evidence than in Worcester County. In fact the votes of the county delegates in the State Constitutional Convention all but defeated ratification by Massachusetts. The majority of our home people believed the power of government should remain largely with the states.

Hardly had the Constitution gone into effect, and the first national election held; George Washington inaugurated as President, and the thirteen states settled down to adjust themselves to radically and unprecedented new conditions of government, when troubles from without the Republic arose. From the very outset, England's attitude toward her lost colonies was arrogant and bullying. Many of her statesmen refused to abandon the belief that a Republic composed of states of widely differing and even strongly antagonistic interests must fall to pieces, and eventually return to British dominion. In this opinion, which at times, no doubt, was a motive for action, the Mother Country was abetted by Americans whose Tory sympathies had never changed; and some of these lived in our county. France, too, under the government which followed its own revolution, and later under Napoleon, committed countless outrages on American shipping, which, in the time of the Directory, led to open warfare. The life of the young nation was punctuated with vicissitudes which more than once combined to threaten its very existence, but which were staunchly met one after another and overcome.

The lot of Worcester County was that common to the whole country—up to a certain point. Beyond that, various events and circumstances had their distinctly local consequences. Some of them endure even to this day, notably those influences which converted an almost exclusively agricultural region into one where husbandry occupies second place to manufacturing.

The county shared to the full in the chaos of public opinion which prevailed all through this quarter century. The men who peopled the shire in those stirring times were of strong and fearless minds and outright speech. Their training had been in the trying, self-denying days of the Revolution and the feverish years which preceded it. Their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them had lived under conditions where only the sturdy of mind as well as the sturdy of body could survive and thrive. Generations of independence of thought and action had placed their mark upon these men who were to share in shaping the destiny of the still nebulous republic.

The mass of the people of the inland country of Massachusetts were the yeomanry, and most of them were farmers, untraveled, unread in the larger affairs of the world. They were unfamiliar even with all but a closely restricted area of the New World in which they lived. They knew very little about the sister colonies, excepting as they touched the borders of their own. The soldiers of the county had fought side by side with the men of Virginia and the Carolinas, but associations formed in war yielded little knowledge of the manner of living and human side and business interests of people geographically almost, if not quite, as distant as those of Europe. News contacts between them were infrequent and long-delayed. We of today

WORCESTER ART MUSEUM

As it will look when great frontal addition is completed

are compelled to pause in getting an adequate picture of their isolation one from another.

Our men took to politics as ducks to water. There was nothing half-hearted about their beliefs. William Lincoln, writing his history in 1835, said of them: "During the political controversies which for nearly thirty years divided public opinion in the United States, a decided majority of the inhabitants of Worcester (in common with the rest of the county) were of the democratic party, when the name meant well-defined distinction of principles. The leading men of the time were ardent politicians, and there were periods of excitement when diversity of sentiment impaired the harmony of social intercourse, separated those closely allied by the ties of kindred, and dissolved the bonds of ancient friendship. When the feuds of the past have subsided, it excites surprise that the surface, now so tranquil, should ever have been agitated by commotions as angry as were those which once disturbed its repose." Conventions of the opposing parties constantly assembled, and embodied in resolutions, Yankee fashion, the feelings of the times.

Even in the year of *Lincoln's History,* nearly half a century after the Federal Government was established, the historian declined to discuss in detail the local controversies, lest the feelings of a new generation be wounded by the story of their fathers' political quarrels. Explaining his reticence he wrote: "In the progress of the narrative, we have arrived to that period, when the events of the past are so closely connected with the feelings of the present, as to impose painful restraint on the course of minute recital. The faithful review of the incidents of local history from the adoption of the Federal Constitution, embracing the struggles of the great parties dividing the community, executed in the spirit of independence and impartiality, would be alike useful and interesting. But the time has not yet come when the details of the contest agitating every village of the country, and kindling strife in the relations of social life, can be recorded with freedom and frankness.

"The embers of political controversy, long covered over, have not yet been so extinguished, that the annalist may tread with safety over the spot where they once glowed. The sons may not hope to render unbiassed judgment of the measures of the sires, in scenes of intense excitement. When another generation shall have passed away, and the passions and irritations of the actors shall exist in memory alone, the story may be told faithfully, without fear that inherited partiality or prejudice may lend undue color to the pictured delineated."

In no other period of the history of the United States have there been so many issues over which to quarrel. The fight for and against the adoption

of the Constitution resulted in the formation of two political parties, the Federalists, whe believed in a centralized national government, and the anti-Federalists who stood for State Rights, and who, under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson, became first the Republican party, then the Democratic-Republican, and finally the Democratic party. As Lincoln said, in Worcester County the majority of voters, especially among the farmers, were anti-Federalists. Most of the merchants and other men of affairs were Federalists and strong supporters of the policies of Alexander Hamilton, that brilliant member of Washington's Cabinet, whose ability as a financier led the Nation out of its currency troubles, raised the money for paying both national and State debts, and established once and for all the good credit of the United States. But to the anti-Federalists his name was anathema. And so the men of the shire lined themselves for controversy which was always keen and often bitter and sometimes ugly. But it must not be forgotten that, regardless of party prejudice, George Washington stood apart in the estimation of men as one to be trusted and revered.

Worcester County Strongly Opposes the Federal Constitution—When it came to electing delegates to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, which was to act upon the Constitution as drafted by the National Constitutional Convention, a very large majority of the freeholders were unyieldingly opposed to it. As has been said, the people were unhappy and restless. While some of the evils which had culminated in Shays' Rebellion had been removed, conditions had changed very little for the better. Many men held radical opinions. They could not see the mischievous effects of a fiat paper currency; and in this they have many prototypes even in the twentieth century. The opinion was vigorously expressed that all debts should be cancelled, both public and private. The majority was in no humor to endorse a centralized control and the sacrifice of State Rights.

They were distrustful of everything with which they were unfamiliar. The world contained no government such as that which the Constitution proposed for them. The only centralized authority with which they were acquainted was that of George III and his Ministers and Parliament, from whom they had suffered grievous wrongs, and against whose authority they had fought for eight long years before they acquired their liberty. This freedom they treasured as a religion. They pictured the new republic evolving into a monarchy under whose rule they would be no better off than they had been under the sovereignty of Britain. Their outlook was narrow. It could not have been otherwise, and, looking backward, we cannot blame them. What had they upon which to base the principle of a government of the people, by the people, for the people?

Such was the state of mind of the people of Worcester County when they met in town meeting to elect convention delegates. They sent to Boston fifty delegates from forty-four towns. Only seven of them cast their vote for the adoption of the Constitution. One of the greatest of human documents received the endorsement of Massachusetts, three hundred and fifty-five delegates voting, by the bare majority of nineteen. Had its opponents prevailed, our present Constitution might never have been adopted.

The Federal Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia with delegates from the thirteen original colonies and with Washington as the presiding officer. It has been said that it contained "the greatest collection of superior men assembled in one group since the golden age of Athens." They prepared in four months the draft of a constitution for the proposed United States, "a charter of government, whatever its few very minor mistakes, admittedly without an equal." The convention finished its labors in the early fall of 1787. The Constitution had then to be ratified by the states. Five states had ratified when the issue was presented to Massachusetts, which called its convention on January 9, 1788. It met in the old State House at Boston, but the building was too small, and the place was changed to the old church which stood on "Long Lane," the name of which was changed to Federal Street to commemorate the occasion.

The authors and proponents of the Constitution were anxious about Massachusetts. It was a pivotal point in the whole proceedings, a critical state, if there was to be any United States at all. James Madison wrote to George Washington, January 20, while the Massachusetts Convention was in progress: "The intelligence from Massachusetts begins to be very ominous to the Constitution—there is great reason to fear that the voice of that state would be in the negative. The decision of Massachusetts either way will involve the result in New York state."

Again Madison wrote to Washington: "There are, unhappily, parties opposed to it. First, all men who are in favor of paper money. Those are more or less in every part of the state. Second, all the late insurgents and their abettors. We have in the convention eighteen or twenty who actually served in Shays' army." Worcester County men were among them.

Washington himself, on February 5, the day before the final vote in Massachusetts, wrote to Madison: "I am sorry to find by yours, and other accounts from Massachusetts, that the decision of its convention remains problematical. A rejection of the new form by that state would invigorate the opposition, not only in New York, but in all those which are to follow; at the same time it would afford material for the minority, in such states as have actually agreed to it, to blow the trumpet of discord more loudly. The

acceptance by a bare majority, though preferable to a rejection, is also to be deprecated." The favorable vote of Massachusetts was vitally important.

The delegates elected by the towns are listed in Isaiah Thomas' *New England Magazine,* which for a short period carried on the functions of his Massachusetts *Spy*. It is not clear why some of the towns had more than one delegate. Perhaps each town cast a single ballot. But the list contains an even fifty names, representing forty-four towns, as follows: Ashburnham, John Willard; Athol, Josiah Goddard; Auburn (then Ward), Joseph Stone; Barre, Captain John Black; Bolton, S. Baker; Boylston, James Temple; Brookfield, James Nichols, Daniel Forbes and N. Jenks; Charlton, Caleb Curtiss and Ezra M'Intire; Douglas, Dr. John Taylor; Dudley, Jonathan Day; Fitchburg, Daniel Putnam; Grafton, Dr. Joseph Wood; Hardwick, Major M. Kinsley; Harvard, Josiah Whitney; Holden, Rev. Joseph Davis; Hubbardston, Captain John Woods; Lancaster, J. Sprague; Leicester, Colonel Samuel Denny; Leominster, Captain David Wilder; Lunenburg, Captain John Fuller; Mendon, Edward Thompson; Milford, David Stearns; New Braintree, Captain Benjamin Joslyn; Northboro, Artemus Brigham; Northbridge, Captain Josiah Wood; Oakham, Captain Jonathan Bullard; Paxton, Abraham Smith; Petersham, Jonathan Grout and Samuel Peckham; Princeton, Timothy Fuller; Royalston, John Frye; Rutland, A. Sherman; Shrewsbury, Captain Isaac Harrington; Southboro, Captain Seth Newton; Spencer, James Hathaway; Sturbridge, Captain Timothy Parker; Sutton, David Harwood and Amos Singletary; Templeton, Captain Joel Fletcher; Upton, Captain Thomas M. Baker; Uxbridge, Dr. Samuel Willard; Warren (then Western), Matthew Patrick; Westboro, Stephen Maynard; Westminster, S. Holden; Winchendon, Moses Hale; Worcester, David Bigelow and Samuel Curtis.

Worcester County Men Lead Opposition in Debate—The leader of the convention opposition was Dr. John Taylor of Douglas. Evidently he was an able politician. Jeremy Belknap dubbed him a "cunning and loquacious man." Almost equally important among the opponents of the Constitution was William Wedgery, a delegate from a little town in Maine, which then was a part of Massachusetts. Rufus King called the twain "the champions of our opponents." But Dr. Taylor shone more as an obstructionist, as the politicians know the term, than in serious debate. Characteristic of his tactics was his question asked the convention: "Why the federal city," meaning the District of Columbia, "need be ten miles square; why one mile square would not be sufficient." His chief weapon was in fogging the issue.

Mr. Wedgery went so far as to demand: "What serves to pay the debts of the yeomanry and others? Sir, when oil will quench fire, I shall believe all

this—and not until then. On the contrary, I think the adoption of the constitution makes against them (the yeomanry), though it may be something in favor of the merchants." One delegate announced that in this issue he "would not trust a flock of Moseses."

Amos Singletary of Sutton, for whom was named the familiar pond in his home town, was an able man, self-educated, for he had never had a day in a schoolroom. He had the respect of his fellow-townsmen, whom he had represented in the Provincial Congress through the Revolution and afterwards in the House of Representatives. He was irrevocably opposed to the ratification. He told the convention: "These lawyers and men of learning and moneyed men who talk so finely, and gloss over matters so smoothly, to make us poor illiterate people swallow down the pill; they expect to be the managers of this constitution, and get all the power, and all the money in their own hands, and then they will swallow up all of us little folks, like the great Leviathan, yes, just as the whale swallowed up Jonah."

Major Kinsley of Hardwick, addressing the convention, expressed the dread of arbitrary power which was entertained by most of the delegates from his home county, when he said: "By the Articles of Confederation the people have three checks on their delegates in Congress—the annual election of them—their rotation—and the power to recall any, or all of them when they see fit. In view of our Federal rulers, they are the servants of the people.

"In the new constitution, we are deprived of annual elections—have no rotation—and cannot recall our members. Therefore, our federal rulers will be masters and not servants. I will examine what powers we have given to our masters. They have power to lay and collect all taxes, duties, imposts and excises—raise armies—fit our navies—to establish themselves in a federal town of ten miles square, equal to four middling townships; erect forts, magazines, arsenals, etc. Therefore, if congress be chosen of designing and interested men, they can perpetuate their existence, secure the resources of war, and the people will have nothing left to defend themselves with.

"Let us look into ancient history. The Romans after a war thought themselves safe in a government of ten men, called the Decemviri; these ten men were invested with all powers, and were chosen for three years. By their arts and designs they secured their second election, but finding that from the manner in which they had exercised their power, they were not able to secure their third election, they declared themselves masters of Rome, impoverished the city, and deprived the people of their rights.

"It has been said that there was no danger. I will suppose they were to attempt the experiment, after we had given them all our money, established

them in a federal town, with the power of coining money and raising a standing army, and they should attempt to establish their arbitrary government. What resources have the people left? I cannot see any."

Another delegate declared: "An old saying, Sir, is that 'a good thing don't need praising': but, Sir, it takes the best men in the state to gloss this constitution, which they say is the best human wisdom can invent. In praise of it, we hear the reverend clergy, the judges of the supreme court, and the ablest lawyers, exerting their utmost abilities. Now, Sir, suppose all this artillery turned the other way, and these great men would speak half as much against it, we might complete our business, and go home in forty-eight hours."

Yet another asserted of George Washington, that as president of the Federal Constitutional convention, "his character fell fifty per cent."

But these country folk were not alone in their doubts and apprehensions. Isaiah Thomas was one of the ablest men who ever lived in the Commonwealth. A careful perusal of his *New England Magazine* through the early part of 1788, when the convention was in session, finds him in a state of indecision. During the discussion of the momentous question, he published letters for and against with strict impartiality, which was good journalism. But his editorial attitude was that of a neutral, and Isaiah Thomas was not accustomed to leave his thoughts unsaid in type, once he had espoused a cause. In this case, apparently, he could not make up his mind whether or not the Constitution as framed and accepted, which has governed the United States through all these many years, was what the confederated colonies needed.

Nor was John Hancock's attitude wholly satisfactory to the friends of the Constitution. In view of his close connection with Worcester, and likewise the pre-Revolutionary residence in the shire town of John Adams, an abstract from the latter's famous diary has more than casual interest, when he declared that whenever an important political issue was to be decided, John Hancock usually managed to have a convenient attack of gout. Although the Federalist leaders had picked him as president of the convention, and he was so elected, and he had been promised the first governorship of the new State of Massachusetts, it was several days before he was willing to occupy the presiding officer's chair.

On that historic afternoon, February 6, 1788, one hundred eighty-seven delegates voted for confirmation of the American Constitution, and one hundred sixty-eight voted against it. Only seven Worcester County delegates were listed in the affirmative. They were Honorable Josiah Goddard of Athol, Honorable Samuel Baker of Bolton, Dr. Joseph Wood of Grafton,

Honorable John Sprague of Lancaster, Major David Wilder of Leominster, Captain Seth Newton of Southboro, and Captain Ephraim Wilder of Sterling. There is no record as to whether they followed the instructions of their townspeople, or voted according to their own convictions. Nor is this known as regards the delegates who cast their ballots in the negative.

The strong affirmative vote came from the old settled towns where affairs were largely controlled by the merchants and shipping interests, particularly from Boston, and from Plymouth and Essex counties. It was a narrow escape. But that did not matter. It was sufficient that Massachusetts went on record in favor of the Constitution.

That old copy of the *New England Magazine* takes pains to include the remarks of Mr. Wedgery and Dr. Taylor after the result of the ballot had been announced. They both accepted defeat in a proper spirit. Dr. Taylor told the convention, says the magazine, that "he had uniformly opposed the constitution, but he found himself fairly beat, and expressed his determination to go home and endeavor to infuse a spirit of harmony and love among the people." This magnanimous spirit differed widely from the expreiences in several other states, where defeated opponents of the Constitution gave way to almost riotous anger.

The state of mind of the people of that old day is not easy of understanding by the twentieth century American. As we have stated, they were distrustful of the new form of government, fearing that it would be converted into a monarchy. Their reasoning seems to have had substantial foundation. Edward Channing in his *History of the United States,* published in 1929, throws light on the matter, as follows: "No one, at this distance of time, can for a moment maintain that Washington and Hamilton and Adams and their supporters had any immediate expectation of reviving monarchy in America; but we must remember that monarchy then was the general habit of mankind. Hamilton certainly looked upon the English system with its kings, lords and commoners, with its aristocracy, its middle class, and lower sorts of people, as the most perfect system to be found anywhere, but he knew full well that nothing of the kind could openly be set up in the United States. Adams maintained that men were more easily governed when trained to habits of respect to those in high station. He would have honored the chief magistrate with some such title as "His Majesty, the President." He constantly used the words monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic to describe a government of three branches. He had no idea that a limited monarchy would be established in the United States in his time; but he believed it would come eventually because jealousy, envy and ingratitude had ruined every democracy and every aristocracy and every mixture of the two. America would be

no exception to the march of history in other lands and in other times. Adams' opinions were well known and found favor in the eyes of Hamilton and his friends and were greatly disliked by many others.

"Washington took part, with every appearance of willingness, in ceremonials that dismayed many persons of republican and democratic proclivities. He had asked the advice of Adams and Hamilton as to what kind of station he should keep, and the reply of the latter became the basis of his official conduct. He decided not to maintain an open table, as the presidents of congress had done. He determined to make no visits and not to receive callers, except on certain stated public occasions. These came to be called 'levees,' where there was a good deal of stately precision. Mrs. Washington also held her 'drawing rooms' and both the President and wife were present at public balls. Washington drove about the capital city, whether New York, or Philadelphia, in a coach drawn by four cream-colored horses, quite after the Guelphic manner. He made three journeys over the country, which might fairly be likened to royal progresses."

Washington's manner of official living was not greatly different from that of some more recent presidents. Nor did it jar greatly on the prejudices of our New England people, so long as George Washington was President. When in the first year of his administration he visited Worcester County he rode in what is described as a chariot drawn by four blooded horses, but no one thought his state greater than his dignity demanded. But when John Adams succeeded him, his political opponents could not reconcile formalities savoring of a royal court with the representative of a free and independent people.

To quote Channing a little further, in getting the atmosphere of the period: "Nowadays 'secession' and 'disunion' have a dreadful sound, but then they had nothing of the kind. The relative advantages and disadvantages of working together or in two or three groups was a subject for discussion and correspondence. Every now and then the putting an end to the existing constitutional arrangement came before the politicians as a practical question for peaceful solution. In 1790, the assuming or not assuming State debts was generally recognized as involving a continuance or dissolution of the federal system. In 1792, the ending of the Union is constantly mentioned in letters. In 1795, the Reverend John Pierce noticing the sumptuousness of the new capitol at Hartford, Connecticut, wrote that it 'excites the suspicion . . . . that it contemplated to make this a Capitol should there be a division of the Northern from the Southern States.'

"Washington devoted a large portion of the farewell address to his 'Friends and Fellow-Citizens' to arguing for the continuance of the 'Unity of

Government.' In the first writing of the address, he adverted to the constant assertions that were made as to the small amount of affections of the several parts of the United States for each other, and that the union would be dissolved if this measure or that measure were passed. These intimations were indiscreet, he thought, and tended to teach the minds of men to consider the Union as an object to which they ought not to attach their hopes and their fortunes.

"The most notable deliverance on the subject of disunion came from Jefferson in 1798 in a letter to John Taylor of Carolina. Taylor had suggested to a common friend that the way out of all the difficulties that were besetting the South was for that section to separate from the north, Jefferson acknowledged that they were then under 'the saddle of Massachusetts and Connecticut,' but the temporary superiority of one portion of the country over the rest was no justification for a 'scission of the Union.' If the New England States were cut off, a Pennsylvania and a Virginian party would immediately arise in the 'residuary confederacy.' It was convenient to have some one to quarrel with and the New Englanders were good for that purpose. 'A little patience and we shall see the reign of witches pass over' and the South will come into its own."

In a history of the character of this book, one may deal but sketchily with national affairs, even in a period of such vital importance as that under discussion. It is sufficient to say that great events followed one another in rapid succession—the establishment of the United States bank and mint; Jay's treaty with England, which brought forth a storm of protest; the arrival of "Citizen" Genet following the French Revolution, and his attempt to embroil the United States in his country's war with England; the great wave of immigration to the West, in which Worcester County men and their families joined, following after the General Rufus Putnam exodus to Marietta; the Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania; the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from France; Lewis and Clark's expedition to Oregon; the war on the Tripoli pirates; the killing of Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr and Burr's trial for treason; and Robert Fulton's steamboat on the Hudson. And there were others, culminating in the War of 1812, to which further attention will be given. Wherever men met in those days, there was a plenty of subjects to talk about, in friendly or acrimonious argument.

Washington's Tour Through Worcester County—The visit of George Washington to Worcester County in October, 1789, the year of his inauguration as President of the new United States, was naturally an occasion of great importance to the vast number of people who saw the man they all venerated, and to the many who had the honor and pleasure of meeting him personally.

It was an imposing little cavalcade that traveled over the Boston Post Road on the way to Boston, and, on the return journey, over the Boston and Hartford Turnpike through the towns of Mendon, Uxbridge and Douglas. In advance rode a gentleman in brilliant uniform mounted on a magnificent dapple-grey horse. He was followed by two aids, likewise on dapple-grey chargers and wearing bright military dress. Then came President Washington in his chariot which was drawn by a pair of handsome bay horses of the Mount Vernon breed, each ridden by a negro boy in livery. In the rear was the baggage wagon with its pair of bays, with driver and attendants in livery.

The President arrived in Brookfield from Hartford on the evening of Tuesday, October 22, and spent the night at the Brookfield Tavern. He must have made a very early start for Worcester, for when, after passing through Spencer, he arrived in Leicester, the morning was still young. His arrival and reception in Worcester were thus described in the Massachusetts *Spy*: "Information being received on Tuesday evening (October 22) that His Highness would be in town the next morning, a number of respectable citizens, about forty, paraded before sunrise, on horseback, and went as far as Leicester line to welcome him, and escort him into town. The Worcester company of artillery, commanded by Major Treadwell, were already assembled; on notice being given that His Highness was approaching, five cannon were fired, for the five New England states; three for the three in the Union; one for Vermont, which will speedily be admitted; and one as a call to Rhode Island to be ready before it be too late.

"Then the President-General arrived in sight of the meeting-house, eleven cannon were fired. He viewed with attention the artillery company as he passed, and expressed to the inhabitants his sense of the honor done him. He stopped at the United States Arms, and breakfasted, and then proceeded on his journey. To gratify the inhabitants, he politely passed through the town on horseback, dressed in a brown suit, and pleasure glowed in every countenance. Eleven cannon were again fired. The gentlemen of the town escorted him a few miles, when they took their leave." The Father of His Country proceeded on his way with his party through Shrewsbury and Northboro and on into Middlesex, and to Boston.

In the quaint little Worcester book "Carl's Tour in Main Street," published in 1855, which tells of a lad's experience walking about the town with his father in about the year 1830, Washington's visit is described as follows: "'As we passed by the Exchange Coffee House" at Market Street "it was the remark of my father that he remembered perfectly well just how President Washington looked the morning he stopped there to take his breakfast. It was the first year of his presidency—the first under the constitution. It was on Friday, the 23rd day of October, 1789. The town, my father said, was

thrown into a great excitement the afternoon previous by the arrival of the news that Washington was at Brookfield, and would reach Worcester the next morning.

"Every good horse was put in requisition; and at sunrise a cavalcade of some forty to fifty gentlemen—most of them young men—rode up to Leicester, to meet the president and escort him into town. My father said, with hundreds of others he was waiting near the South Church; and as the president came over the high ground near where Oread Institute now is, a signal was given, and cannons were fired and the bell rung.

"The president rode in a chariot drawn by two beautiful bay horses, which were understood to be of his own raising on his Virginia estates; and when he had reached the south end of Main Street, he left the chariot and rode horseback through Main Street to the United States Arms" (afterwards the Exchange Coffee House) "where he dismounted and partook of a breakfast.

"My father said the people were much disappointed that the president could stop no longer; but he apologized by saying that it was then Friday morning, and he was anxious to reach Boston before Sunday. After breakfast, amidst immense cheering by the people who had assembled in great numbers, Washington took his seat in his chariot, and started off on the old road to Boston (now Lincoln Street) attended as far as Marlboro by a large cavalcade of gentlemen from Worcester."

"Washington was then fifty-seven years and eight months old. He wore a brown dress, my father told me; and was an unostentatious, plain, sedate, citizen, notwithstanding people generally addressed him and spoke of him as His Highness, the President."

Upon leaving Worcester, Washington's next stop was at the tavern in Shrewsbury, then kept by Major John Farrar, veteran of the Revolution, but afterward known as the Pease Tavern. Elizabeth Ward, in her little book, *Old Times in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts,* published in 1892, gives us this delightful anecdote: "When it became known that the hero of the Revolution was to pass this way, the school-children received an extra lesson in making their manners, that they might greet the chieftain with proper respect. And so it happened, that as General Washington was driving by in his carriage, preceded by his escort, his attention was attracted to a row of children on each side of the road, the boys on one side making their bows and the girls sweeping their graceful courtesies on the other. The outriders in their uniforms bright with scarlet cloth and gold lace, were so splendid that the children hardly noticed the stopping of the carriage, until a gentleman in plain brown dress alighted and Washington himself stood before them, speaking to every child and shaking hands with the older ones.

"John Farrar's little daughter Hannah was among them; her expectations had been greatly excited concerning the unusual guest for whom such a stir had been made, and who was to receive such distinguishing marks of respect from the children, her imagination picturing him as some superior being. So when the tall gentleman in the plain brown suit stepped from the carriage, dressed more plainly than his guard and postillions, and she became aware that he was the great Washington, this spirited young woman of ten, whose noble ancestor's name was on the Roll of Battle Abbey, refused her curtesy and turning her back upon the 'Father of His Country' exclaimed, 'He is nothing but a man!' Her words, accompanied with a look of intense disgust on her face, amused Washington, and calling her back to him, he presented her with a silver shilling. This shilling is still preserved in the family as a great treasure."

Then Washington entered the tavern and was ushered into a front parlor where he sipped a glass of wine, while the others of his party patronized the bar. It is probable that they were joined there by the gentlemen of Worcester who made up the cavalcade of escort.

Happenings of the Return Journey—On the return journey over the Hartford Turnpike there occurred the most ironic event in the history of the town of Mendon, an unfortunate incident savoring of the semi-tragic, which resulted in one of the most treasured bits in the history of the neighboring town of Uxbridge. President Washington had planned to spend a night with an old army friend, Colonel Amidon, landlord of the Mendon Tavern, and the delighted veteran and his household had for days been making preparations for the reception of the distinguished visitor. But they could not be told in advance the exact time of expected arrival.

On that November 8th, the road was in bad shape. In fact, in 1789, it was none too good at its best. The progress of the Presidential party was slow, and it was late and the night pitch dark when the coach pulled up at the Mendon Tavern door. Colonel Amidon was away. His wife, for some unexplained reason, did not recognize the arrivals, and the President of the United States was refused lodging. Not realizing who the travelers were, perhaps she feared to fill her house, lest the great Washington might not have the best.

So the cavalcade proceeded on its way, and soon reached the Wood Tavern in Uxbridge. There, too, they could not be received, for Mrs. Wood had just died, and there was no mistress of the house to look after the entertainment and comfort of so distinguished a guest. So again they set forth, directed to the Taft Tavern at North Uxbridge.

Washington was not expected, of course. But Landlord Warner Taft was always ready for any guest. The President tasted the warming toddy,

enjoyed the best of suppers, waited upon the landlord's pretty daughters, Mercy and Parla, wrote a letter back to Boston, and retired for the night.

In the meanwhile, Colonel Amidon had returned to his inn and discovered the awful blunder that his wife had made. What he said is not recorded; imagination supplies the substance. But he wasted little time. With his daughter he urged his best horse at top speed, in search of the departed friend.

Arriving at the Taft Tavern, he found that the President was in bed. To the surprise of the attendants, however, the General learning of his caller, attired himself in a dressing gown and descended to the parlor, and the old comrades had an enjoyable reunion. But nothing the Colonel could say would move the President to return to Mendon. He was far too comfortable where he was.

Tradition has it that Washington in bidding good night to Miss Amidon, said: "Allow me to ask you one question. You have come a good ways to see an old man. How far would you have gone to see a young one?" No one knows the young lady's reply.

At Hartford next day, Washington wrote the following letter to Warner Taft:

"Sir: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover much pleased with the modest and innocent look of your two daughters *Patty* and *Polly,* I do for these reason send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited upon us more than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things to have it talked about, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to 'The President of the United States, New York.' I wish you and your family well, and am your humble servant."

So, it would seem, Mercy was familiarly known as Patty and Parla as Polly. Washington must have got the impression that Mercy's name was Martha, for his wife.

Amariah Frost of Milford, in his diary, tells of visiting Mount Vernon in June, 1797, and after describing his reception by Washington and the dinner which was served, adds: "The President spoke of the improvements made in the United States. . . . . We conversed also respecting his return by way of Lexington across the country. He inquired if I knew Mr. Taft's

family where he put up that night; whether the old gentleman was alive, and added that he was much pleased with the conduct of his daughters, particularly of the eldest, who, he said, appeared to have superior sense and knowledge for one educated in such a country village at a tavern. She appeared to understand considerable of geography, etc., that she was a very sensible and modest person. Inquired if she was well married. I answered that I believed she was, and that it was to a person of education who was a clergyman."

This little romance was told by Sarah F. Taft, descendant of Warner Taft, whose home the tavern was until her death a few years ago: "One afternoon the daughter Mercy and other young people were chatting at the home, and looking out the window they saw a fine looking young man coming into the yard, and Mercy said, laughingly, 'There comes my man.' It proved to be a Mr. Olds who was studying at Harvard. He was attracted to the young lady, and a friendship sprang up which resulted in their marriage. He did not remain in the ministry long. They went west and the descendants further west, till at the present time many of them are in the states of South Dakota and Washington."

The old gambrel-roofed Taft Tavern still remains in the possession of the descendants of Warner Taft. And one of their highly prized possessions is the desk at which George Washington sat that night and wrote his Boston letter.

LaFayette's Visit—It seems fitting to interpolate here, out of its chronological order, an account of the visit of General LaFayette to Worcester County in 1824. His reception in every town through which he passed was one of whole-hearted welcome, and particularly was he touched by the greetings of his old companion-in-arms of the Revolution. After the ceremonies of the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, where he was the guest of honor, he started on his return journey by taking the route of the British march to Lexington and Concord. Thence he headed westward, and passed the night at the mansion of Honorable S. V. S. Wilder at Bolton. At half past six the next morning, escorted by a body of cavalry, he proceeded over the turnpike to Lancaster.

He was received at the toll-gate with a national salute from the artillery, and upon arrival at an elaborately decorated arch near the meetinghouse was met by the town committee and conducted to a platform on the Green. "There, in the presence of an immense concourse from all the country around, he was welcomed in an address by the Reverend Doctor Nathaniel Thayer, to which he made brief response, evidently deeply affected by the eloquent words to which he had listened, and by the spontaneous homage of a grateful people.

After a brief stay, during which the surviving soldiers of the Revolution were presented to him, amid the booming of cannon and the tearful acclamations of the multitude, the cavalcade moved on toward Worcester."

To quote a contemporary account of the greeting of the county seat: "He was received on the northern border of the town by a deputation from a committee of the citizens, and escorted by two companies of cavalry, a regiment of the light troops of the division, and a great concourse of the people of the county. From hoary age to lisping childhood, all were eager to manifest affection and respect for the guest of the nation.

"He passed through crowded streets; between lines of the children of the schools, ranged under the care of their teachers, who scattered laurels in his path; beneath arches inscribed with his own memorable words, and with the names of the scenes of his signal services; amidst companions who had borne arms with him in the army of independence; and through the multitudes who had gathered from the vicinage to greet the return of the friend of their fathers."

Said the National Aegis: "The concourse of people now became great, and the cheering and tokens of welcome almost continual, and the scene impressive beyond description—the grey-headed soldiers of the Revolution, in their impatience to salute their old companion at arms seemed to forget their infirmities and to banish all ceremony.

"They pressed up to the barouche as it passed along, and extended their arms to embrace the object of their affection. The veteran himself seemed deeply moved by these spontaneous demonstrations of gratitude and respect, and shook many of his old soldiers by the hand as he passed along."

Eli Whitney's Invention of the Cotton Gin—In 1793 there occurred an event of revolutionary importance to the world, for good, and at the same time strange to say, for evil—the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney of Westboro. Because of it, his county, in common with other regions of the North, was able to take advantage of the opportunity offered a decade later by the interruption of the flow of merchandise from the mills of Europe, to establish mills of their own.

Over night, as it were, the cotton gin made possible the production of cotton in the South on a large scale, and the manufacture of cotton yarn and cotton cloth as one of the world's great industries. Likewise it gave enormous stimulus to American exports. But it was the direct means of establishing Negro slavery as an institution so huge and so menacing as eventually to bring on the Civil War.

Eli Whitney was born on his father's farm, at Westboro. His mechanical genius came to light when he was still a lad, and so did an ambition to receive

a college education. His father was bitterly disappointed. He wished his son to follow in his footsteps on the farm. But he finally yielded and sent Eli to Yale College, from which he graduated in 1792. His inclination was toward mechanics. Such a boy today would seek out a good engineering school such as the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. But he determined to make some use, at least, of his college training, and accepted an opportunity to tutor in a Georgia family. One of his traveling companions on the journey south was Mrs. Greene of Rhode Island, widow of the famous Revolutionary soldier, General Nathanael Greene, who was returning to Savannah with her family. On arriving at his destination he found that another had been given the post that had been promised him.

Mrs. Greene showed the young man much kindness. One day, after she had seen evidences of his ingenuity, she was entertaining a distinguished company of gentlemen, who deplored the lack of a machine which would separate the cotton seed from the fibre. It then took a negro a whole day to clean one pound of cotton. The South was languishing for want of a means of getting its cotton crop to the market. "Gentlemen," the hostess said, "apply to my young friend Mr. Whitney—he can make anything."

So Eli Whitney went to work on the problem. It was not the season of the year for cotton, and he had to scour the Savannah warehouses to get enough for the purpose of his experiments. Mrs. Greene gave him a room in her mansion for his workshop, and there he labored, being compelled even to make the tools with which to fashion a model. Finally he was successful. His "gin," as he dubbed it, abbreviation for "engine," was an instant, practical success. It made the separation of seeds from fibre easy and thorough. The problem of the South was solved.

The change in the value of cotton as a result of the invention of the cotton gin is one of the marvels of the history of manufactures. The actual money value of cotton in the period immediately preceding the invention is not easy to compute, because of unstable prices as against the inflated currency of the day. But the relation of its value to those of other common items affords a sound estimate. The price fixed for cotton in the Anti-Monopoly Acts of 1779 was three shillings per pound by the bag and three shillings eight pence per single pound. Plain dinners were one shilling, six pence, lodging four pence, and shaving three pence. One pound of cotton would buy two dinners, one lodging, one "shaving," and leave a penny over. When the cotton gin was at work a pound of cotton would not have carried one far either in eating or in sleeping.

Channing wrote of the cotton gin: "Eli Whitney's adaptation of the existing machinery for separating the cotton gin from the fibre came at one of

those psychological moments that are constantly met with in historical study. The inventions of Crompton, Arkwright, and others in England in combination with the introduction of steam power led to an epoch-making development of cotton manufacturing and to an accompanying, insistent demand for cheap fibre. The existing sources of supply of the long staple cotton—India, the West Indies and the Carolinian sea-islands—were not able to meet the demand.

"The upland of the Lower South was fitted by nature with soil, temperature, and moisture entirely congenial to the growth of the short-staple, green-seed cotton plant. Two things stood in the way of its cultivation; the lack of suitable labor and the difficulty of separating the seed from the fibre. Many attempts had been made to solve this difficulty. None of them had been successful until Whitney in 1794 devised a machine that could be used commercially. He and his partners rented these machines, or 'gins' to producers, and they also bought cotton and ginned it themselves. Probably, they were actuated partly by desire for gain and partly by a wish to properly separate the cotton from the seed.

"As almost any good mechanic could duplicate the Whitney cotton-gin, the attempt to regulate its use led to law suits, disputations, and disappointments. Had not Whitney hit upon the idea of manufacturing firearms on a large scale with interchangeable parts, thereby making himself independent of the cotton-gin, his later life might have been another tragedy of the American inventor. The cultivation of cotton rapidly overspread the Southern uplands. There was a market for every pound that could be produced; there was a field and a hoe for every negro slave who could be procured.

"It is almost impossible to give any tangible idea of the increase in the amount of cotton cultivation. Perhaps the best way to give some comprehension of the extension of the industry is to say that practically no North American cotton was imported into Liverpool from the United States in 1790, and that almost two hundred thousand bags of it were imported in 1810. The cultivation of upland cotton increased with marvelous rapidity, and, could the necessary labor have been found, it would have increased much faster had not commercial warfare (under the embargo and non-intercourse act) restricted exportation. This lessening of foreign demand was in part made good by a great increase in cotton spinning in the North. In 1807, according to Gallatin, there were fifteen mills with about eight thousand spindles in the United States; in 1811, there were eighty-seven mills with eighty thousand spindles, and they used 3,600,000 pounds of cotton in twelve months.

County Thrives Under Embargo Act—Of extraordinary importance to Worcester County in shaping its destiny were the embargo act of 1807 and the non-intercourse act which succeeded it, for they gave a great stimulus to manufacturing industry in this inland country, and were the direct cause of the establishment of a large number of mills and factories. France and England were at war. Each demanded that the United States cease all commerce with the other, which was disastrous to our shipping. Our merchantmen were seized and sold as prizes. English men-of-war stopped our ships on the high seas on the pretence of searching them for deserters from the royal navy, and every sailor was considered a British subject, unless he could prove himself an American citizen. Thousands of our men were seized and compelled to do service on British warships. The crisis came in 1807 when the British frigate *Leopard* stopped the American frigate *Chesapeake* at a moment when her guns were dismounted and she was incapable of resistance, and took four of her crew, one of whom was hung as a deserter.

Congress, seeking retaliation and also wishing to teach a lesson, immediately passed the embargo act with the purpose of starving out both Great Britain and France. Not an American ship was permitted to sail from an American port. Even fishing vessels had difficulty in securing clearance. But neither England nor France went hungry, while the United States saw its exports fall $40,000,000 in a single year. All along the seaboard there was great distress. Shipyards and shipping were idle.

But Worcester County did not suffer. The absence of imported goods stimulated manufacturing in a large way. While Boston and the other seaport towns were bringing every influence to bear on the President and Congress to secure the repeal of the act, our shire sat tight, as was illustrated in correspondence between the selectmen of Boston and Worcester.

On August 10, 1808, the Boston selectmen sent to Worcester a copy of a petition already adopted by the citizens of Boston, addressed to President Jefferson, praying for the suspension of the embargo act, or, if doubt existed of the power of the executive to afford relief from measures that pressed heavily on commerce, requesting that Congress might be convened for the purpose of taking such relief under consideration. The communication asked that the Worcester selectmen call a meeting of the inhabitants to obtain their concurrence in the petition.

The selectmen declined to comply with the request, which they did in an ingenious round-about letter, in which they said: "We deferred returning an answer because we thought we had reason to believe that there would be found ten of our own freeholders, knowing our sentiments and differing from us, who, by signifying their desire in writing, would make it our duty

to call such a meeting. We can no longer delay a civility due to our fellow-citizens of the respectable town of Boston. We will, therefore, with that friendly freedom which becomes citizens whose interests are the same, expose the reasons and sentiments which forbid us to act in our official capacity, according to your proposal. Assenting to the constitutional right of the citizens to assemble and consult for the common good, cordially concurring in respect for the constitutional authorities of the country, we depart widely from the views of policy entertained by the petitioners (of Boston), and conclude by declaring that, fully persuaded we have expressed the sentiment of a large majority of the inhabitants of this town, in expressing our own, we cannot believe it would be satisfactory to them, on this occasion, at this season of the year, to be called together in town meeting."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Our Critical Quarter Century---1787-1812 *(Continued)*

When trouble with France reached a point when war seemed imminent, Congress, in July, 1798, as a precautionary measure voted to augment the United States Army by the creation of twelve additional regiments of infantry and six troops of light dragoons, and recruiting began July 16. In the autumn of 1799, a brigade of the new troops, consisting of the 14th, 15th and 16th regiments, was ordered to Oxford as a rendezvous. The regiments were not nearly at full strength, and men were being received from various recruiting stations and put in training under veterans of the Revolutions. The camp was on the slope of the hill west of the center of the town. Colonel Benjamin Rice was in command, himself a Worcester County man, the son of Rev. Caleb Rice of Sturbridge. The officers found quarters in the village, some of them living with their families in houses secured for homes, others having rooms in private families or at the taverns.

Strict discipline was lacking, and the soldiers immediately began to swarm over the surrounding country, raiding the farms and robbing the farmers of their produce. It became necessary to harvest crops early and get them under cover. But even this did not stop the petty thievery, for farm buildings were entered, and the soldiers went so far as to empty family pork barrels stored in home cellars. It is significant of camp conditions, that when the specie with which to pay the troops arrived in town, there was apprehension lest a raid be made upon it. So it was taken to Butler's Tavern, where some of the officers lived, deposited in one of the rooms, and a network of twine drawn across the doorway, so that any attempt to get at the treasure might be detected.

But punishment was provided for offenders who were apprehended. The tale was related by an old resident of Oxford that he was present at Campbell's Tavern on the occasion of the punishment of a soldier for some misdemeanor. He was tied to the tavern sign-post in the middle of the street,

and there flogged in the presence of a crowd which had gathered for entertainment.

No accurate record exists as to the number of soldiers in the "Oxford Army," or "Adams' Army," as the provisional regiments were also styled. Tradition puts it at a thousand, but there is reason to believe this a low estimate. Recruiting was suspended early in 1800, and officers on recruiting duty were ordered to report to their commands at Oxford. Congress in May ordered the disbandment of the regiments on or before June 15.

A memorable occasion in connection with the disbandment was the visit to Oxford of General Alexander Hamilton to give necessary directions as to the preservation of the public stores. The Boston *Centinel* of June 23, contained the following letter dated Oxford, June 13:

"On Tuesday last Gen. Maj. Hamilton with his suite arrived at this place, and on the succeeding day he reviewed the Brigade under the command of Colonel Rice. On this occasion the troops performed their manoeuvers with that exactness and activity which manifested attention in the men and superiority in the officers. The General expressed an unequivocal approbation of the discipline of the army and beheld with pleasure the subordination and attention to dress and discipline.

"On Thursday the General made a public dinner to which all the officers of the brigade and several gentlemen of the permanent army were invited. A convenient colonnade was erected for the purpose over which the flag of the United States was displayed, and during the entertainment the air was filled with martial music from the new-formed band and from a large collection of drums and fifes. Hilarity and joy pervaded the guests . . . . but when they drank to the memory of WASHINGTON! and a parting sentiment was given by Gen. Hamilton a blush of extreme sensibility suffused every cheek and demonstrated the agitation of every bosom.

"But Friday was reserved for a more prominent display of the passions of the human mind. At 7 o'clock in the morning the Brigade was formed into a hollow square when the General addressed his fellow soldiers in a speech of about half an hour in length. On this occasion the troops were moved, not merely on account of this last interview with their general, but by the impressive sentiments which fell from his lips, enforced by the most charming eloquence and pointed diction. I cannot give even an epitome of this address. Suffice it to observe that he inculcated sentiments suitable for directing the conduct of the army subsequent to its retirement into private life—such sentiments as awakened and I trust will keep alive the patriotism of the officers and men; and induce them again, at the call of their country to make new sacrifices for its defense."

A few nights later Hamilton was dined in Boston, when among the toasts were these: "The late disbanded army,—may we respect them for the services they would have performed had our insidious *Friends* presented a bayonet instead of an olive branch." "The Atlantic ocean—What God has separated let not man put together."

The Death of George Washington—The news of the death of George Washington was received with deepest grief in every town and hamlet and farm in the county. Buildings were draped in mourning, and services held on a Sabbath, or as in Worcester, on February 22, birthday of the Father of His Country, which was the day formally set apart by the Nation. In Worcester, "the company of cavalry, the artillery, cadets, militia, the youth of the schools, and a great concourse of citizens, moved with solemn music to the Old South Church, which was hung with black and emblems of mourning. An eloquent eulogy was pronounced by the Reverend Doctor Aaron Bancroft, on the virtues of the departed soldier, statesman, and patriot."

But nowhere in the land, perhaps, was the passing of the beloved Washington memorialized with such pomp and circumstance as in Oxford, where the brigade of troops, soon to be disbanded, joined with the Masonic Fraternity in solemn pageant and services, which took on the complete panoply of a funeral, in which the last remains of Washington were represented by an emblem. On January 8, 1800, by order of Colonel Rice, the following appeared in the Massachusetts *Spy*:

FUNERAL HONORS AT OXFORD.

"Oxford, January 4, 1800.

"Mess. Thomas & Son.

"The President having directed that Funeral Honors should be performed at the several Military stations throughout the United States to the Memory of our late beloved highly venerated and most illustrious COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF whose talents as an officer and virtues as a man had placed him above all praise, I have directed that the same be performed at this post on Wednesday the Fifteenth instant.

"Confident that the most poignant grief for so great a National Calamity hath pervaded every part of our country, and particularly the citizens of this vicinity, and that it would afford them consolation to unite with us in performing these sad rites, I request that through your paper information may be given thereof. The Clergy—the Society of the Cincinnati and Officers of the late Army—Officers civil and military—Citizens in general are invited to attend; and it is hoped the usual badge of mourning on the left arm.

"The procession will be formed precisely at 11 o'clock and proceed to the Meeting-house where it is expected divine worship will be performed; after which it will proceed to the place representing that of interment, and the ceremonies performed agreeable to the instructions therefor.

"It is requested that seasonable information may be given by the Commanding Officers of such Volunteer Corps and Uniformed Companies of Militia as will attend on the occasion.

"N. RICE,
"Commandant of the 14th Regiment
and Commanding Officer at Oxford."

The *Spy* of 22 Jan., 1800, contained the following:

"On Wednesday the 15th inst., Funeral Honors were paid by the troops stationed at Oxford to the memory of their illustrious leader General GEORGE WASHINGTON. At day break 16 guns were fired from the left of the Cantonment by a company of Worcester Artillery, commanded by Capt. Healy: at sunrise another gun was fired, which was repeated each half hour through the day. At 11 o'clock the troops having been formed, moved from their parade by platoons and formed in the Main Street; a company of Cavalry under the command of Capt. Jeremiah Kingsbury formed on their left, the whole commanded by Maj. Walker of the 14th Regiment and two companies of Artillery under the orders of Major Andrews on their right.

"Thus formed, at 12 o'clock, the Hearse, covered with a black velvet Pall bearing an Urn shrouded with black crepe and accompanied by the Pall Bearers in mourning and with white scarfs, was received by the troops with presented arms, the drums beating a march while it passed slowly in front to the left; the Officers and colors saluting as it passed; from the left it was borne back to the centre where it halted and received the salute of all the officers and colors alone. It was then removed to its place in the procession, which then moved, by the left, in the order following, the music playing a Dead March:

Company of Cavalry.
16th, 15th and 14th Regiments of United States troops.
Artillery.
Band of Music.
Drums and fifes of the Brigade.
(Drums covered with crepe and muffled.)
Clergy.
Orator and officiating Clergyman with white scarfs.

PALL BEARERS,	BIER	PALL BEARERS,
Capt. Balch	Bearing the Urn, covered as before mentioned, a 'W' in gold cipher on the Urn, and a laurel wreath running spirally from the base to the top. The General's Hat and Sword placed at the head of the Bier, which was borne by four Sergeant Majors.	Capt. Tillinghast
Maj. Jones		Maj. Lynde
Maj. Winslow		Col. Hunnewell

THE GENERAL'S HORSE

Covered with black properly caparisoned, boots reversed, led by two servants in livery.

Col. Rice, Commandant,
As chief mourner—with staff.

Officers of the Army
with badges of mourning.

Civil Staff of the Army.

Members of the Society of the Cincinnati and
Officers of the late Army.

Brethren of the 'Morning Star,' 'Fayette,' 'Meridian Sun' and 'Olive Branch' Lodges in the following order:

Tyler
With a drawn sword, the hilt covered with crape.
Two Tylers, do.

Two Stewards
With white staves, the tops covered with crape tied with white.
Ribands—black and white tassels.

Brethren of the several Lodges.

Secretaries of the Lodges.
With the records covered with crape.

Treasurers,
bearing charters covered with crape.

Junior Wardens,
Senior Wardens,
bearing their columns covered with crape.

Past Masters.

Three Master Masons walking triangularly with the three candlesticks covered with crape, lights extinguished.

Three Masons walking triangularly, each bearing a staff, the head of which was covered with crape and a white silk cord—black and white tassels. On each staff hung a pendant of white silk bordered with black. On one pendant was 'Wisdom,' on another 'Strength' and on the third 'Beauty.'

MONUMENTAL OBELISK

borne by four oldest Master Masons supported by four more.

The Obelisk and its Pedestal were four and a half feet high, representing black marble; on the front of it was a bust of General Washington and over it a motto, 'HE LIVES IN OUR HEARTS'; above the motto the square and compass. On the other three sides of the Obelisk were represented Faith, Hope and Charity, and above them the corresponding Masonic emblems; the whole in Bas Relief. On the Pedestal was inscribed the General's name, where born, when Commander of the late Army, when President of Congress, etc., etc.,

Two Master Masons bearing a large and elegant

SILVER URN

beautifully decorated with a wreath of evergreens intermixed with flowers and the (laurel branch) in front.

Three brethren walking triangularly with large silver candlesticks without lights.

Tyler
with his sword as before mentioned.

The Constitutions and Sacred Writings
on black cushions, etc., borne by two Past Masters.

Three Masters of Lodges.

A Brother of the Royal Arch
bearing a silver Urn.

Presiding Master.

Deacon. Deacon.

Each with a black staff, the head covered with white crape tied with black riband, black and white tassels.

Officers of the Militia.

Sheriffs.

Justices of the Peace.

Gentlemen of the Bar and Physicians.

Other Citizens.

"The citizens were marshalled by Capt. Hamilton of Worcester. It is supposed the procession and the spectators amounted to 5,000 persons.

"On the arrival of the procession at the Meeting-house the troops formed the lines, opened their ranks, and faced inward, resting upon their arms reversed; the procession passed through into the house, led by the clergy, the band playing a solemn dirge; the pulpit, communion table and galleries, were wholly shrouded in black; the hearse being placed at the head of the broad aisle, the brethren of the Fraternity of Masons elevated the obelisk on the right of the hearse, and on the left placed their lights, silver urn, etc., on a large pedestal covered with black, during which the band from the gallery continued to fill the house with solemn music; thus arranged, the throne of grace was addressed by Rev. Mr. Austin of Worcester, after which another solemn dirge by the band. An eulogy was then pronounced by Capt. Josiah Dunham, of the 16th regiment of United States Infantry, in which he strikingly portrayed the virtues and services of the late Commander-in-Chief, and observed justly that Five Millions of people were, with one voice, expressing sorrow and grief at their loss. After the eulogy followed a solemn funeral dirge by the Band, during which the Fraternity, in mournful silence and in proper order, deposited their large silver urn and raised the Obelisk over it. A short but solemn funeral service was performed by the Fraternity, which closed the solemnities in the Meeting-house.

"The procession was again formed, and left the Meeting-house in the same order in which it arrived there; marching one mile in the Main Street, which being very broad, straight and level, afforded to a numerous body of spectators an opportunity of viewing the whole procession at once, during which time the bell, being muffled, tolled a solemn knell, and minute guns were fired from the Artillery. On the arrival at the place of Deposit the troops again forming a line and resting on their arms reversed, the procession passed through, and the Hearse, reaching its destined spot, the Urn was deposited in the earth, the music again played a solemn dirge. The order of the President and of Gen. Hamilton was read to the troops, a detachment of Infantry advanced and fired three volleys over the Urn, after which the Masonic brethren placed a monument over it. The troops being again formed, the colors were unfurled and the drums unmuffled, the troops wheeled to the right by platoons, the President's March was played, and they moved to their quarters and were dismissed. The Fraternity retired to their temporary Lodge, which was immediately closed.

"The solemnities ended with the setting sun. The appearance and movement of the troops gave great satisfaction, and bore honorable testimony of the military address and executions of the officers."

For many years the "Urn" was preserved in the attic of the South meetinghouse, where the ceremonies were held, and later in the house of Capt. Abijah Davis. It was of wood, about three feet in height, and was silver gilt with a monogram "W" in gold, on the side.

War of 1812 Was Unpopular—The War of 1812 was not popular in Worcester County, a feeling which was shared with the rest of New England. The people felt that it was a very serious blow at their prosperity, especially as it affected their commerce. A certain element of the population was in open sympathy with Great Britain. We read in the *National Aegis* of August 31, 1814: "Horrible depravity! When news of the capture of Washington reached this town, some of the leading Federalists openly expressed their gratification, mingled with a regret that the President Madison was not involved in the destruction of the capitol." Nor had the race of Royalists died out. There were citizens who had not ceased to hope that again America would be under British rule. Before this war had ended, there were many loyal men who feared that such would be the outcome of what has often been called our "Second War of Independence."

Upon the declaration of war in 1812, an act of Congress authorized the President to require the Governors of the several states and territories to arm, organize and hold in readiness to march on the shortest notice, their respective quotas of 100,000 militia. Massachusetts was ordered to furnish men to garrison the fortresses which guarded the seaports.

Governor Strong refused to comply with the requisitions, holding that under the Constitution the Federal Government had no right to make such a demand. Therefore our Worcester County companies were not called to the field. But volunteers came forward, and they were encouraged by bounties offered by the towns. Worcester, for instance, on November 9, 1812, voted to allow each soldier, when mustered and ready to march, ten dollars bounty, in addition to his soldier's pay. Recruiting offices were established in the principal towns of the shire to enlist men for both the army and navy. Later in the war, because of the lack of patriotic enthusiasm, and insufficiency of recruits, a draft was imposed, which took a rather limited number of Worcester County men into the army comprising altogether only two companies, which served in the forts of Boston Harbor, where, of course, they saw no fighting.

Not until the capture of Washington and the burning of the Capitol by the British forces, coupled with the announced threat of destruction to the cities and towns along the seaboard by the commander of the British fleet, were the New England people aroused to vigorous patriotic fervor. Possible invasion spread alarm. Governor Strong, on September 6, 1814, ordered the

entire militia forces to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning, and called the flank companies of the 7th Division into immediate service for the defense of the coast.

The Worcester Light Infantry, commanded by Captain John W. Lincoln, and the Worcester Artillery, commanded by Captain Samuel Graves were included in this command, and promptly reported for duty and took station at South Boston. But after an uneventful tour of duty they were discharged on October 31 and returned home. On the Sabbath following their arrival at their homes, the members of both corps attended divine service in full dress, agreeable to the recommendation of the general in command, and offered public acknowledgments for restoration to their friends. The towns procured equipage for their militiamen, provided for the families of soldiers where assistance was needed, and furnished departing soldiers with arms and equipment, if they were unable to procure them for themselves.

"As the sound of war went through the land," wrote Lincoln, "the veterans of the Revolution, persons exempted from military duty by age or office, and the youths, formed themselves, in many towns of the County, into volunteer corps, and prepared to strike for their homes and their rights. The step of an invader on the New England soil, would have found her yeomanry as prompt to answer the summons to battle, as in the glorious days of old."

British Prisoners Break Worcester Jail—One of the exciting local incidents of the War of 1812 was the escape of British prisoners of war from the Stone Jail on Lincoln Square at Worcester, the supposedly impregnable prison of which the county was so very proud. In the summer of 1813 a number of British officers, captured on the northern frontier, were quartered in Worcester, on parole. Sir George Prevost, commanding the Canadian armies, with the sanction of the home government, selected from the American prisoners of war a number of officers, and sent them to England for trial as criminals. These soldiers had emigrated to the United States from the King's Dominions long previous to the war, had become naturalized, and were captured while fighting under the flag of their adopted country. They were charged with being traitors.

For the protection of these citizens, the American government ordered into confinement an equal number of English subjects, to suffer the same fate as might befall those for whom they were hostages. The effect of this stern measure of retaliation was to cause an order that two American officers were to be committed to prison for every one of the British soldiers confined by the United States, to suffer death if vindictive punishment were inflicted on the hostages. In turn forty-six British officers, held prisoners, were immediately incarcerated in American prisons, and the British Government was

informed that their subjects would receive the same punishment as that inflicted on the Americans. So on December 2, 1813, ten of the officers quartered in Worcester were committed to the jail by the marshal of the district, to await events.

On December 12, nine of the ten surprised and overpowered the unwary keeper when he entered their room between 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening, to make things secure for the night, and with the aid of his keys easily effected their escape. They simply walked out. They made the mistake of binding their guard too loosely and in fifteen minutes he gave the alarm. An attack by hostile troops could have made no more confusion. The bells were rung in wild alarm, and cannon were fired. The whole town was awakened, and armed men took up the hunt and pursuit. Parties set out in the cold winter night in every direction. Houses were entered and searched with scant ceremony.

One of the prisoners was caught in Holden at two o'clock in the morning, exhausted and half frozen, and the next evening four others were captured in Barre. But the remaining four were never caught and eventually made their way to Canada and reached Quebec in safety. The result was a deep-seated suspicion of the Stone Jail and its jailer and the removal of the prisoners to a safer prison.

The ratification of the treaty of peace was received with great rejoicing. The Massachusetts *Spy* of February 13, 1815, said: "When the news of PEACE reached this town on Monday last, it was received by all with utmost transports of joy. The high degree of public gratification was immediately demonstrated by a salute of eighteen guns in each quarter of the town and the ringing of bells." So it was throughout the county. The church bells peeled out a joyful refrain, cannon were fired, and bonfires lighted, while the American flag was hauled to the peak of every liberty pole, which still rose from village greens, as they had in the days when the Colonies were fighting for their liberty.

Health Conditions in Our First Quarter Century—Health conditions in the first quarter century were, naturally, very different from those of the twentieth century. Strangely enough, the rate of mortality, so far as can be learned from somewhat scanty available statistics, was not very different from what it is today. But the distribution was another matter. Infant mortality may rightly be said to have been frightful, and this was not corrected until years afterwards. In fact, the rate was high for young people generally. In Worcester town in 1834, 21 out of 87 deaths were of infants under one year, and forty were under ten years. In 1835, 20 out of 105 deaths were of infants under one year, ten from one to five years, five from

five to ten years, ten from ten to twenty years, and twelve from twenty to thirty years—forty-five in all under thirty years old.

On the other hand there were many very old people in every town. It is recorded that in Salem in 1808, living on one street within a distance of three hundred and fifty feet, there were thirteen persons whose aggregate years numbered one thousand and twelve, the youngest seventy years of age and the oldest ninety-five. But men of fifty regarded themselves as on the threshold of old age.

The causes of death were very different then. Infant disorders were always in the van, and in some years epidemic diseases took dreadful toll. Of all other diseases, tuberculosis was most generally fatal. The records of the city of Boston indicate that from one-fifth to one-quarter of the deaths were due to the dreaded consumption. Probably the proportion was not very different in our county towns. Physicians were unable to grasp the nature of the ailment in relation to its treatment. They did not regard it as contagious. To them a fever was a fever, and their method of reducing it was by bleeding the patient and by purgings. As one scoffing wag put it, speaking of a famous doctor, "If his patients are not quite gone, he bleeds them to death." And there was more truth than jest in the bon mot.

Many other methods of treating consumption were proposed, among them "temperate living," the avoidance of liquor, wearing flannel next the skin, and a morning draught of "half a pint of new milk, mixed with the expressed juice of green hoarhound." Which, as has been written, was "doubtless more efficaceous than giving oil of earthworme for colic and an emulsion of dried rattlesnake for rheumatism."

Yet the medical world had been given its hints of what the tubercular patient needed. A clergyman in whose family and that of his wife consumption had caused many deaths, was seized with the disease, and in desperation abandoned his house, and lived in the open. He soon recovered his health and returned home, but again had to seek safety in the country. Other instances of the effects of environment must have occurred. Yet the doctors all agreed that the proper place for the consumptive was in the tightest and warmest room in the house, with all fresh air, and especially night air, excluded.

Smallpox Takes Huge Toll of Death—Epidemics of smallpox swept over the land, one after another. Sometimes the cases were normally light, at others the death rate was very high indeed. In the year 1776, in the village of Worcester alone, seventy-six persons died of it. The pockmarked face was a common sight among both men and women, so common, indeed, as to attract no special attention. There was absolutely no preventive, until Jen-

ner's discovery of the relations of cowpox and smallpox resulted in vaccination, and this amazing panacea was accepted but slowly.

Lincoln wrote: "Before the small pox had been disarmed of its fearful power of destruction, during the periods when it spread over the country, hospitals were established in Worcester, to which whole families resorted for inoculation, in preference to awaiting the danger of taking the disease in the natural way." And similar hospitals were established in every large town of the county. The only safety lay in inoculation, which meant giving the actual smallpox to a person in health and under the most favorable circumstances. This precaution lessened the mortality, but it always meant a disagreeable sickness, and often a scarred face, and sometimes brought death.

"Dr. Waterhouse of Cambridge," wrote Channing, "learned of Jenner's discovery of the relation of cow-pox to small-pox and procured some vaccine matter from him. With this he vaccinated four of his own children, and three other members of his family. A month later, these were taken to a small-pox hospital and inoculated. All came out at the end of ten days without any signs of infection. Jefferson was one of the first to welcome the new discovery. He obtained some of the matter from Dr. Waterhouse and caused eighty or ninety persons to be vaccinated at Monticello and vicinity. The belief in the cow prophylactic spread very slowly. In 1802 the Boston Board of Health permitted an experiment to be tried on a group of children. Twelve of these had been vaccinated and two others had not had either cow-pox or small-pox. The whole fourteen were inoculated with small-pox, and the twelve who had been vaccinated, showing no signs of the small-pox, were again inoculated with it. They all remained together in one room, oftentimes sleeping in the same bed, without producing the least appearance of small-pox in those who had been vaccinated. The report of this experiment was published by the authorities and seems to have produced conviction of the efficacy of vaccination."

Other epidemics ravaged the county. In 1796 it was dysentery which left a wake of death. Between July and November, forty-four children under five years and fifteen persons over that age died in Worcester, and it is said, the experience of the other towns where records were never compiled was practically like Worcester's. In 1810 and again in 1813 a very malignant fever raged through the towns, and many died. Perhaps it was the influenza of modern times, perhaps it was typhoid, which not until years afterwards was segregated as a disease, but was generally called "slow fever."

No wonder people became health conscious. Nor did the physicians themselves serve to abate deep individual interest in a person's physical condition. Their weapons were the lancet and leech for bleeding and jalap and calomel,

salts and epecac for purgings, together with opium in insidious forms and in its pure state—all these administered in combination day and night. Perhaps it was with subconscious desire to be rid of the horrors of accepted medical practice that the populace turned to the patent medicines which came on the market with a blare of trumpets and specious promises. The newspapers were flooded with their advertisements—of "Bateman's Drops" and "Botanical Tea," and Dr. Robertson's "Celebrated Elixir of Health," and Dr. Coolidge's "Anti-Pestilential Pills." A great majority of the people contracted the medicine habit. To ask after a person's health took on more than a perfunctory meaning.

Dr. Hamilton was the leader in the quack remedy field, as measured by the amount of his advertising which sometimes occupied more than half of the entire available space of a newspaper. His "Elixir" cured colds, obstinate coughs, and "approaching consumption." Attorney-General Luther Martin of Maryland gave testimony that the "Elixir" relieved him of a "painful and troublesome affection of the breast, accompanied with soreness and obstructed and difficult breathing." But even this great nostrum did not exceed in its virtues the same doctor's "Essence of Mustard," for gout and sciatica, and his "Worm Lozenges." Every store in town and country always kept ample stocks of these medicines, and, no doubt, reaped handsome profits from their sale.

Asiatic Cholera Threatens—Later Asiatic cholera stuck its ugly head into Worcester County. Christopher Columbus Baldwin, librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, in his diary, wrote June 17, 1832: "Today we hear the melancholy news of the arrival of the Asiatic cholera at Quebec and Montreal. The information makes sad the faces of many. It is thought a matter of certainty that it will reach New York and Boston in a few weeks. It creates great consternation everywhere. God grant that its ravages may be stayed and the American continent spared from its desolating march."

Again, July 22, the diary says: "Rasselas Harwood died of the cholera at North Brookfield this day. This is the first case that has happened in this County. He was a merchant in New York and had had a slight attack there and came to his friends at Brookfield to avoid the disease. He was about twenty-seven when he died. He was formerly a clerk in the store of Moses Bond at Templeton."

July 26. "The country hereabouts is still agitated with the fear that the cholera will speedily make its descent upon us in this quarter. Dr. Oliver H. Blood of Worcester has gone to New York to see how the disease is treated. His wife read an interesting letter from him in my hearing. He gave an account of the saline injection, a method of cure adopted in Europe. It is

done by opening a blood vessel and injecting the solution into the veins. Fifty ounces were thus injected, an astonishing quantity; the mortality, at present, in New York is not so great as it has been in Montreal or Quebec. It averages about one hundred a day, attacking principally the most miserable part of the community!

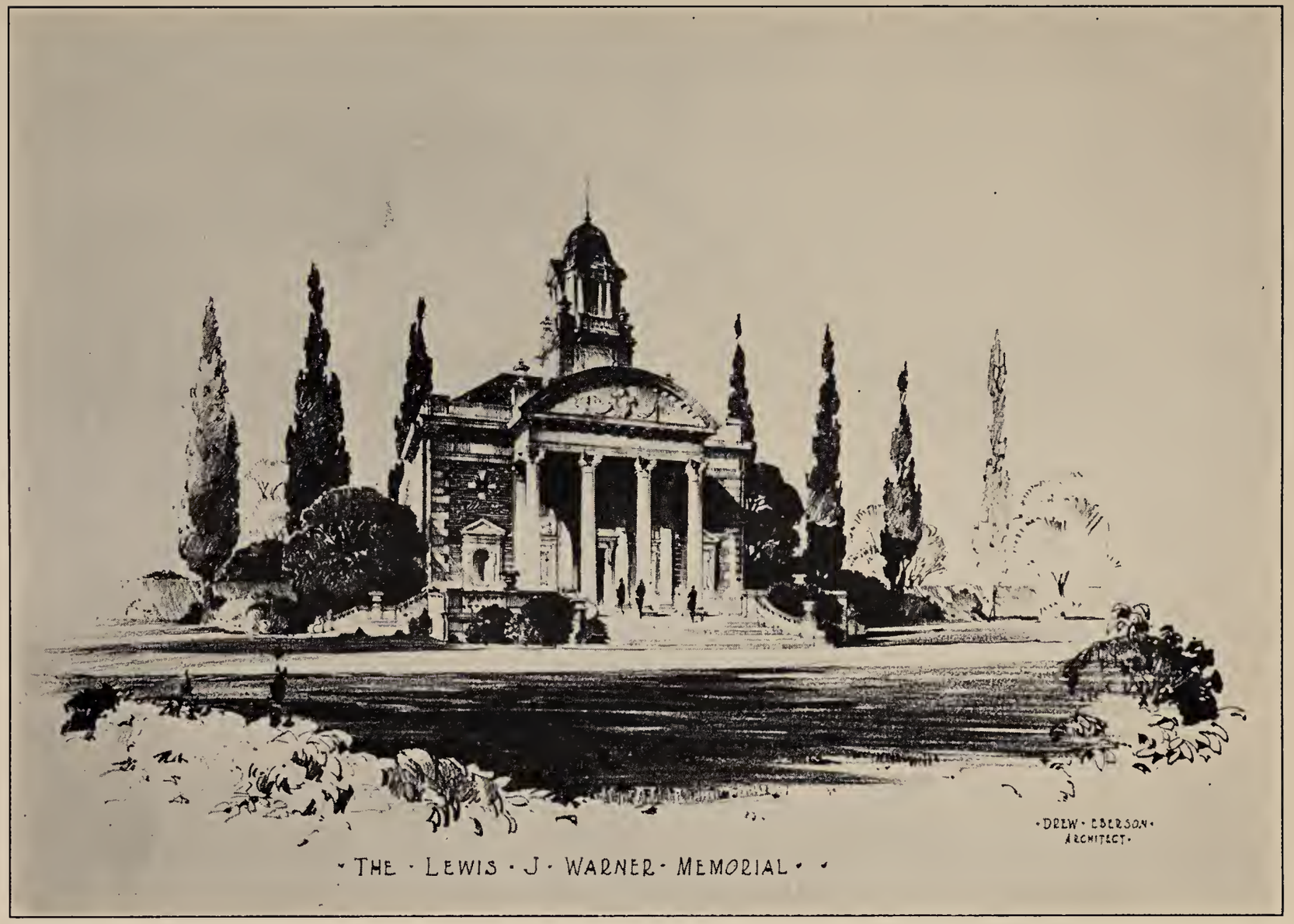
"At New York and elsewhere, the apparent malignity of the distemper is greatly increased by the fears and apprehensions of the people. Many people have made themselves actually sick from the dread and anxiety they have entertained lest they should die of the disease. They read the accounts given of the symptoms which precede the disorder, and quickly give way to the belief that they really have it. They then take medicine, which, of course, makes them sick, and then send for a doctor, who comes, and the patient dies speedily."

"August 3. News reaches us that the cholera has made its appearance at Providence, R. I., and that four respectable people have died of it. The alarm here has greatly subsided and little fear is entertained compared with the consternation that prevailed when the disease first appeared at Montreal and Quebec. So true it is that all dangers diminish as they approach us.

"There are some, however, that are greatly frightened and have made all preparations for its reception, such as having procured bags of sand, large stores of camphor, laudanum and the like, which are recommended to be used upon the first breaking out of the disease. May God grant that some device, like that of inoculation or vaccination for the small pox, may be discovered whereby this frightful malady may be disarmed of its terrors as well as its malignity."

All the alarm in Worcester County was for nothing. The Brookfield case was the only one, and that was contracted in New York. Asiatic cholera is a filth disease. If filth it needed, the shire of Worcester was no place for it.

Years were to elapse before medical men and their patients, and the people as a whole were to reap the benefits of knowledge of the part bacteria played in the scheme of human life. Nor did those who lived in our first quarter century get so far as to connect ordinary sanitation with sickness. Plumbing, of course, was unknown. Sanitary conveniences were of the most primitive description. Water, excepting in very exceptional instances, had to be pumped from the well, which too often was not well guarded against pollution. The wonder was that typhoid did not levy heavy toll of sickness and death, and perhaps it did, under another name. Such a convenience as a refrigerator had not been dreamed of, nor was ice harvested and stored for hot weather use. Many farms had their spring-houses—dark little buildings set astride a stream of water from a cold spring, where milk and butter and meat could be



LEWIS J. WARNER MEMORIAL, WORCESTER ACADEMY'S NEW THEATRE AND AUDITORIUM

kept fresh and clean. But in the towns, the only cool place in a dwelling was the cellar, where milk was exposed in open pans, or the well in which perishable foods and drink could be suspended in receptacles.

There were no screens to exclude flies and mosquitoes, and, in many country neighborhoods, the black flies which were a torment. The plague of flies must have been most trying, with horse and cow stable in close proximity to most houses. But, to tell the truth, screens were little needed excepting perhaps in outer doorways, for it was the common custom to keep dwellings tight, with windows closed. To sleep with them open was regarded as suicidal, for "night air," to the minds of practically everybody, was a noxious thing.

Surgery was of the crudest, and always accompanied by torture, for anaesthetics were unknown. Morton of Charlton, another great Worcester County man, years later discovered that wondrous boon to mankind, the sense-destroying influence of ether. But before that day the surgeon could do no more than dull his patient's senses with drugs.

Looking backward, from this more enlightened day, one might marvel that any but the most robust and long-enduring ever approached old age. Probably a century hence, a still further enlightened people may express the same wonder as they ponder upon human existence in the first third of the twentieth century.

Who in that old day, could have connected the recurring yellow fever with a mosquito? When this scourge came to Philadelphia, its presence was attributed to weird causes—the offensive smell emitted from a cargo of putrid coffee; a mysterious pestilential poison wafted from the West Indies; a peculiar condition of the atmosphere as indicated by great swarms of flies, mosquitoes and grasshoppers. No plausible conclusion was drawn from the fact that the fever came year after year in summer to our more southerly seaboard cities, was confined to restricted areas and could be avoided by moving a short distance from them, and disappeared with cold weather. The minds of physicians and scientists were not yet prepared to seek systematically and patiently for causes.

Our County People Gamble in Lotteries—As soon as the Federal Government had become firmly established and a banking system had been created, the rich and well-to-do invested money in government bonds and bank stocks, and those who cared to speculate found ample opportunity in land promotions, particularly in wild lands, and in shipping ventures to Russia and the Far East. But persons of lesser means had much greater difficulty in placing their savings where the money would yield them a return. There were no savings banks. The Worcester County Institution for Sav-

ings, first mutual savings bank to be established in Massachusetts, west of Boston, did not open its doors until 1828. Joint stock companies were practically unknown.

What was more natural than that our people should turn to the lottery ticket as a proper and exciting method of disposing of their money? Were not the great colleges and churches of the strictest sects employing lotteries constantly, as a matter of course, in raising funds for maintenance and for new buildings? The people of every town in the county joined in a form of gambling, which was licensed by the law of the land and the approval even of the clergy. In fact, it had been considered religiously sound from the very beginning of colonization, for the Virginia Company was authorized to raise funds in this manner.

George Washington bought lottery tickets. Thomas Jefferson sought to rehabilitate his lost fortune by disposing of some of his lands through a lottery. Dr. Bentley of Salem wrote that the building of colleges and meeting-houses "seems to be a public license to the clergy for speculation, which many of them cheerfully embrace." The newspapers were half filled with advertisements of lotteries, and promoters and ticket brokers issued elaborate posters. One issue of the Philadelphia *Aurora* advertised four church lotteries—the Holy Trinity, the Fourth Presbyterian, the Second Baptist and the African Episcopal. We find also the lotteries of the Catholic Cathedral Church of Baltimore and the German Evangelical Reformed Church of Philadelphia. One would find difficulty in selecting a more strictly representative list of religious bodies. To them there seemed nothing unholy in this form of game of chance. Even when in the second third of the nineteenth century a strong revulsion of feeling set in, and was voiced from the pulpits in no uncertain language, none of the church societies which had profited by the widespread sin, considered it necessary to destroy the edifices which were its fruits.

To the colleges the lottery was almost an essential money-raiser. Harvard College in Massachusetts, William and Mary in Virginia, Vincennes University in Indiana, Dartmouth in New Hampshire; these and others conducted annual lotteries, to which the public eagerly subscribed by the purchase of tickets. They were all honestly conducted, of course, and were extremely generous to the ticket-holders.

The Harvard College lottery was perhaps the most widely advertised, even as far afield as Charleston, South Carolina. The record books of some of the drawings are still preserved. It went on from year to year, the total amount taken by each class varying from seventy thousand to eighty thousand dollars. Two-thirds of the tickets were doomed to draw blanks; the prizes, going to holders of fortunate numbers, ranged from six dollars to twenty

thousand: the last drawn number taken from the wheel being entitled to five thousand dollars. The expenses of the lottery were deducted from the prizes, the net profit realized in each year being about fifteen thousand dollars.

A lottery for "A College in Baltimore" in 1808 was a single type, in which there were twenty-two thousand tickets at ten dollars each, which brought in two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and prizes to that full amount were offered, but fifteen per cent. was deducted from them at time of payment, which must have yielded the promoters for expenses and profit the neat sum of thirty-three thousand dollars. Of a more complicated form was the Bustleton and Smithfield Turnpike lottery, and it was one of the largest. The eighty drawings were held three a week, and at least four hundred tickets were drawn on each occasion. The price of tickets started at ten dollars apiece. This was raised to thirteen dollars on the forty-second day, to fifteen dollars on the sixty-fifth day, to twenty dollars on the seventieth day, and to thirty dollars on the seventy-fifth day. The greatest prize was drawn on the forty-fifth day, after which there were several prizes of one thousand dollars, for the first drawn of the last two hundred and fifty tickets.

Lottery ticket brokers built up prosperous clienteles, and advertised expensively. Typical of the alluring invitations is one printed in Relf's Philadelphia *Gazette* of September 7, 1808, in which Hope & Company invited the ladies to buy tickets in the Universalist Church lottery, or the Holy Trinity Lottery, advising them that they are "not obliged to consult their cautious, plodding husbands in order to gain one or more of the many dazzling prizes which await the claim of beauty."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Christopher Columbus Baldwin's Diary

No better picture of a by-gone period of history may be found than that contained in the frankly written diary of an observing and industrious chronicler of events as they occurred in his own life and about him. When Worcester County was entering upon its second century, Christopher Columbus Baldwin was keeping such a journal, which is now one of the precious possessions of the American Antiquarian Society.

Mr. Baldwin was a Worcester County man through and through. He was born in Templeton, in the village of Baldwinville, which was named for his family; prepared for Harvard College at Leicester Academy; and, after graduating at Cambridge, studied law in Worcester, and practiced his profession in that town, and Barre and Sutton. In 1832, when he was thirty-two years old, he was made librarian of the Antiquarian Society.

His diary shows him a man of an extraordinary range of interests. First of all, he was a profound and indefatigable antiquarian and genealogist. To spend a day in a grave-yard copying epitaphs was supreme happiness. He had a bent for natural history, and enjoyed hunting and fishing. He was fond of society, and was on an intimate footing with the socially prominent families of the towns where he made his residence. He was a favorite with ladies, and delighted in dancing. With his cronies he was a good fellow, though, for his day, very abstemious in his habits. His journal proves him a wit. He was a shrewd observer of men and women, and of the affairs of his community and the world in general. Finally, he was a writer of ability.

The diary is all too short. It covers the period, with one year missing, from January 1, 1829, to August 20, 1835. On this latter day, as he was journeying through Ohio on a tour of the West, the stage-coach on which he was a passenger was overturned and he was killed.

We are devoting a chapter to abstracts from the Baldwin Diary—a paragraph or two here and there—in the belief that no better way could be found

for giving the reader a conception of what Worcester County was like and how its people lived one hundred years ago. Worcester then had 4,173 people, Barre 2,502, and Sutton 2,186.

Worcester Town in 1829.

February 27, 1829—Attend ball in the evening at Mr. Thomas' public house; sixteen ladies and nineteen gentlemen present. Nero Powers on the Fiddle and old Peter Rich on the tamborin are the musick. No musick from abroad could reach us on account of the going. Ladies in gay dresses and musick always pleases me. Pay $3.00.

March 2—March meeting; am candidate for town clerk; people will not vote for me because I have no wife! Jupiter Tonans! Men are judged by their coats and not by their motives.

April 11—The Canal-boat "Washington," the first to be built in Worcester, is carried through the street on wheels from near the Gaol to the basin near the Distillery, where it is to be launched. April 13. At 10 o'clock it is launched. Emory Washburn, Esq., makes a speech on the occasion, writes a song, and Emory Perry sings it. Have a collation aboard, ride to the Red Mill and return.

May 2—Have a justice's court with Emory Washburn, and he has gone to Springfield to examine Miss ——— to see whether he can put up with her faults for $25,000, and take her for a wife.

May 14—Warm and pleasant. Go into the woods with Rejoice Newton, Esq., for trees to ornament the burial-ground by the Common. Joseph Turner, Caleb Newton, Thomas Kinnicutt, Esq., and Luther Burnett go with me. We return with seventy trees. 15th. Set out the trees in the burial-ground.

June 19—Attend court which rises at 9 a. m. According to immemorial use the members of the Bar in Worcester devote the afternoon to *rolling nine pins*. It is usual for court to rise on Friday but it fell this time on Saturday. Have a very pleasant time, and don't lose any money. I bet only one fourpence a game.

July 24—Henry K. Newcomb invites me to go to Hopkinton Springs—a very pleasant place. Meet much company; roll nine pins, swing, hang the ring, talk to the ladies, walk with them, drink and laugh. Return at night.

August 3—Ride with T. Kinnicutt, Esq., to Millbury, in company of Gov. Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Hon. Mr. Hunt of Brattleboro, and with them and other gentlemen at the Governor's. I have never seen any men who said so many good things as Mr. Webster.

September 5—Court rises. Rode to Ram's Horn pond in Sutton or Millbury, a reservoir of the Blackstone Canal, in company with Hon. J. Davis,

John W. Lincoln, and William Lincoln. All go in the Colonel's wagon with two horses and his new harnesses. Bring back many grapes, and, notwithstanding my headache, had a pleasant time.

1831—Campaign Arainst Costly Mourning.

January 17, 1830—Attend meeting. Funeral sermon on the death of Mrs. Paine by Dr. Bancroft; afternoon a sermon on mourning apparel by Mr. Hill. Attend oratoric in evening. Go with Miss Bartlett of Springfield. Great Complaint has existed for a long time against the practice of wearing expensive mourning apparel, occasioned by the death of friends or relatives. The first person who ventured to make an inroad upon fashion and discourage such an expensive and embarrassing custom was the Hon. Nathaniel Paine, the Judge of Probate, for the County of Worcester. The aged rarely take the lead in the work of innovating upon long established usages. Judge Paine, however, must enjoy the fame of having been first to set an example in this particular. He did it on an occasion when no one, who was acquainted with his estimable and excellent lady, could impute to it a wrong motive. It appeared very odd and singular to see the family the next day, which was Sunday, attending church without any appearance of mourning. They wore their usual dress and the example was well thought of by all excepting a few elderly women who regarded the change as pagan and heathernish and would by no means consent to its adoption. The Reverend Mr. Hill preached on the subject on Sunday afternoon, and he made a furious attack upon the fashion of mourning. Rev. Mr. Going preached to his people on the same subject.

February 2—Cloudy; not cold. Good sleighing. Invite Miss Elizabeth Green to ride with me to Wesson's in Westboro. Accompanied by Emory Washburn, Esq., with Miss Giles of Fitchburg, and Henry K. Newcomb with Miss Helen Bigelow of Petersham, daughter of Hon. Lewis Bigelow. Leave Worcester at 4 p. m. and return between nine and ten. Have an exceedingly fine time.

February 5—Very pleasant and very cold. A sleigh ride is got up to go to Westboro. Mr. Newcomb induces me to attend. Ride with him and Mary and Catherine Robinson in a four-horse sleigh. Leave Worcester at 3 and return at 10. Between 20 and 30 in the party. Most all married people. Mulled wine was prepared for the ladies and flip for the gentlemen, but *by mistake* the flip is carried to the ladies and they do not find their error until our flip is mostly gone, when they pronounce it very unpleasant stuff!! I find that I have been very dissipated this week, and form a resolution to be more sober.

February 6—Thermometer this morning at 8 o'clock stands 10 degrees below zero. Oliver Harrington's store at New Worcester is burnt. Alarm given at about 10 at night. Thermometer 10 degrees below zero. I attend the fire. Get very wet. Freeze my ears and both cheeks. Work the engine with difficulty. Return at 2 o'clock. Intensely cold. Many freeze themselves.

Washington Birthday Ball.

February 22—Washington's birthday. Ball in evening. I do not attend. It has been the invariable practice in this town for many years, on the 22d of February, the birthday of Washington, to have a public ball. I have been here seven years and a like observance of the day has not been omitted. During my residence here, I have, until now, at every ball with the exception of three, taken part as one of the managers. This year I did not attend. I am told that the number was small, being only about twenty couples. The expense to each has always been three dollars. The music generally consists of two fiddles, a clarionette, or bugle, and a base viol. The entertainer furnished this under direction of the managers. The party retires about one o'clock, sometimes earlier, and sometimes later.

March 24—I am requested by Gov. Lincoln to procure some one to go in pursuit of a runaway, Joseph Willet, a Canadian Frenchman. Joseph Lovell engages to catch him and overtakes him this side of Concord, N. H., when he obtains from him $400 in silver. He left town leaving debts to that amount.

April 20—Do not attend meeting. Dine with Judge Paine and spend the evening with Judge Parker and Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord. Talk about phrenology. Mr. Hoar is a convert to the phrenological doctrine from having read Coombe on the "Constitution of Man." I have paid some attention to the subject and am disposed to embrace it to a limited extent.

Mr. Baldwin Moves to Barre.

May 1, 1830—Saturday. Pleasant. Resolve to leave Worcester and establish myself in business in Barre. There are too many lawyers here either to be profitable or reputable—there are above twenty. My earnings here are worth five hundred a year, and it costs that sum to live, and the business of the profession is daily growing less. Many go out a maying, and more to see the girls.

May 4—May training, and rains all day; and soldiers appear bad enough.

May 12—Wednesday. Take stage for Barre. Have lived in Worcester seven years on the 19th of June next coming, and they have all been years of

great happiness. Reach Barre at 5 o'clock, and commence boarding with Archibald Black, Esq., at nine shillings a week. Take tea with E. James, Esq. There are now three lawyers in the place.

June 4—Pleasant and cold. Received a quantity of cake from William Pratt Esq. of Shrewsbury, who was married to Miss Elizabeth Sikes on 25th May. Take tea at Mr. Ezra Jones' and ride horseback with Miss James to Petersham. In the evening serenade a Mr. Rice, who was married yesterday. This is customary here to pay a salute to those embarking in matrimony. He gets up and entertains the company. June 28—Writing an oration. (For Fourth of July). and a dull time I have of it, having been directed by the committee of arrangements not to mention Jacksonism or anti-Jacksonism, Adams, Clay or Calhoun, Masonry or anti-Masonry, orthodoxy or heresy, nor anything touching politics, religion, or domestic life.

July 3—Cloudy and intensely warm. Rains a little in the morning and about 4 o'clock rains again. Deliver my speech, it being Saturday. The meeting-house is crowded and about 200 sit down at the table, which is spread under a bower. Everything goes off well and happily.

July 5—Monday. In the afternoon the ladies gave a public tea party in the same bower which was used Saturday. One hundred and thirty partake and about the same number of gentlemen. Many excellent toasts were given. Musick followed each toast and the whole goes off pleasantly. I have never seen so many pretty faces together before. The ladies contributed as each one felt disposed. Some brought cake, some pies, some cherries, others furniture for the table, and all, good feeling and cheerful faces and merry hearts. Seth Lee, Esq., delivered a speech in the evening on temperance in the brick meeting-house and had fifteen hearers.

Note—Statistics of Barre, 1830. Palm Leaf Hats. There are two stores here which procure large numbers of these hats braided by females. I am informed that the number of hats sold by each firm in the year now past, which have been manufactured on their account, is upward of one hundred thousand! One palm leaf is sufficient for a hat. These are brought from one of the West India islands and are sold here to the braiders at eight cents a leaf. The cheaper sort of hats are braided for twenty cents each. The principal market for them is New York, whence they are carried south.

Opens Law Practice in Sutton.

November 5—Col. Sam. Ward carries me to Sutton where I am to remain. I dine with Mr. Sibley (Jonas L. Sibley, his new law partner) and remain there over night. 11th. Commence boarding at noon with Mrs. March. I give $2 per week, including washing. 15th. It rains yet! and,

damn me, I believe it will never stop raining. I ride down to Millbury with Mr. Sibley.

November 19—Cloudy, and in afternoon and night snows. Read Boswell in forenoon, and afternoon attend meeting and hear Rev. Mr. Maltby. In the evening walk up to the Street to hear Rev. Lyman Maynard of Oxford preach. He is the son of Harvey Maynard of Templeton and is about my age. We used to go to school together, and he was our standard fiddler at all the junkets. He is now very much respected as a preacher of the doctrine of Universal Salvation. We do not hear him. We spend the evening in the tavern and drink, smoke, eat a supper of poached eggs and coffee, and hire a four-horse stage to bring us home. This was a bad way to spend Sunday night and I am satisfied it was a great error in me to do so. L. B. Putnam, E. Putnam, E. Clark, Esq., and Mr. Sumner were with me, or rather I with them. We get back at 11 o'clock.

Note—Square-toed boots and shoes were first worn in 1828 and 9, and in 1830 they have become in general use, and what is quite amusing is that even the sedate and sober yeomanry undertake to say that the fashion is a good one and that they have adopted it from convenience and economy, when in truth they do it from sheer pride. But another fashion is about to be introduced and the square toe one is to give place to picked toes. I have seen several of the pioneers of fashion with boots having toes very pointed and they look fierce enough.

Baldwin—1831.

March 12, 1831—Meet Mr. Chester Harding the painter, and have a conversation on phrenology. He is a full believer and convert to the doctrine, and has taken the dimensions of all the most distinguished heads in the country, such as the members of the Supreme Court of the U. S., Daniel Webster's etc. The largest head is that of Judge Marshall (Chief Justice John Marshall), and the next is that of Mr. Webster.

Eliakim Davis Has High Sheriff Arrested.

March 16, 1831—There is great excitement in Worcester about the arrest of the High Sheriff, Calvin Willard, Esq., upon the complaint of old Eliakim Davis of Fitchburg. He was born in Rutland in 1739. Eliakim has been famous for between twenty and thirty years for his undauntable love of litigation. Perhaps no man ever lived who had manifested throughout so great a fondness for contention. He has been imprisoned again and again for per-

jury, maintainance and defaming the names of honest citizens, and yet no sooner is he set at liberty than he gets into some scrape for which he is severely punished. He has squandered a good estate in quarreling with his neighbors and, notwithstanding his poverty, still succeeds in getting funds to carry on his suits. He left Rutland in 1820, or thereabouts, and moved to Fitchburg, where he married a respectable widow lady, with a small real estate, and, from his litigious temper, has become a terror to all the people of the town. His love of the law seems to have become a passion, and every other feeling is made subservient to it. I do not think he would steal or cheat, and I believe he is temperate in his habits. A perfect history of him may be found on the record of the Court of the County of Worcester, where he has regularly appeared at every term for nearly or quite thirty years. In all civil suits he appears as plaintiff, but in criminal matters he is generally on the defensive.

April 1, 1831—At the Tremont House, Boston with William Lincoln of Worcester, where I have been since the 25 of March. We have spent our time copying old papers relating to Worcester and Sutton, which we found in the garret of the State House.

April 2—We spend the day in walking about the town, examining the odd-looking *tips* and dandies who appear in the middle of the day in the principal streets for exhibition. They are indeed worthy of being gazed at. At 10 in the evening we start for Worcester in the mail stage and reach there at 5 a. m. And have an amusing ride, from the company of an Irishman and a woman who tried to pass for his wife. I put on the Irish brogue, and succeeded in making my fellow passenger believe me a countryman. I agreed with him, and more than once offered to help him whip the rest of the passengers, who treated him rather unceremoniously. This gave him great courage, and he talked loud and stormy. At length I unluckily spoke without brogue, and he had no sooner discovered the imposture than he swore he would lick me, and my friend Lincoln had to hold his hands to save me from a pounding.

April 19—In the evening I attend a party at Emory Washburn's, Esq., in Worcester. This is his first party since he began keeping house. There are more people present than can conveniently be accommodated. My toes are trod upon, and I am suffocated with heat. The party, however, goes off very well.

April 25—(In Boston) I go to the Tremont Theatre and hear Mr. (Junius Brutus) Booth in the character of Sartorius, in the play of that name. The afterpiece was William Thompson and was received with great applause. It being Booth's benefit the house was filled. Booth appears finely.

June 1, 1831—From the first to the 21st of June I do nothing but collect materials for my history of Sutton. I visited most of the old families, and they obligingly gave me all their old letters, deeds, wills and the like, and I have now filled a large chest with them. The task at times is very pleasant and entertaining, and then tedious and perplexing; for I am obliged to sit patient and hear the whole of the Revolutionary war fought over inch by inch, and occasionally intersperse such praises and admiration of patriotic suffering as shall lead prattling old age into some untold danger. By this means I get much that otherwise would be lost.

July 25, 1831. I make the following wager with my partner, Jonas L. Sibley, Esq., to wit I am to give him a good eight dollar hat if Andrew Jackson shall be reëlected president of the United States, and if he shall not be reëlected, he is to give me two good eight dollar hats, always provided that he, the said Jackson, shall be living at the time of the election.

Jonas L. Sibley
Chris. C. Baldwin.

Attest: Sumner Cole.

(Jackson was reëlected, which cost Mr. Baldwin one hat).

July 25, 1831—There is now in Sutton an attempt at an awakening or revival on the subject of Religion. Religious meetings are held almost daily. They are held in different parts of the town. On Sunday a prayer meeting was held at the meeting-house at sunrise. I understand that it was thinly attended, the number not exceeding twenty. This effort at an awakening was first announced about the beginning of May. I believe that it makes but slow progress. I impute this to the intelligence of the people, who seem to be many years in advance of the clergyman.

A Red Hot Prayer.

Mr. Maltby, the present pastor, is full of zeal and is the most rigid sect of the Calvinistic school. I heard him use this language in his prayer, or something of similar import: "The whole human race are odious in Thy sight. Thou wantest power to punish them according the enormity of their transgressions. Thou are surrounded with saints and angels shouting praises and hosannas, whose enjoyments and pleasure multiply as the volumes of smoke ascend from the pit of torture and increase with the tortures and agonies of the damned spirits in Hell." I have no doubt that he is honest in his feelings and acts from the purest motives. He will not suffer the singers to meet for practice on Sunday, and his reason is that conscience will not suffer it. This is all the reason given. I go to hear him only about once in six or eight Sundays.

August 2, 1831—I go fishing with Dr. D. S. C. H. Smith upon Singletary Pond. We take about an hundred and fifty fish, being mostly perch, bream and pout. They are caught as fast as the hook can be baited. They are prodigiously abundant. They are small, but taste very well when well cooked. I have been several times of late with Dr. Smith and have taken about a peck basket full each time. There are large pickerel in the pond, but are difficult to be caught from the great quantity of small fry which furnish them with abundant food.

September 28, 1831—Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D., of Franklin was this day married to the widow Abigail Mills of Sutton. He was born May 1, 1745, and is now in his eighty-seventh year. His dress was antique enough, having on a cocked hat, silk satin breeches, with large silver knee and shoe buckles, silk vest, made after the fashion of the olden time, with a kind of flap and cut off at the corners, and a single-breasted coat, with straight collar and large buttons. His appearance was very comely and imposing. His head is bald, completely so above the ears, and of the best shape. What hair is left upon his head is perfectly white. He is yet unbroken, and active as men ordinarily are at 75. Mrs. Mills was the widow of the Rev. Edmund Mills, formerly minister of Sutton. She was born in 1764, and is sister of Rev. Dr. Zephaniah Swift Moore, former president of Williamstown College.

First Centennial of Worcester County.

October 4, 1831—Go to Worcester with Mr. Sibley. This day is celebrated in commemoration of the close of one hundred years from the incorporation of the County and organization of its courts. Hon. John Davis delivers the address, which was two hours and one half long. Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D., makes the first prayer, Rev. George Allen of Shrewsbury the last one. Rev. Rodney A. Miller reads from the scriptures. The Boston Cadets are present and perform escort duties, and our little Historical Society is greatly honored. (Worcester County Historical Society organized in 1831.)

The Cadets visit town to pay their respects to Governor Lincoln. They breakfast with him this morning. Their dress is white broadcloth, trimmed with gold lace. Each uniform cost ninety dollars. One-half of the crown of their caps is black and the upper half red. The plume is placed in the center of the top of the cap, made of beautiful white feathers and so large as to almost cover the top of the cap. The caps have no brim except in front and are of most prodigious height, and in the shape of a bell, muzzle up. Their appearance is very splendid and magnificent. The band of musick accompanying them consists of twenty-four distinguished musicians. They

perform delightfully. They play in the meeting-house before and after prayer, and Emory Perry, leader of the singing in Dr. Bancroft's Society and the most distinguished singing master in the County, sings the "Pilgrim Hymn," written by Mrs. Hemans.

Adjutant-General William H. Sumner from Boston and three of the aides-de-camp of Gov. Lincoln, as also Major-Gen. Nathan Heard of Worcester, with his aids, Thomas Kinnicutt of Worcester and William Pratt, Esq., of Shrewsbury, all in full uniform. They sit directly under the pulpit, facing the audience, and make a bold appearance. The aids of the Governor are Col. Josiah Quincy, son of the President of Harvard College, Pliny Merrick and Emory Washburn, Esq., of Worcester. Gov. Lincoln is in citizen's dress. The judges of the Supreme Judicial Court are all present, who have adjourned their sitting to join in the festivities of the day. The Worcester Light Infantry and Rifle Corps assist the cadets in the escort duties.

The procession reformed on leaving the meeting-house: the band first, then the Cadets, then the Worcester companies, then his Excellency Gov. Lincoln with his aids, then the committee of arrangements, eight of us; then the author of the address and the three ministers, then the judges, and then the ignobile vulgus. In this way the procession returned to the tavern of Jones Estabrooks (Central Hotel) and went to dinner, and there we had a most glorious time.

The dinner was very good and was composed of a variety of articles, to wit: Soup, roast beef, roast pork, boiled mutton, roast turkey and ducks and geese, boiled turkeys, fowl, accompanied by oysters, pies of many sorts, and "last but not least," an abundance of tolerable wine.

(A great reception was given by Governor Lincoln at his residence, which stood on Main Street on the site of the present Lincoln House block at the corner of Elm Street, a beautiful garden in front of it. Mr. Baldwin tells of the reception.)

The time was spent by such as had a taste that way in dancing cotillions, and very few, young or old, who had any opportunity, failed of improving it. The oldest I saw dancing was the Hon. Daniel Davis, Solicitor General of the Commonwealth, who is now very near eighty years old. The ladies were all very pretty and many of them were very handsome. And most of them, old as well as young, joined in the dance.

It was indeed a singularly odd spectacle to see all the grave and learned judges of our highest tribunal "tripping the light fantastic toe." The Chief Justice (Lemuel Shaw) weighs at least two hundred and fifty pounds. It is customary for these reverend seniors to join occasionally in such diversions,

and Mr. Solomon Davis never omits an opportunity of the kind. Even the Chief Magistrate (Governor Lincoln) mingled in the mazes of the dance and aquit himself as happily in the business as in the management of the more weighty concerns of government.

October 5—In the evening, at a meeting of the Historical Society, am chosen to make a report of all the proceedings of the 4th, which report, with a bottle of wine and other appropriate articles, are to be enclosed in a tight and safe box, made for the purpose, and committed to the care of the American Antiquarian Society, and there remain unopened until the end of one hundred years, when they are to be brought forth and examined.

(The "tight and safe box" disappeared, no one knows where, but its contents, bottle of wine and all, reposed in the archives of the Antiquarian Society safely through the hundred years. In the autumn of 1931, the second centennial year of Worcester County, the contents were examined by members of the learned society, and the interesting old documents were read, including a toast offered by Chief Justice Shaw in his own handwriting. The cork was pulled from the black bottle of Madeira wine, which, to the astonishment of all, had lost none of its bouquet. Therefore it was recorked, and put away, to be retained in the Society's custody for another century, and to be opened again in October of the year 2032.)

December 4, 1831—In the evening I returned to Worcester, bidding adieu to Sutton where I have lived a year in a pleasant and agreeable manner.

1832—Goes Hunting in Templeton.

March 31, 1832—I remained with my father at Templeton until the last day of March. I spent the greater part of my time in hunting. My companion was Asa Hosmer, Jr., who is a hunter by profession. He does nothing but hunt, and has made it his whole business for above ten years, and what is remarkable, he gets a good living by it. He told me that last year he caught over eight hundred dozens of pigeons in Templeton, and that this was not one-half the number taken in the town. (These were the passenger pigeons, once prodigally plentiful, and now extinct.) Mr. Joseph Robbins and a person by the name of Parks, in Winchendon, caught thirteen hundred dozens; and a Mr. Harris of that town about seven hundred dozen more. They have taken nearly the same number for several years past. They find a market for them in Boston, Worcester, Providence and their vicinity. They sell from one dollar and fifty cents to two shillings per dozen, and the feathers sell for enough more to pay all expenses. (They were caught in nets, chiefly at night.)

Innumerable thousands of pigeons have been seen during the fore part of this month of this year in various parts of New England; an appearance which, with our ancestors, would have created the most alarming apprehensions. It is said that their flight portends a bloody war. I can well remember that in the spring of 1811 a flock passed over Templeton that was many hours in sight, and so large as to cover the whole horizon. They first appeared about half an hour before sunrise, and continued until after ten o'clock. They were going to the north-east. All the old people said it was a sign of war; and, whether the pigeons had anything to do with the affairs of men or not I cannot tell, but this is nevertheless true, that the United States did declare war against England within fourteen months from that time. And many old ladies gave accounts of the great flocks that appeared in 1774, the year before the Revolution. And it is said in a manuscript account of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia, in 1675 and 1676, that the flight of pigeons there the year previous was reckoned an alarming omen.

Let me return to my hunting. We had a hound with us and our main business was for hunting. But whether owing to want of proper skill or lack of game, we caught only one fox and that one I shot when the hound was in full chase and within three rods of his tail. Tho' the labor of pursuit be hard, yet it is a princely entertainment to see the sport go on. I enjoyed it very much, and I am not surprised that it is so much thought of among the lovers of the chase. The fox and hound were, beyond question, made for each other, and both for man.

I will here mention what I should have said in connection with the pigeons. When the pigeons appeared so thick in 1811, there was another omen about the same time which was declared to be a sure sign of war, and filled the minds of the people with as great a panic as the pigeons; and that was the very great abundance of boar pigs.

(But no war followed Mr. Baldwin's pigeon flight of 1832.)

Attends Coming-Out Party.

April 13, 1832—In the evening I attended a party at His Excellency Gov. Lincoln's. It was given for the purpose of introducing the senior class of misses in the Female High School into company. They were all over 15. One party of the same kind was given while I was in Templeton a fortnight ago, and they are to be given every week by different families during the summer. The number of young ladies present from the school might be about fifteen, many of whom were very pretty and interesting. Some of them are natives of Worcester, but a great part from out of town. We employed about two hours in dancing, tho' we had no musick but from a piano, which was played upon by the Lady of Dr. John Park.

July 3, 1832—I devoted this day to pleasure. I visited the Springs at Hopkinton, fifteen miles from Worcester. (Then a fashionable resort.) Deacon Benjamin Butman, George T. Rice and Dr. Oliver H. Blood, with their wives, composed the company. The vacant seat in my chaise was filled by Miss Lucy Ricketson Williams from New Bedford, who has a brother here in Worcester, a student at law in the office of Hon. John Davis. We started at eight in the morning and reached Brigham's in Westboro about ten, where we had strawberries and cream, with ice and soda. We arrived at the Springs about twelve, and spent the whole day in rolling nine pins, swinging, waltzing, playing bagatelle, bathing and the like. The ladies mingled in all our sports. At seven we started for Worcester, and visited on our return the garden of Mr. Blake, at Westboro, where we saw plenty of strawberries, grapes and odd ornaments. It was very warm during the whole day; but the evening was very delightful. The moon shone bright and the evening gale came fresh from the flowers and new-made hay, bringing delicious odors. My fellow travelers entertained me with many songs. We get to Worcester about nine in the evening.

July 22, 1832—I took a long walk in the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Papanti. She entertained me with an account of her ancestors. She was born in the city of New York, and judging from her looks, about 1800. She is not handsome and yet she has an engaging face, and is, withal, a very interesting lady. Her manners are lady-like and her conversation extremely entertaining. This would follow, almost of course, from her manner of life, which for some ten years was spent upon the stage. She never appeared in anything important except comedy. I have seen her in many characters, and while in Boston she was rather a favorite with the theatre-going people. She sings very finely, and her musical accomplishments gave her a happy celebrity.

Mr. Papanti is a native of Italy; he was born near Florence. He is now teaching a dancing school, and his wife is keeping a school for musick for young ladies. They were introduced into the town by his Excellency Gov. Lincoln, whose daughters, Penelope and Anne, are under her instruction in musick and dancing. They are much caressed by a part of the people, while neglected by others because of their former connection with the theatre. They attend Dr. Bancroft's Church (Second Parish) and add greatly to the singing. She plays upon her harp and he upon a French horn, which, with two flutes, a base viol and violin, make very good musick.

1833—Takes Seven Girls A-sleighing.

December 21, 1833—The snow is reputed to be two feet deep on a level. The sleighing is, however, very fine and I made the most of it as shall fully appear. I employed Sam. Congdon to give me and the young ladies a ride.

I invited seven to accompany me. We rode in a large double open sleigh with three seats, and our load, including the driver was composed of nine. I would not have any gentleman with me. If there is any fun in riding with one pretty face, must there not be plenty of fun in riding with seven? What a chattering they made! Women like, they all talked at once! Heavens! What a racket! Yet the ride was delightful. I enjoyed it very much. We left town at two in the afternoon and returned at sundown. We went to Leicester, and the whole expense of my expedition was four dollars and twenty-five cents.

September 15, 1833—Henry Knox Newcomb arrived in town a few days ago from Key West, by way of New Orleans, and asked me to bear him company on a visit to his father, the Hon. Judge Newcomb, at Greenfield. I thought best not to miss such an opportunity of seeing the Connecticut River; so I closed with his obliging proposal. We left town on Saturday morning. Our carriage was what is called a Carry-all; a vehicle very similar to a hack or private coach, only the fore end is open, and, like a hack, large enough for four persons. Our load consisted of myself, my friend Newcomb, his brother's wife and baby, and Miss Lucy Lincoln, the adopted daughter of the late Lieut. Governor Lincoln, of Worcester, making five souls in all, with plenty of baskets, band-boxes, budgets, and such trumpery as ladies are wont to bother the gentlemen with.

Our carriage was drawn by two horses, and as our appearance was somewhat imposing from our having much silver upon our tackling and carriage, and making us look like some well estated gentleman, I could not but remark to my friend that if the people who stared at us so particularly, could look into our purses, we should be laughed at as two poor Devils. He insisted, however, that if we looked serious, nobody would ask us how much money we had got. The appearance of wealth always makes people look genteel, and exacts respect from strangers.

At Templeton, my native place, we stopped our equipage and ordered dinner. I was asked many questions here by people whom I knew, and when they looked at my new superfine broadcloth cloak, and our carriage, God knows, I felt cheap enough. I had to relate to them two amusing stories to keep them from asking questions as to the ownership of our carriage and horses. The keeper of the tavern gave us good cheer, and to make appearance correspond, I was going to order a bottle of wine, but my companions declining drinking, I concluded to postpone that entertainment to another time.

After dinner we pushed on our journey and about eight o'clock in the evening reached a tavern. Before making arrangements for the night, we alighted and examined the premises to see that our quality should not suffer by having slept in a vulgar house. Newcomb was spokesman, and he catechised the landlady as to her beds, whether the sheets had been changed, what she would give us for supper; and from the resolute manner of his examination, one would have supposed him an officer of the police in pursuit of stolen property. To do him justice, however, he did his errand like one who was accustomed to good entertainment. The only part I performed in this comedy was to ask the landlady to let me see her cook our beefsteak which we had bespoken. This she complied with, not, however, without letting me understand that she thought me an indifferent cook.

Cattle Show Ball Gala Function.

October 7, 1833—Cattle Show Day. The address before the Society by Hon. Solomon Strong of Leominster, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. I did not hear it. I spent the day at Antiquarian Hall, having no taste for bulls and rams and the like. According to custom there was a grand ball in the evening. It has for the last ten years, with one exception, been held at the Central Tavern. But this year the hall was engaged to another set of dancers and we were compelled to seek out a new place. We finally took the Town Hall and arrayed it for the purpose. The ladies with divers gentlemen were a long time in fixing it up. The columns were wound with wreaths of laurel and the windows and doors hung with festoons of the same material. Curtains and pots of flowers, with many pretty little conceits and devices invented by the ladies, were arranged to produce the best effect and to set off their charms to best advantage. The north upper hall was turned into a dressing parlor for the ladies and the south one for the supper table. The supper was provided by James Worthington, keeper of the Worcester Hotel.

The party assembled for the dance at seven o'clock in the evening. The ladies were collected by the managers. This has been always the practice since I have lived in Worcester, which is ten years last June. Hacks are hired at the expense of the person providing the supper, and one manager in each hack goes to each house, receives the lady, or ladies, and carries them to the hall, where the other managers are in attendance. And at the end of the dance, they go home the same way.

There were more than an hundred ladies and gentlemen present. The hall was large enough to permit eight sets of cotillions at once. I made the most of my opportunities at dancing, an exercise of which I am extremely

fond. To accommodate some of ye elder prigs, we were under the necessity of dancing alternately a cotillion and a contra dance. The people from the city have an impression that contra-dances are vulgar, they ignorantly supposing that they are *country* dances, when they are called *contra* dances from the position of the dancers on the floor. But those from the city, in contra-dances, seem to go wrong on purpose, lest it be supposed by going right, they had been accustomed to country company. So true it is that many people imagine that true politeness is the production only of the little spot they chance to live in, forgetting the remark of Dr. Goldsmith that "Fools are polite only at home; the wise are polite the world over." Our musick on the occasion consited of a Base-violin, a Kent bugle, clarionet, octave flute and two violins.

December 25, 1833—I dined at Dr. Bancroft's with Hon. Joseph G. Kendall and George Folsom, Esq. I had the happiness to meet my old friend, Miss Lucretia Bancroft, fourth daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bancroft. She is now on a visit from Boston where she is in charge of a small school. She is one of the most intelligent and talented females with whom I am acquainted. After dinner we went into the back parlor and took a few games of whist. The Doctor and his wife played at backgammon. There is perhaps not another minister in the County who would tolerate card playing in his own house. He would not be willing, I think, to have it done too often. But how much difference there is among the clergy in their opinions of play and amusement! He plays at backgammon almost every weekday of his life; and yet he is a diligent student. And for purity and integrity, I know of no clergyman who stands higher.

December 28—More dissipation! My friend William Lincoln (Historian of Worcester) came and invited me to accompany him to Millbury. He carried Sarah Bancroft and I carried Rebecca Curtis. We went in the afternoon and returned at evening. We stayed at Whitcomb's Tavern about an hour and drank mulled wine, a kind of stupefying beverage, made of eggs, sugar and hot wine. It is a species of flip.

Visit from Henry Clay.

November 5, 1833—I was visited by Henry Clay at the Antiquarian Hall this morning in company with the committee. (Which greeted him on a political visit to Worcester). There was a party in the evening at Gov. Lincoln's, to which the whole public had the opportunity of going; and from the looks of the people there, one would suppose that few let slip so good a chance. The house was literally crammed. Mrs. Clay was present, and so far as I could see, was a plain, unostentatious, sensible woman of about fifty

years of age. He is about fifty-seven, over six feet high, slender in make, and a little stooping, with a face pretty well marked, though not remarkably so. His forehead is large, but narrow at the top, his mouth satirical, with a *large* and generously marked nose. He is rapid in conservation, full of anecdote, and swears most insufferably. But this last quality is common to all Kentuckians.

November 12, 1833—Upon Mr. Salisbury's return with his new wife, he invited me and William Lincoln to introduce the people of the town to them, which we did in the evening . . . . As I have had some experience in this business, I must give an account of it. I have officiated in this capacity in almost all cases since my residence in town where the new married couple have lived here. I am tempted to put down the catalogue. But it would occupy too much room.

The process of introducing is in this way. The new married couple, through their friends (sometimes on the evening after marriage and always within a week or so) give notice that they will be happy to be visited by anybody and everybody at eight o'clock on such an evening. Though the invitation is to everybody it is understood to extend only to such as may expect to exchange visits. The calls are made at eight and after. The new married couple take a sort of military position in one corner of the room, flanked by the bride's maids and the bride's *men,* and the person introducing their friends receives them at the door and leading them up, announces their names. The names of the new married couple are not mentioned, but only those who pay the visit; because those who make the visit know very well beforehand whom they are going to see. Usually before ten, the company retires, after having drank wine and eaten the wedding cake. It is customary to make a free use of the cake, and a large quantity of letter paper is furnished for individuals who may wish it, to wrap up a piece of cake in, to carry home. Some want it for friends, some to eat it, and others to put it under their pillows to sleep on, *thinking it may produce* new matches.

March 17, 1835—Eden Augustin Baldwin, my nephew, came from Templeton today, having been sent here by his grandfather, with the request that I would put him to the Baptist School in this town or send him to Leicester Academy, as I might think most for his advantage. I concluded to send him to Leicester, though I was inclined to put him to the first named, and should have done so had it not been for their regulations about board. No tea, coffee or milk are given to the pupils who board in the institution. In my judgment this is a bad arrangement. If a boy be not treated well at school he will hardly know what he has a right to expect when he becomes a man.

Sees First Railway Train.

August 1, 1834—This is my birthday. Alas! how swift the year has flown. This day I am thirty-four years old. I saw today for the first time a Rail Way Car. What an object of wonder! How marvellous it is in every particular! It appears like a thing of life. The cars came out from Boston with about an hundred passengers and performed the journey, which is thirteen miles, in forty-three minutes. I cannot describe the strange sensations produced on seeing the train of cars come up. And when I started in them for Boston, it seemed like a dream. I blessed my stars that such a man as Robert Fulton had lived to confer on his fellow mortals an improvement so valuable as his application of steam engines to driving boats, and that this had suggested the application of the same power in moving carriages on land. We reached Boston about half past eleven. I put up at the Tremont House.

July 3, 1835—The Rail Road from Westboro to Worcester was this day finished, and one of the engines passed over the road for the first time. Some of the directors of the corporation came up in it.

July 4, 1835—The road was publicly opened today, and the first train of cars reached Worcester at half-past ten in the forenoon. The streets were thronged with people from the adjoining towns at an early hour, and these, with our own population, presented a larger multitude in the town than I have ever before witnessed. Few of them had ever seen carriages moved by steam, and their curiosity was very great. The sides of the road were lined with people for nearly a mile, all equally eager to have a glimpse of the novel and marvellous spectacle. It being the 4th of July, which is, perhaps, our greatest holyday in the year, made the collection of people greater than it might otherwise have been. The females were almost as numerous as the males.

That I might witness the entry of the first train of cars to the greatest advantage, I invited Hon. Joseph G. Kendall, Clerk of the Courts, who is my fellow boarder, to accompany me in a wagon to a high ground above Pine Meadow (East Worcester), where the road may be seen for nearly a mile. We were told that the cars would arrive in Worcester at half past eight, and we accordingly, that we might lose no part of the interesting exhibition, took our station upon the hill at ten minutes past eight. I must remark here that my lameness is such that I can only hobble along, and walking in any way is extremely painful to me, owing to my rheumatic complaint.

I therefore sat in the wagon and held the horse. The day was a very warm one, and as I had no protection from the sun, I was nearly roasted. The cars came at half-past ten instead of half past eight!! What a poor time

I had of it! Mr. Kendall left the wagon and sat under the shade of a tree. When the cars came in sight, my horse took fright, and I was compelled to get out of the wagon and had great difficulty in holding him. He reared and jumped most furiously, and when he was so far recovered to permit me to look around the train of cars had reached their destination!

Temperance Movement in Its Infancy.

May 2, 1832—A meeting of the Temperance Society for the Worcester South District was held at the hotel today. I should not have mentioned this had I not noticed certain things which very much disgusted me. The delegates from many of the towns sat down at the public dinner table. They have signed the constitution of the Society, and profess to be samples of sobriety and regularity. I observed, however, that every one of the Society drank very freely of Cyder, and that which was of the very worst and most unpalateable sort. I am not a member of any Temperance Society, yet I should regard myself as not much better than a drunkard to be found drinking such intolerable stuff as this Cyder. If it were good, there would be some apology for them. But as it is shockingly bad, it only shows what they are accustomed to when at home. If they will drink such Cyder in the dry tree, what may we not expect them to do in the green?

I saw three clergymen who sat near me at the table drink the first tumbler and were well towards the bottom upon the second when I got up. Yet these reverend gentry have left their flocks to come here to give us a specimen of their temperance and self-denial. I would not say anything if I drank ardent spirits or even Cyder. But I totally abstain from both and drink wine only when it is offered me. Good wine I am fond of; yet I cannot relish it beyond the second glass.

September 19, 1833—This day met at Worcester the Massachusetts State Temperance Convention. The delegates came from all parts of the Commonwealth, and were nearly five hundred in number. Altogether, they composed a body of great respectability, both as to virtue and intelligence. Plenty of ministers, lawyers and doctors among them. A satirical observer, however, if so inclined, might here and there pick out a red nose, which would contradict the sincerity of the convert to the doctrine of abstemious drinking. It is one of the faults of the day to occupy so much of our time in recommending the practice of virtue that we have not time left us to perform it. We are nothing but *hearers* without being doers. So true it is that when mankind undertakes a reformation they are always running into extremes. In the evening there was a party at Gov. Lincoln's, which was attended by many members of the convention.

Tavern Keepers Go on Strike.

April 1, 1835—This is a day of excitement. At the March town meeting a vote was carried by the town to instruct the selectmen not to approbate any innholder for licenses to retail ardent spirits. This comes of the temperance reform, and is now the subject of deep interest. The town is divided into three parties, *viz*: the rigid advocates of temperance, the friends of retailers, and the neutrals, who will not belong to either party. Our innholders find themselves closely pressed by the vote of the town and have had a caucus, at which they determined that they would not take out licenses for any purpose, but would take down their signs and close their houses on the 1st of April.

Accordingly, this morning, the signs to all the taverns, except the Temperance House, nine in number, were taken down, and the houses all shut against travellers. I saw several ladies sitting in the portico of one of the houses, who had arrived in a stage; there were many gentlemen in the same plight. But none of them were permitted to enter the house. A table was set in the portico, with several decanters filled with cold water set upon it, which I took to be an emblem of temperance. The travellers looked cross, and the dear ladies in particular. The public sympathy was such as to justify the tavern keepers, and this enraged the temperance party.

April 6, 1836—The town is now more full of excitement than has been known since 1812. There was a strong disposition to bring temperance into politics. The late attempt to instruct the selectmen has awaked many fears that the leaders of the temperance reform design to make it a political subject. Several who were members of the Society for Promoting Temperance have directed their names to be withdrawn. Wherever two men are seen together, the subject of conversation is temperance. In many instances they have become so furious as to almost come to blows. I perceive that whoever speaks upon the subject manifests his passions at once. In this respect the friends of temperance are as *intemperate* as their opponents. Every body is getting mad, and what is cause of especial madness with me is that I am already as mad as the *maddest*.

(The Taverns soon were given their ardent spirits licenses.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The County's Treasure Hunts

The Colonists had not been long in Worcester County before they began to search the earth for precious metals. Men believed they had discovered gold or silver, and spent much time and money to proving themselves mistaken. An inferior quality of coal was located in Worcester and a small fortune spent before its exploiters realized how impractical were their efforts. A Brookfield man, noticing a film of oil on a near-by brook, drilled for petroleum, and was not discouraged until a well had been sunk five hundred feet deep. He got no petroleum, but he had for his pains and money one of the finest wells of artesian water in the county. Sturbridge has a famous graphite mine, of which more anon.

The county has mineral wealth, but it lies in immense deposits of good building stone. Milford's beautiful pink granite may be seen in handsome buildings and monuments the country over, and the great granite quarries of Millstone Hill in Worcester, and Rollstone Hill in Fitchburg, have contributed a large share in the erection of towns and cities everywhere; a contribution, unfortunately, which was greater before the coming of the concrete age. There is some iron in the shire, and slate and soapstone and other useful minerals. But the deposits lack either in quantity or quality, and are not considered workable.

In a hill in Sturbridge, which the Indians called Tantiusques, is a large deposit of graphite, or black lead, as it used to be called and from which came the name of lead pencil. The English learned of it as early as 1633, when John Oldham, journeying overland from Massachusetts Bay to Connecticut, trading with the Indians, brought back with him "some black lead whereof the Indians told him there is a whole rock." Even then, evidently, it was an ancient mine. The Indians, for no man knows how many years, had been digging out the black lead for use in making paint for their faces.

Three generations of Winthrops, the original English owners, and their friends and associates, sunk much money in the mine from time to time. They caused to be made several attempts to extract the graphite in commercial quantities, and a few tons were mined and some of it was shipped to London. The Winthrop letters in the archives of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, which give in much detail the story of the ownership of Tantiusques, reveal nothing to show that even a shilling's worth was actually sold. The mine yielded little of mineral, but it did yield a grand crop of lawsuits.

These figured conspicuously in the proceedings of the General Courts and the Law Courts of the Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut Colonies. One of them is still cited as a leading case in the laws of inheritance. It carried Tantiusques across the Atlantic and before the Privy Council, English high court of appeal. Then the Royal Society made its acquaintance, as John Winthrop, one of its fellows, related to the distinguished scholars and scientists a glitteringly colored story of the mine in the distant American wilderness and its iron and copper, lead and tin, and silver and gold. Finally, according to the Winthrop letters, Tantiusques killed its owner, by worry over a group of lawsuits rising out of it. The record of the drear gash in the side of the Sturbridge Hill overlooking the pond, is one which the superstitious might associate with an Indian curse. The truth is, however, that Sachem Wabucksham deeded it to John Winthrop, Jr., with full satisfaction to all concerned.

It was John Winthrop, Jr., son of the Governor and an amateur scientist of more than ordinary knowledge and ability, who recognized the possibilities of this lode. He acquired the land and in 1644 obtained confirmation of the deed from the General Court. He then proceeded to organize an informal company to exploit the mine. Robert Child, a prominent and well-known investor, wrote him from London that graphite was used by mathematicians, painters and limners, and if it were of the right sort, and in big enough pieces, the stuff could be made into combs, which were in great demand by the ladies of Spain and Italy to color gray hair a glistening raven-like blackness.

The early Colonists firmly believed that New England must contain the precious metals. They must have recalled the Spanish galleons laden deep with gold from the New World. If the southern regions of America, as they knew it, yielded such treasure, why not New England? Charles I certainly cherished this hope and planned personal profit from the rich finds which he expected would be made. For in the grant of the Massachusetts charter he insisted upon a clause, several times repeated, that the lands should yield to

the King "the fifth parte of the oare of gould and silver, which should, from tyme to tyme, and at all tymes then after, happen to be found, gotten, had and obteyned in, att, or within any of the saide lands, lymytts, territories, and precyncts." The General Court encouraged all endeavors to discover and develop mineral deposits by grants which carried exemption of taxes and of certain duties to the State.

Winthrop, through his agent, bought from the Sachem "All the black lead mines and all other places of mines and minerals with all the lands in the wilderness lying north and west, east and south round the said Black Lead Hills for ten miles each way, only reserving for the Indian seller and his people liberty of fishing and hunting and convenient planting in the said grounds and ponds and rivers." For this he paid, "Ten belts of wampameeg, with many blankets and coats of trucking cloth and sundry other goods." His great mistake lay in the wording of the deed. Not many years later it took a long series of expensive surveys to square the circle of "round the Black Lead Hills for ten miles each way."

Winthrop made a contract with one King who was to receive forty shillings for every ton he should mine, to be paid when he had "digged up twenty tons of good merchantable black lead and put it into a house safe from the Indians." King took two men with him into the wilderness and presumedly went to work, but nothing came out of the venture. A second attempt was made under a man named Paine, who was to mine the graphite and deliver it on the banks of the Connecticut River, many miles away over a crude and, in places, exceedingly steep trail. The price to be paid him was "the full sum of £ten in English goods or wheat or peas as they shall desire," for every ton. Paine wrote to his employer, complaining that he had neither horse nor oxen, and that "the men do nothing but the firing, and the carrying of wood upon their backs takes up the greatest part of the time." They had no suitable tools with which to break the hard rock in which the veins of graphite were embedded. The only recourse was heat, which cracked the stone, and disintegrated it to a sufficient extent to permit the removal of the desired mineral. Paine also begged for more men, for, as he wrote, "they which are there are weary of being there." One was sent, and Paine reported, "his whole work and study has been to make trouble and hinder our men."

Affairs continued to run badly. In September, 1658, Winthrop wrote to his son, then in London: "There is some black lead digged, but not so much as they expected, it being very difficult to get out of ye rocks, which they are forced to break with fires, their rocks being very hard, and not to be entered further than ye fire maketh way, so as ye charge has been so great in digging

of it that I am like to have no profit by ye same." John Winthrop, Jr., never spoke truer words.

He died in 1676, and when Tantiusques is next heard of it was the property of his son Wait Winthrop. To him, the Black Lead grant brought nothing but trouble, because of conflicting claims to part of the land contained in his idea of "ten miles each way." Here entered the court of law and later the General Court. A survey was ordered, and thereof followed others, and so the matter dragged on for twenty years. The new plantation at Brimfield wanted some of the land, and the affair assumed a political aspect. Before it was settled to the satisfaction of Wait Winthrop he died. He left a son, a daughter, and no will.

The son, another John Winthrop, maintained that he as "eldest son" was entitled by law to all of the real estate, of which Tantiusques was the principal part. His brother-in-law, Thomas Lechmere, thought differently, and the case got into the Colonial courts, which eventually found for the daughter, and ordered a division under the law of that day, by which the son got two-thirds of Tantiusques and the daughter one-third.

John Winthrop was much annoyed and determined that he would have justice and all the mine in spite of Colonial judges. So he sailed for London with the papers in his pocket, to bring an appeal before the Privy Council. There it required three years of costly litigation, but he won the day. He had found that he liked the English manner of living and remained in London. He had left his wife, the daughter of Governor Dudley, in New London, to bring up their children and conduct the management of the Winthrop estate, and meet his frequent requests for remittances. He remained in London twenty-one years, until his death. He was rated a poor business man, but he developed literary and scientific tastes, and in 1734 was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, which brought the Sturbridge mine conspicuously into the records of that erudite body. In fact, the fortieth volume of its records is dedicated to him.

John Winthrop entertained wildly exaggerated notions of the mineral wealth to be found in his Black Lead Hill. His grandfather's failure to develop the graphite mine did not dissuade him from the most ambitious schemes to create a Massachusetts El Dorado. His optimism as a mining speculator was invincible. In this twentieth century he has many prototypes in the promoters of mines of all descriptions, chiefly of copper or gold. One of the series of maps of Tantiusques which came out of the surveys indicates in his own handwriting such spots as "Rare fishing in the pond. Rich lead ore. A place of good copper ore. Iron mines. Here is a heavy black stone which is rich in tin and Dna." (Alchemistic symbol for silver.) "On this

side of the hill is small veins of pure silver. Granite mountain and a fine sort of grayish stone which contains" a dot in a circle, the alchemistic symbol for gold. "And," wrote Dr. George H. Haynes in his excellent paper on *The Tale of Tantiusesques* in the proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, "all this in a tract of a few thousand acres of almost unexplored Nipmuck wilderness within twenty-five miles of Worcester." Evidently, Mr. Winthrop, F. R. S., was not without his little jokes on his fellows of the Royal Society.

He employed a crotchety ex-sea captain, John Morke, who professed to be a Swedish engineer, to secure information as to the market for black lead. The captain reported from Rotterdam that "there was market for about one hundred and fifty tons of black lead yearly to supply France and Holland, and at a good price, above £100 per ton," and "I find very considerable encouragement for your other mines of tin, etc." The worthy sea-dog probably stretched the truth considerably, for it is not likely that he ever contracted for a single pound of the mineral, and certainly the price he named was quite five times too high.

Winthrop believed him, however, and, full of enthusiasm, engaged him as steward to operate the Sturbridge mine. He also entered into a contract with Samuel Sparrow, a young London merchant, who was to transport and bring back to England the black lead from the mine and within six years to pay to Winthrop seven-eighths of the net product of the sale of 500 tons, retaining the other one-eighth. Winthrop, on his part, in consideration of an advance by Sparrow of £1,000 and also of his management, pledged himself to deliver to Sparrow for sale 500 tons of black lead within six years. Another advance of money on the same terms was made by Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Hunt of London.

The very next day Sparrow and Morke set sail for America, and six weeks later, after a stormy passage, landed in New London, where they were treated coldly by Madame Winthrop, who consistently declined to contribute toward her absent husband's venture. They hurried to Sturbridge. They carried in with them as far as Woodstock, Connecticut, two cartloads of tools and goods, but were compelled to store them for the winter in that village, ten miles from Tantiusques as no cartway could be found over Breakneck Hill, whose name is aptly descriptive.

The whole enterprise was a failure from the beginning. Some graphite was mined, for Sparrow returned to London with a ton and three-quarters of it. But he sent back word to America that it was below the standard of British black lead, and the best price offered him was 4d. a pound. Winthrop professed to distrust Sparrow. At any rate, he seemed carried away by

the actual visible proof that his mine would produce. He wrote to Morke: "The black lead you have dug and sent over proves extraordinary, and is certainly the best that is known in the world. It is admired by all disinterested and undesigning persons, though there is some people that have private views who would seem to slight and undervalue it. But I do assure you that it contains one-fifth silver, but this you must keep a secret and not talk to any body about it further than that it is to make pencils to mark down the sins of the people."

In this same letter he urges his steward to build a large storehouse, to fence in about a mile square at the mine, and to turn aside the bridle path, that their work might be more private. He assures the captain that he shall have a stock of milch cows and breeding swine, and reminds him, "what ever you meet with that is uncommon or looks like a rarity or curiosity, remember you are to preserve it for me." He bids him disregard all "tittle tattle which is always hatched in Hell, with designs to disturb and prevent all good undertakings." This extraordinary letter closes with the statement, "Mr. Agate was with me this morning, and is pleased to see a piece of black lead you sent me, and says that he sells that which does not look so well for sixteen shillings a pound."

The bubble burst. Within a week came a letter to Winthrop from Germany setting forth that the maximum price of black lead was indeed sixteen shillings, but for one hundredweight, not one pound. On top of this a London assayist informed him, "I have tried your samples of ores, and none of them are of any value except the black lead. That which you call silver ore is almost all iron, nor can any other metal be got from it that will pay the charge of refining. And this you may be satisfied in, by calcining a piece of that ore, then pound it, and the loadstone will take it all up; which is full conviction. That which you call tin ore holds no proportion of metal that is sufficient to pay the expenses of refining."

Then lawsuits piled on him. Sparrow and Morke sued, and so did the widow of Rev. Dr. Hunt. There were disagreeable aspects to the cases, particularly in the defendant's contacts with the ex-sea captain. Worries preyed upon John Winthrop and sickness followed; and his death occurred in 1747. The suits were transferred against his widow, but she finally won them all, with costs. The Winthrop family's mining ventures were ended.

But the Tale of Tantiusques was not ended. Eighty years later, Frederick Tudor of Boston, in 1828, acquired the property, and operated the workings as an adjunct to his manufacturing of crucibles, until 1833, when he sold the mine to the Ixion Black Lead Factory. It came back to him, however, in 1839, and he operated it himself for a time, and then leased it to one Marcy,

on shares. There followed a long lapse of time, until the opening years of the present century when a company was organized to apply modern mining methods and did considerable work of clearing and draining and tunneling. Once again Tantiusques was abandoned and has remained so ever since. Perhaps its day of usefulness is yet to come.

Treasure Hunts in Worcester—Worcester has its first taste of treasure hunting as far back as 1754, according to an account in Lincoln's *History of Worcester,* which says: "A vein of metal which was supposed to be silver, was discovered near the head of the valley, about a mile north of the town. A company for exploring the spot was formed by some of the most substantial inhabitants, furnaces and smelting-houses were erected and a cunning German employed as superintendent. Under his direction a shaft was sunk eighty feet perpendicularly, and a horizontal gallery extended about as far through the rock, which was to be intersected by another shaft, commenced about six rods north of the first opening.

"Among the masses which were, within a few years, laid around the scene of operations were specimens of the ores containing minute portions of silver, specks of copper and lead, much iron and an extraordinary quantity of arsenic; which struck against steel, a profusion of vivid sparks were thrown out, and a peculiarly disagreeable odor of the latter mineral emitted. On the application of heat this perfume increased to an overpowering extent. The company expended great sums blasting the rocks, raising its fragments and erecting buildings and machinery. While the pile of stone increased, the money of the partners diminished. The furnaces in full blast produced nothing but suffocating vapors, curling over the flames in those beautiful coronets of smoke which still attend the attempt to melt the ore.

"The shrewd foreigner, in whose promises his associates seem to have placed that confidence which honest men often repose in the declarations of knaves, became satisfied that the crisis was approaching when it would be ascertained that the funds were exhausted and that stone and iron could not he transmuted to gold. Some papers which exist indicate that he pretended to knowledge of the occult sciences. However that may be, he assured them that the great enemy of man had been busy in defeating their exertions, making his presence redolent in the perfume of sulphur and arsenic. He obtained the sum of $100 and made a journey to Philadelphia to consult with a person experienced in mines and their demons, for the purpose of exorcising the unsavory spirit of the crucible. He departed with a barrel full of the productions of the mine, but never returned to state the results of his conference.

"And yet the German superintendent may have been more superstitious than knavish. The mineral which baffled him, whose arsenical fumes almost suffocated his miners and confirmed his belief in the supernatural, was cobalt, a name derived from the Greek Kobalos, German Kobold, a little devil." The mine was abandoned for good.

The Worcester coal mine still remains on the hillside which rises to the westward at the north end of Lake Quinsigamond. The opening of the tunnel is there, and the pit, always filled to the brim with water. It was in 1823 that "this inexhaustible store of anthracite coal, well calculated for steam engines" was exploited. The Blackstone Canal was soon to be opened connecting Worcester with the sea at Providence, and there were rosy dreams of supplying the world with fuel. This coal was said to ignite easier than any of the fine coals of Pennsylvania and to burn longer. The claim was made that where Lehigh coal burned four hours and twenty-five minutes, Worcester coal anthracite lasted five hours, and in the same time produced a great degree of heat.

"Tests were made at the Worcester Brewery," says Lincoln, "which appear to have been satisfactory, and in 1824 the Massachusetts Coal Company was incorporated to ascertain the quality and quantity of the coal, and expense of mining and conveying it to market. For the next two years it appears to have been used as the principal fuel at the brewery of Trumbull & Ward, and was also used in Colonel Gardner Burbank's paper mill. It was found there that about half of the bulk of the coal remained after the fire subsided, but upon replenishing with new coal it was mostly consumed in the second burning, and Colonel Burbank found that the expense of keeping a fire with this coal to be less than the expense of cutting wood and tending fire, if the wood were delivered at the door free of expense."

Work at the mine proceeded with vigor for a number of years. The Worcester Coal Company was organized to operate the property, and the Worcester Railway Company was given a charter to build a railroad to Lake Quinsigamond and on to the Blackstone Canal. A railway of sorts was constructed, on which coal was carried chiefly by gravity in loads of fifteen hundred pounds. But, in about the year 1830, the whole enterprise was abandoned chiefly because, as a wag put it, "There was a damn sight more coal after burning than there was before."

Harvard's Silver Lode—"In Harvard, at the foot of Oak Hill, on the eastern side, there is a mine that may be justly deemed a curiosity," wrote Whitney in 1793, in his *History of Worcester County*. "Early in the year 1783, when a rage for the treasures thought to be hid in the bowels of the earth, was prevalent in the country, it was thought by some persons, from

the color of the earth in this place, and from the working of the mineral rods, that silver ore might be obtained not far beneath the surface of the ground.

"Accordingly some gentlemen in this town and its vicinity (twenty-five in number) formed themselves into a mine company for the purpose of descrying those hidden treasures, and enriching themselves therewith. Under the conduct of certain men, Messrs. Ives and Peck, they began their operations in July following. These were continued, though with frequent interruptions, until sometime in the year 1789.

"During this time, they had, with some difficulty, digged through a considerable quantity of condensed gravel, until they came to a solid rock. Into this they penetrated more than forty feet. But either from the unskillfulness of the mineralists, or for want of perseverance in their employers, the shining ore has not yet been discovered. The company, after expending one thousand one hundred dollars in the process, is amicably dissolved. The sides of this cavity are almost rectilinear. It is about six feet high, and half as wide. The excavation was made, partly by heating the rock to a great degree, and then cooling it suddenly with water; but the greater portion of it was effected with powder. Pieces of the earth, which they dug before they entered the rock, had the appearance of yellow lead, and were considerably sulphureous. The cavern now rests a deserted monument of successless toil. Its mouth opens to the east; and the rising sun, to a person in the other extremity, renders the prospect highly delightful.

"Here in Fitchburg is a hill," wrote the same old chronicler, "usually denominated Pearl Hill, and is composed of a rock of a peculiar quality, not common in this part of the country. It produces isinglass, or talc, in great plenty. The appearance encourages a hope that there are valuable mines, either of gold or silver, or both, imbosomed there. Attempts have heretofore been made to explore and possess them; but for want of wealth or perseverance in the undertakers, they have not obtained the desiderata.

"All valuable mines in this part of the world, as in most other parts, lie deep in the bowels of the earth, and much labour is necessary to reach them. In the present state of our population, riches, in these northern parts, are with much greater facility procured from the surface of the earth by the various instruments of cultivation, than from deep and latent mines of the richest ore. When the country becomes overstocked with inhabitants, and support from the soil shall not be so easily obtained, it is not improbable that from this mountain will be dug large quantities of those shining metals, as everything, at present, favors the conjecture."

Of Hubbardston, Whitney wrote: "It is supposed this town is rich in iron ore, at least. There is a hill in the north part of it, extending into Tem-

pleton, where a number of gentlemen from Boston and other places wrought near fifty years ago. They dug several rods into the hill in quest of a silver mine; but whether it answered their expectations or not, was not divulged. A war commencing, put a stop to their pursuit, and it has never been reassumed.

"Templeton has no remarkable hills or eminences distinguished by particular names, except one on the south side towards Hubbardston, called Mine Hill, from its abounding in good iron ore, and supposed also to be rich in other more valuable mines and minerals. This was granted to a Capt. Andrew Robinson of Gloucester, some time before the original grant of the township. It was soon sold, and now a great number of persons have a right therein. It is a long, rocky hill, and very steep on one side."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Farm and Home Life a Century Ago

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who was president of Clark University from its foundation through the long period when it was one of the world's great centers of psychological research and study, held for many years an abiding interest in old New England customs and the manner of living of the people, and particularly the country people. He pursued his avocation with the thoroughness which characterized him. His investigations were based primarily upon the experiences of his own boyhood, when he passed his vacations on an ancient farm in the little old Massachusetts town of Ashfield, which was typical of many of the small Worcester County towns of that period.

Much of his information was gathered from men and women who were old when he was young, and whose memories harked back to the early years of the last century. In this way he accumulated a great mass of valuable detail, which otherwise might have been lost, of the self-contained, self-sufficient existence of a Yankee village and a Yankee farm of the old days—of the home industries by which they converted the products of field and pasture and woodland to fill their needs; of their homes and what was in them; of their raiment and its manufacture, and of their food and its cooking; of their simple, pleasant social life in the family and with their neighbors, and of their wholesome amusements.

President Hall embodied much of the knowledge which he had accumulated in a paper read before the American Antiquarian Society in 1890, presenting a picture of deep interest to anyone who would know how the forefathers lived. We are reprinting from the Society's proceedings of forty years ago, with permission, a large part of Dr. Hall's paper, as follows:

Boy Life in a Massachusetts Country Town Thirty Years Ago.

By G. Stanley Hall.

Between the ages of nine and fourteen, my parents who then lived in a distant town very wisely permitted me to spend most of the schoolless part of

these five years, so critical for a boy's development, with a large family on a large farm in Ashfield of this State. Although this joyous period ended in 1860, the life, modes of thought and feeling, industries, dress, etc., were very old fashioned for that date and were tenaciously and proudly kept so. In more recent years, as I have come to believe that nowhere does the old New England life still persist more strongly or can be studied more objectively, I have spent portions of several summers, with the aid of a small fund placed in my hands for the purpose, in collecting old farm tools, household utensils, furniture, articles of dress, and hundreds of miscellaneous old objects into a local museum, a little after the fashion of the museums of Plymouth, Salem and Deerfield. I have interviewed all the oldest inhabitants for details of customs and industries. My vacation interest grew into a record partly because so many facts of the early life and thoughts of old New England are still unrecorded and are now so fast passing beyond the reach of record, with the lamented decay of these little old towns, partly because despite certain evils this life at its best appears to me to have constituted about the best educational environment for boys at a certain stage of their development ever realized in history, combining physical, industrial, technical with civil and religious elements in wise proportions and pedagogic objectivity. Again: this mode of life is the one and the only one that represents the ideal basis of a state of citizen voters as contemplated by the framers of our institutions. Finally, it is more and more refreshing in our age, and especially in the vacation mood, to go back to sources, to the fresh primary thoughts, feelings, beliefs, modes of life of simple, homely, genuine men. Our higher anthropology labors to start afresh for the common vulgar standpoint as Socrates did, from what Maurice calls the Ethos, and Grote the Nomos of common people and of a just preceding and a vanishing type of civilization, to be warned with its experience and saturated with its local color.

I have freely eked out the boyish memory of those five years with that of older persons; but everything that follows was within the memory of people living three years ago. Time allows me to present here but a small part of the entire record, to sample it here and there, and show a few obvious lessons.

I begin with winter, when men's industries were most diversified, and were largely in wood. Lumber—or timber—trees were chopped down and cut by two men working a cross-cut saw, which was always getting stuck fast in a pinch which took the set out of it, unless the whole trunk was pried up by skids. Sometimes the fallen trees were cut into logs, snaked together, and piled with the aid of cant-hooks, to be drawn across the frozen pond to the saw-mill for some contemplated building, or, if of spruce, of straight grain and few knots, or of good rift, they were cut in bolts, or cross-sections

of fifteen inches long, which was the legal length for shingles. These were taken home in a pung, split with beetle and wedge, and then with a frow and finished off with a drawshave, on a shaving-horse, itself home-made. These rive shingles were thought far more durable than those cut into shape by the buzz-saw which does not follow the grain. To be of prime quality these must be made of heart and not sap wood, nor of second growth trees. The shavings were in wide demand for kindling fires.

Axe-helves, too, were sawn, split, hewn, whittled, and scraped into shape with bits of broken glass, and the forms peculiar to each local maker were as characteristic as the style of painter or poet, and were widely known, compared and criticized. Butter-paddles were commonly made of red cherry, while sugar lap-paddles were made by merely marking whistle wood or bass, and whittling down one end for a handle. Mauls and beetles were made of ash knots, ox-bows of walnut, held into shape till seasoned by withes of yellow birch, from which also birch brushes and brooms were manufactured on winter evenings by stripping down seams of wood in the green. There were salt mortars and pig-troughs made from solid logs, with tools hardly more effective than those the Indian uses for his dug-out. Flails for next year's threshing; cheese-hoops and cheese-ladders; bread-troughs and yokes for hogs and sheep, and pokes for jumping cattle, horses and unruly geese, and stanchions for cows.

Some took this season for cutting next summer's bean and hop poles, pea bush, cart and sled stakes, with an eye always out for a straight clean whip stock or fish pole. Repairs were made during this season, and a new cat-hole beside the door, with a laterally-working drop-lid which the cat operated with ease, was made one winter. New sled neaps, and fingers for the grain cradle, handles for shovels and dung-forks, pitch-forks, spades, spuds, hoes, and a little earlier for rakes. Scythes and brooms were home-made, and machines and men of special trades were so far uncalled for. Nearly all these forms of domestic wood work I saw, and even helped in as a boy of ten might, or imitated them in play in those thrice-happy days, while in elder pop-guns, with a ringing report that were almost dangerous in-doors; hemlock bows and arrows, or cross bows, with arrow-heads run on with melted lead (for which every scrap of lead pipe or antique pewter dish was in great demand) often fatal for very small game; box and figure 4 traps for rats and squirrels; wind-mills; weather-vanes in the form of fish, roosters or even ships; an actual saw-mill that went in the brook, and cut planks with marino and black and white Carter potatoes for logs; and many whittled tools, toys and ornamental forms and puppets;— in all these and many more, I even became in a short time, a fairly average expert as compared with other boys,

at least so I then thought. How much all this has served me since, in the laboratory, in daily life, and even in the study, it would be hard to estimate.

The home industry in woolen is a good instance of one which survives in occasional families to this day. Sheep, as I remember, could thrive on the poorest hay, or orts, the leavings of the neat cattle. In summer they could eat brakes and polipods, if not even hardhack and tansy, and would browse down berry briers and underbrush, while their teeth cut the grass so close that cows could hardly survive in the same pasture with them. The spring lambs were raised in the shed by hand, sometimes as cossets by the children, who often derived their first savings therefrom. Sheep washing day was a gala day when, if at no other time, liquor was used against exposure, and shearing which came a week or two later, was hardly less interesting. A good shearer, who had done his twenty-five head a day, commanded good wages, seventy-five cents or a dollar a day; while the boys must pull the dead sheep, even though they were only found after being some weeks defunct. Fleeces for home use were looked over, all burrs and shives picked out, and they were then oiled with poor lard. "Bees" were often made to do this.

Carding early became specialized and carders were in every town, but the implements were in each family, some members of which could not only card, but could even use the fine, long-toothed worsted combs in an emergency. The rolls were spun at home, novices doing the woof or filling, and the older girls the warp, which must be better. It was taken from the spindle sometimes on a niddy-noddy held in the hand, at two rounds per yard, but more commonly on a reel, in rounds of two yards each. Every forty rounds was signalized on a reel by the snap of a wooden spring or the fall of a hammer, and constituted a knot, four, five, seven, or ten of which (in different families and for different purposes) constituting a skein, and twenty knots making a run. Four seven-knotted skeins of filling, or six of warp was a day's work, though now, I am told, few young women can accomplish so much without excessive fatigue.

The yarn doubled if for stockings, after being washed clean of grease, next went to the great dye-tub in the chimney corner. Butternut bark for every-day suits, indigo for Sunday suits, and madder for shirting was the rule. There were also fancy dyes and fancy dyeing; braiding, binding tightly or twisting in a white thread to get the favorite hit or miss, or pepper-and-salt effect, a now almost incredible ingenuity in making up figures and fancy color effects for loom patterns in girls' dresses. Next the filling was quilled and the warp spooled, the former ready for the shuttle, and the latter for the warping bars (both of these latter being often home-made) to which it went from the scarn or spool-frame. In warping, the leese must be taken with

care, for if the order of the threads is lost they cannot be properly thumbed through the harnesses and hooked through the reed, and are good for nothing but to make into clothes lines and the piece is lost. A raddle also acts in keeping the warp disentangled and of proper width before the lathe and tenters can hold it. Sometimes blue and white shirt-formed frock cloth was woven, sometimes kerseys and plaid dress patterns of many colors, or woolen sheets, and even woolen pillowcases which were as warm and heavy, although coarser than those the olfactorial zoölogist Jäger advises, and sells to his followers. The complication of harnesses and treadles required to weave some of the more complicated carpet, and especially cover-lid patterns, evinced great ingenuity and long study, and is probably now, although the combinations were carefully written down, in most communities a forever lost art. On coming from the loom the cloth was wet for shrinkage, and the nap picked up with cards of home-grown teasels and sheared smooth on one side, although in those days this process had already gone to the local fuller. Coarse yarn was also spun from tag-locks which was of course home carded. Knitting was easy, pretty visiting work. Girls earned from two to three York shillings a pair for men's stockings, paid in trade from the store, which put out such work if desired. Shag mittens were knit from thrumbs or the left-over ends of warp. Nubias and sontags were knit with large wooden needles, and men's gloves, tidies, and clock stockings with ornamental open work in the sides were knit with one hook, and the tape loom held between the knees was kept going evenings.

Domestic flax industry still lingers in a few families. The seed was sown broadcast and grew till the bolls were ripe, when it was pulled and laid in rows by the boys and whipped, in a few days, to get the seed for meal. After laying out of doors for some weeks till the shives were rotten, it was put through the process of breaking on the ponderous flax-break. It was then swingled, hatchelled, and finally hanked. It was then wound on the distaff made of a young spruce top, and drawn out for spinning. Grasshopper years, when it was short, this was hard, and though ticking, meal-bags, and scratchy tow shirts could be made, finer linen products were impossible. After weaving it must be bleached in a good quality of air.

However it was with adults, child life was full of amusements. Children were numerous in every neighborhood, and though they were each required to be useful, they were in early years left much to themselves and were at home in every house, barn, or shed, within a mile, or more. There was of course coasting, skating, swimming, gool, fox and hounds, and snow-balling, with choosing of sides, lasting for a whole school term, with elaborate forts; cart wheel and men o' morn's in the snow; collar and elbow, or square hold

wrestling, with its many different trips, locks and play-ups—side and back hold being unscientific; round ball, two and four old cat, with soft yarn balls thrown at the runner. The older girls and boys spent the hour's nooning in the school-house and either paired off for small games or talks, or played "Here we stand all round this ring," "Needle's eye," "Kitty corners" or "Who's got the button." As in the age of Shakespeare the queen's maids of honor played tag, so here all children, and even adults often played childs' games with gusto.

In the family, as they gathered about the stove, or sometimes about the grand old fireplace in the back kitchen, with its back-log, crane, pot hooks and trammels, there were stories of the old fort, of bears, wildcats, Indians and Bloody Brook, and other probably unprinted tales perhaps many generations old. There were some who could sing old English ballads that had come down by tradition and which had never been in print in America, and more who could sing a comic song or pathetic negro melody. Lord Lovel, Irving, Bunyan, *The Youth's Companion* and many Sunday-school books were read aloud. A pair of skates was earned by a boy friend one winter by reading the entire Bible through, and another bought an accordian with money earned by braiding the plain sides of palm-leaf hats where no splicing was needed, for the women at a cent per side. All families allowed the game of fox and geese, a few permitted checkers, and one, backgammon, which was generally thought to be almost gambling. Dominoes were barely tolerated, but riddles, rebuses and charades were in high favor by old and young and were published in all the local weekly papers. It was here that I learned that card playing, which I had often seen before but did not much understand nor care for, was very wrong, and a boy friend was taught old sledge, and euchre, up over the horse sheds on Sundays between services, by an older son of the officiating minister. There were hull-gull; cats-cradle with two series of changes, string and knot puzzles, odd and even, and most of the games, and many more than those in Mr. Newel's charming, and largely original, book entitled, *The Plays and Games of American Children,* connecting many of them conclusively with the sports and pastimes of the English people in the merry olden time of Brandt. One maiden lady, whom we all loved, could spell "The Abominable Bumble Bee with his Head Cut Off," in an inverse House-that-Jack-built fashion, with a most side-splitting effect.

There were beech and chestnutting parties; raisings; and days set apart for all the men in the district being warned out by the surveyor to gather and work on the roads with teams. Work was easy, as it was for the town, and stories were plenty. There were huskings, with cider and pumpkin pie, and games on the barn floor, when it was cleared of corn; paring bees, with

bobbing, swinging a whole paring thrice around the head, thence to fall on the floor in the form of the fancied initial of some person of the other sex, and counting seeds to the familiar doggerel—one I love, two I love, three I love and say, four I love with all my heart, and five I cast away, etc. Here the apples were quartered and strung, and hung in festoons to dry, all over the kitchen. There were quilting bees for girls about to marry, where the men came in the evening and partook of the new species of rice pop-corn, served in two large milk pans, with perhaps the most delicious home made spruce and wintergreen beer. Spelling schools in which the parents took part, and where the champion spellers of rural disricts, after exhausting several spelling books, agreed to spell each other down on an abridged Worcester's dictionary. There were weekly evening singing schools in winter, and several of us taught ourselves or each other to play the accordion and fiddle by rote, to dance single and double shuffle on a board, and the steps of waltz, polka, and schottish. Even square dances were attempted to our own music, if we could get a caller-off. This latter was here a stolen sweet, as was the furtive reading of the thrilling tales of Sylvanus Cobb in the *New York Ledger*—sets of which were smuggled around among the boys and read after retiring, or in sheep shed, hay mow, or attic, on rainy days. I must not forget the rage for trapping and hunting, by which we learned much of the habits of crows, hawks, muskrats, woodchucks, squirrels, partridges and even foxes, and which made us acquainted with wide areas of territory. In a regular squirrel hunt organized by choosing sides, and a dinner to the victors paid for by the vanquished party, as determined by counting tails, boys of my age were not old enough to participate. We made collections however for whole seasons, of heads, legs, wings, and tails, as well as of woods, leaves, flowers, stones, bugs, butterflies, etc.

The dull days in haying time brought another sort of education. The men of the vicinity strolled together in a shed, and sitting on tool bench, grindstone, manger, wagons, chopping blocks, and hog spouts, discussed crop prices, ditching, walling, salting cattle, finding springs with witch-hazel, taxes, the preaching, the next selectmen, fence-viewer, constable, and, I suppose a little earlier, wardens, leather-sealers, deer reeves, surveyors of shingles and clapboards and of wheat, field drivers, tithing men, clerk of the market, and pound-keepers. And they discussed as well the good brooks and ponds for trouting, or snaring pickerel with brass wire loops and a white-birch-bark light at night, and every sort of gossip. The old uncles who came to be the heroes of current stories, and who were in a sense ideal men, were shrewd and sharp, of exceeding few words, but these oracular, of most unpromising exteriors and mode of speech, with quaint and eccentric ways which made their quintessential wisdom very surprising by the contrast; while

in weather signs and in drugs the old Indian was sometimes the sage. At the opposite extreme was the unseasoned fellow who can be fooled and not get the best of it if he was "run" or played some practical joke. Absurd exaggerations told with a serious air, to test the hearer's knowledge or credulity, were the chief ingredients of this lowery-day wit. Thus the ass's head was not unfrequently clapped on some poor rich fellow, green from the city, or some larger town, suspected of the unpardonable sin of being "stuck up."

In this air a good "nag" has great viability. As a boy here, *e. g.,* I often played hunt, snapping a disabled old flint-lock musket at every live thing in field and forest, for which an adult neighbor used to "run" me unmercifully before the whole shed. Years after, when I was at home on a college outing, he had not forgotten it, and for perhaps a dozen summers since, I have met it. On a recent evening, when walking wth a dignified city friend, he met me with the same old grind, "Hello, huntin' much this summer with Philander's old gun?" as he slapped his thighs and laughed till the hills rang, and, though I did not hear him, I am no less certain that he said to the neighbor with him, when they had ridden well by, that I was always a pretty middlin' good sort of a fellow after all, and wasn't stuck up. The joke will no doubt keep fresh another quarter of a century if my friend lives, and there are many more of the same kind. Another grind at my expense illustrates the inventive cleverness of this old Yankee type. As one of the speakers at an annual dinner in honor of the old town Academy, I had been several times introduced as a specimen of the former students of the Academy. One night at the crowded post office this shrewd old farmer told, in my presence and for my benefit, the story of old Joe W., who went on the road as a drummer for the old tannery. He said Joe had just experienced religion, and was just then so all-fired honest that he selected, as the samples he was to sell from, pieces of sole leather a trifle below the average quality, instead of above, as an honest drummer should do. He was afraid to hope that Professor N., who presided at the dinner, had experienced religion, but leastways he was so all-fired honest that he leaned over backwards worse than old Joe in calling me out as a sample Academy boy, for although I was middling smart there was not a boy of them who wasn't a plaguey sight smarter than I was. Another of his stories was of Stephen and Ann. They were courting, and she had sat in his lap in the kitchen one Sunday evening for some hours, when she suddenly asked if he was not tired. He gallantly replied, "Not a mite, Ann, keep right on settin'. I was awful tired an hour ago, but now I am numb." "That is the way I believe with Rev. P———'s hearers when his long sermons end."

Then there was the story of old Deacon S., who sold home-made cider brandy or twisted cider, at the rate of twenty-five cents per gallon, but who always used to get his big thumb into the quart measure, which had lost its handle, displacing its cubic contents of brandy. There was another tale of Capt. A., who being cheated in a horse trade by Mr. B., called all his sons and grandsons together solemnly, as if for family prayers, told them the circumstances, and enjoined them to cheat B. back to the amount of six dollars, and if they did not live to do it to teach their children and grandchildren to cheat his descendants to the end of time; but a few months later, after another trade with B., the captain convened his family again to say that the score had been paid with interest, and to release them from the covenant. There was the story of Uncle G., who began his courtship by "creepin' in, all unbeknown," behind his best girl, stealing up close behind her as she was washing dishes, hat on and chair in hand, with the salute, "Well, Sal, feel kind'er sparky to-night?" to which she coquettishly but encouragingly replied, "Well, I reckon p'raps a *leetle* more sorter than sorter not"; and how at last, the minister being away, they rode together on one horse twenty miles alone, and were married. There was the legend of old Squire V., who used to be a great favorite with the girls. Driving up to the town clerk's door one day he told him to have him "published" the next Sunday with Miss B., and drove off. Soon he returned and desired the name changed to Miss C., and finally, after several changes and some minutes of profound deliberation, settled on Miss H., whom he married. There was the tale of the turning of the Deerfield River by the two great but mystic ancestors of one family in town. It once flowed down the gap in Mr. P.'s pasture, through the pond and over the plain of the village, and was stipulated as the northern boundary of the possessions of these pioneers. They were ambitious and had noticed that new settlers and their depredations followed rivers, so they hired hundreds of Indians to dig with sharpened sticks, day and night, one entire summer, till the stream at length washed over down a more northerly valley so suddenly as to sweep away the dusky maiden beloved by one of the pioneers; with many other romantic incidents. There was the story of the old horse jockey G., who in his travels found a negro of great strength but so simple as to agree to work for him a hundred years, on the expiration of which time the old jockey was to give him all the property and serve him a century; and who cured him of the inveterate habit of sucking eggs by showing him a dozen, apparently freshly laid, in his bed one morning just after he had risen, and frightening him out of the practice by convincing him that he had laid the eggs while he slept. There was the story of the old cat ground up in the mill with dreadful caterwaulings, and the two bushels of good rye required

to grind the mill-stones clean again. Another, was of the case, famous in history, of the non-conforming Baptist deacon who would not pay his town tax to support the Congregational preaching, and whose apple trees were dug up by the constable and sold for payment; of the deacon's going to Boston to the General Court, and of his return with a barrel of cider brandy drawn on two poles strapped together, one end of each in the hold-backs and the other end dragging on the ground. There were stories of a noted lady pioneer in the cause of female education, who solicited domestic utensils and produce of every kind for a young ladies' seminary, following the men into stable and around hay mow in her quest; of old Heeber, suspected of witchcraft, who lived apart and was buried outside the cemetery; of old Sloper, who had no friends, and vanished so mysteriously that gradually a detailed story of his murder by a prominent, but not beloved citizen, was evolved; of the old church, stone-cold in winter, with two services and sermons from ten to four, and in summer with the rocks black at nooning with people, mostly members in close communion, eating their Sunday dinner and picking caraway or meetin-seed; of the waste of timber, or the greed of individuals in shacking hogs on the then extensive undivided land or common, and even of the secular variations of the compass to account for the disparity between the old surveys of boundary lines and new ones.

Evenings in the kitchen were spent with light work and gossip, unremitting. Candles, in olden times before cotton, it is said were made by loosely spinning tow-wicking. Candle rods were then whittled out or cut from cattails, on which wicking for a dozen candles was put, and they were hung over the back of an old, high, straight-backed chair tipped down, and dipped every few minutes in beef, or better, mutton tallow melted in the tin boiler. Of course candles grew faster on cold days, but were more likely to crack. Good iron candlesticks were rare, and at balls and parties potatoes were used, and wooden blocks. The evolution, I have heard, was first a "slut" or linen rag in fat, or a bowl of woodchuck's oil with a floating wick through a wooden button. Later came a square strip of fat pork with a thin sliver of wood thrust through to stiffen it and serve as a wick. Fire could still be made by friction of wood in an emergency. The best-raked fire would sometimes go out, and then fire must be borrowed from a neighbor. Those who wished to be independent obtained tinder-boxes with flint and iron, smudged tow and punk. Home-made matches, with brimstone and saltpetre, would catch readily, but friction matches were a great novelty. One of these friction matches, also home-made, of spruce lumber, by the boys, was "drawed" by their incredulous father who, when he found it would really go, put it carefully in his pocket for future use.

The ideal hearth and fireplace of olden times was indeed the centre about which the whole family system revolved. On the swinging crane, evolved from the earlier wooden lug-pole, hung from pot-hooks, chains and trammels, several species of iron pots and brass kettles, in front of a green back-log, so big and long that it was sometimes snaked in by a horse. Below, attached to the upright part of the andirons, was the turnspit dog, revolved by hand, and sometimes, at a later date, by clock-work, for fancy roasts. There were roasters and dripping pans, and the three-legged spider, in which bread was baked, first on the bottom, and then, tipped up to the coals, or else the top was done by a heavy red-hot iron cover. Here rye used to be roasted and mortared for coffee, which was later boiled in water and maple molasses.

On the shelf or beam above the fire stood the foot stove; a horn of long, and another of short paper lamplighters; a sausage stuffer; tin lanthorn; mortar; chafing dish; runlet; noggin; flatirons, perhaps of new fashion, hollowed for hot iron chunks; tinder box; tankard; and coffee pots; and high above all a bayoneted flint gun or two, with belt, bayonet sheath, brush and primer. Overhead on the pole hung always a hat or cap on the end, and perhaps a haunch of dried beef, with possibly a ham, a calf's rennet stretched with a springy willow stick inside; pumpkins cut into long ringlets; bundles of red peppers; braided seed corn and dried apples, the latter also perhaps half covering the roof and south side of the house.

About the fireplace stood, or hung the bed-warmer, the tongs, and long "slice," a hollow gourd or crook-necked squash; candle holders with long tin reflectors; bellows; woolen holders; toasting irons; smoking tongs; pewter porringer; spoon moulds; trivet; skillet and piggin; a tin kitchen; a tin baker and steamer; a flip iron; the big dye tub always in the corner, and the high-backed settle in front. Near by stood the cupboard, displaying the best blue crockery, and the pewter, kept bright by scouring with horsetails (equicetae); sealed measures, and a few liquids, and perhaps near by a pumpkin Jack-o'-lantern, with an expression when it was lighted in the dark as hideous as that of the head of an Alaskan totem-post.

The grandma was both nurse and doctor, and the children had to gather for her each year a supply of herbs. Chief among these, were pennyroyal, tansy, spearmint, peppermint, catnip, thoroughwort, motherwort, liverwort, mugwort, elecampane, opodeldal, burdock, mayweed, dogweed, fireweed, ragweed, pokeweed, aconite, arnica, scratch-grass, valerian, lobelia, larkspur, mullein, mallow, plantain, foxglove or nightshade, osier, fennel, sorrel, comfrey, rue, saffron, flag, anise, snakeroot, yarrow, balmony, tag alder, witch-hazel, and bloodroot. Each of these, and many more, had specific medicinal

properties, and hung in rows of dried bunches in the attic, and all grew in Worcester County towns. In Mr. Cockayne's Leechdom, Wort-cunning and Starcraft, a remarkable collection of Anglo-Saxon medical prescriptions, I have identified the same symptoms for which the same herb was the specific, showing how this unwritten medical lore survives and persists unchanged.

The attic floor was covered a foot deep with corn on the ear, to be shelled winter evenings by scraping across the back of a knife driven into a board; the cobs being fed out to stock, or used for baking and smoking fires. Here, too, were tins and boxes, and barrels of rye and barley, and, later, oats, wheat and buckwheat. In the corner stood, or hung, perhaps, a hand-winnower, a tub of frozen cider apple sauce, an old hat and wig block, a few woodchucks' skins to be made into whiplashes, a coon skin for a cap, a hand still for making cider brandy or twisted cider. So, too, the cellar, shed, hog-house, barn, sheep and horse barn, sugar-house and corn-house, were stored with objects of perennial interest to boys.

The "sense of progress," which a recent psychologist writer calls a special, though lately evolved, sense, was by no means undeveloped. Men loved to tell of old times, when maple sap was caught in rough troughs made with an axe, and stored by being simply turned in their places; to show the marks on old maple trees, where their grandfathers tapped by chipping with a hatchet and driving in a bass-wood spout made at a blow with the same iron gouge that prepared for its insertion; and to describe how, later, the rough unpainted tubs with unbarked hoops, and, because smaller at the top, so hard to store and carry, and so liable to burst by the expansion of the ice on freezing, were superseded by the Shaker pails. The old days when sap was gathered by hand with a sap yoke, and stored in long troughs and boiled out of doors in a row of kettles on a pole or crotches, were talked over, with complacent pity, perhaps, while modern pans on a new arch and in a new sugar-house were kept going all night during a big run which had filled every tun and hogshead, while the best trees were running over.

Hour-glasses, especially to spin by, and dials, were sometimes used, and there were many noon-marks at intervals over the farm. In many families, even where coal and kerosene stoves are used, along with wood, oven-wood is still cut for the old brick oven, which Christmas time, at least, if not once every week or two through the winter, is heated, and then swept out with a wet birch broom. First, the rye and Indian bread is made up in a bread trough and then put on the broad, meal-sprinkled peel, with hands dipped in water to avoid sticking, and very dexterously thrown in haycock and windrow shapes, perhaps on cabbage leaves, on to the bottom of the oven. When this was done it was still so hot that pies could be baked, and, last of all, a bushel

of apples was thrown in and the week's baking was over. Many could then tell of the time when, with pudding or mashed potatoes and milk for the meal, no table was set, but each took a bowl of milk and helped himself from the kettle on the stone; or again, the family gathered about the well-scoured table, with no individual plates or butter knives, or waiting on the table, but each took a slice of bread and helped himself from the meat dish, or dipped the brown bread into the pork fat with forks. Wooden, pewter, then earthen plates, was the order of evolution. So, in the dairy, milk used to be set in wooden trays, then in thick, brown earthen bowls, before the modern milk-pans came into vogue.

The evolution of the skimmer from the clam shell, through a rough wooden skimmer; of churning, from a bowl and paddle on to the old dasher churn; of straining milk, from the linen rag strainer, up; of bails, from the ear and peg fashion, on; the history of the artistic forms of butter balls, and the stamps used; the very gradual development of the scythe-snath, which no artist ever represents correctly, to the present highly physiological and very sharply discriminated forms, as well as of the hoe and pitchfork; why are not these and the growth of the corn-sheller, hen-coop, plough, mop, the story of the penstock, the broom, from a bush or bundle of twigs, up through the birch broom with fibres stripped both up and down; of window transparencies, from the hole and oiled paper, etc., as scientific anthropological themes, as the evolution of the fish-hook, arrow-head and spear? Why is not the old soap-making process, with the lye, strong enough to support an egg, dripping from the ash barrel on the circularly grooved board or stone, and the out-of-doors boiling and basket straining, etc.? Why is not the old-fashioned, semi-annual geese-picking day, with the big apron, great vase-shaped goose basket, and the baby's stocking drawn over the goose's head to keep it from biting? Why is not cheese-making, when the milk from three families was gathered in a big tub, coagulated with a calf's rennet, broken up into curds and whey by the fingers, scalded, chopped, salted, perhaps saged, hooped, turned, and pared of those delicious curds, and daily greased all summer? Why is not the high festivity of road breaking in winter, when all the men and oxen in the neighborhood, often twenty yokes of oxen in one team, turned out after a long storm and blow to break out the roads which the town had not discontinued for the winter, to church, stores, doctor and school, when steers were broken in, sandwiched between the yokes of old cattle, where often up to their backs in a drift, with a sled to which ploughs were chained to each side and a dozen men and boys on it, they could only wait, frightened and with lolling tongue, to be shoveled out? Why are not the antique ceremonies and sequelae of butchering day, and the

fun and games with pluck and lights and sausages, which city-bred boys were told, and said to believe, are caught like fish? Why are not the process of making pearlash and birch vinegar; cider-making; the manifold summer beers and other domestic drinks, etc., quite as worthy of investigation, of illustration in museums, as the no more rapidly vanishing customs of savage tribes?

At the time of which I write many domestic industries were more or less specialized. Farmers' sons often went away to learn trades. Broom making was the evening occupation of one member of the family I knew, and I saw the process of planting, breaking, tabling, hatchelling, for the seed was worth about the price of oats; bleaching with brimstone in a big bin down cellar, etc. Tying was the most interesting process. It included arranging the hurls, braiding down the stalks on the handle with wire, pressing in the great vise, and sewing with a six-inch needle, thimbled through by leather palms. I was allowed to sandpaper the handles, and once in a time of stress, when a man was making forty plain Shaker brooms per day, even to put on the gold leaf.

The local tanner allowed us to run among his vats, and see the hides salted, pickled, washed and limed, and, best of all, skived over the big beam. This tanner told me he believed his eighteen months in tanning an ox hide and the six weeks required by modern chemical methods, represented about the relative durability of the two leathers. His trade has lasted on, despite such competition, because his townsmen have something the same idea. Within boy-range, too, was a cooper's shop, a gunsmith, a family who made baskets, a small carding mill, turning shops where wooden spoons, bowls, sieve rims, pen handles, plain broom handles, etc., were made, a general tinker and solderer, besides carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe and harness makers. Some farmers specialized, more or less, in sheep; others in young cattle, or pigs and horses. Some were always lucky with corn, others with rye or wheat, buckwheat, potatoes, grass, etc., to which they had mainly settled after much experiment, or to which the traditions of the farm or family inclined them. Thus, in fine, there were many grades of progress and versatility.

I have alluded to but few of the occupations of these people. Their commonest industries (in 1890)—planting, fertilizing, gathering each crop—have been revolutionized by machinery and artificial fertilization, within twenty-five years. These, and their religion and beliefs, and domestic social customs, methods of doing their small business, are all fast changing. The women are haggard and worn with their work, the men are sometimes shiftless, and children are very rare. The heart of these communities has left it, and only

the shell remains. The quaint, eccentric characters that abound in these towns, types of which may be found faithfully depicted in Mary E. Wilkins' *A Humble Romance,* to which Senator Hoar kindly called my attention, or, in Mary B. Claflin's *Brampton Sketches,* kindly sent me by Col. Stoddard, or, in a few of the sketches in *Profitable Tales,* by Eugene Field, are for the most part types of degeneration well recognized by alienists and characterized by Morel. These are quite different from the no less rustic characters in De Gaspe's *Old Canadians, or the Work of Du Pray's School.* Did the earlier generations work too hard in digging stumps and stones, and laying the hundreds of miles of heavy stonewall and clearing the timber? Were the conditions of life too severe? Is our race not adapted to the new conditions of climate, soil, water, and, as Dr. Jarvis said, is it still a problem whether the Anglo-Saxon race can thrive in its new American home, or is this but an incident, an eddy in the great onward current of progress? I have no answer, but I know nothing more sad in our American life than the decay of these townlets.

Nowhere has the great middle class been so all-controlling, furnished so large a proportion of scientific and business leaders, been so respectable, so well combined industry with wealth, bred patriotism, conservatism and independence. The farm was a great laboratory, tending, perhaps, rather more to develop scientific than literary tastes, cultivating persistency, in which country boys excel, if at the expense of versatility. It is, says Prof. Brewer, the question with city parents what useful thing the children can do, while in the country, where they are in great demand on the farm, they are, in a sense, members of the firm. Evenings are not dangerous to morality, but are turned to good account, while during the rowdy or adolescent age the boy tendency to revert to savagery can find harmless vent in hunting, trapping and other ways less injurious to morals than the customs of city life.

Some such training the heroes of '76 had; the independent conditions of communities like this was just the reverse of that of the South at the outbreak of the Rebellion; such a people cannot be conquered, for war and blockade would only drive them back to more primitive conditions, and restore the old independence of foreign and even domestic markets. Again, should we ever have occasion to educate colonists, as England is now attempting, we could not do so better than by reviving conditions of life like these.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Old Worcester County Gardens

Gardens and the flowers which grow in them have a place in history that is far from trivial. They offer an index of the character and tastes and sentimentalities of a people. Civilized folk love their flowers, and each race has a garden flora all its own, overlapping, of course, but in its entirety strictly national. The simple, even pitiful little flower beds of the early settlers, and the lovely colorful and fragrant gardens which evolved from them, were naturally a transplanting from Old England. The thoughts of homesick English women, and, we may not doubt, homesick English men who sternly concealed their yearnings, turned to the gardens of the homes they had abandoned, where, perhaps, generations of their kinfolk had loved and tended the flowers. So the immigrants, in the midst of the struggle to make homes for their families and themselves, were quick to plant the seeds and roots of their old garden intimates. No one can gainsay that the Colonial gardens played their own little part in the creation of these United States of America.

Alice Morse Earle, whose youth was passed in her native city of Worcester, gave much of her lifetime to research into the manner of living of the early American generations, and the writing of books which constitute one of the most important contributions that have been made to the literature of the subject. In her volume *Home Life in Colonial Days,* published in 1898, is a chapter entitled *Old-Fashioned Flower Gardens,* which is delightfully descriptive as well as filled with detailed information of the gardens of our long-gone grandmothers. We are reprinting, with permission, large portions of the chapter, with the thought that it is distinctly a bit of Worcester County history, as follows:

Adjoining the street through which I always, in my childhood, walked slowly each Sunday, on my way to and from church, was a spot to detain lingering footsteps—a beautiful garden laid out and tenanted like the gardens

of colonial days, and serene with the atmosphere of a worthy old age; a garden which had been tended for over half a century by a withered old man and his wife, whose golden wedding was spent in the house they had built, and in the garden they had planted when they were bride and groom. His back was permanently bowed with constant weeding and pruning and planting and hoeing, and his hands and face were brown as the soil he cultivated. The "hot-glowing" crimson peonies, seedlings which the wife had sown in her youth, had become great shrubs, fifteen or twenty feet in circumference. The flowering shrubs were trees. Vigorous borders of box crowded across the paths and towered on either side, till one could scarcely walk through them. There were beautiful fairy groves of fox-gloves "gloriously freckled, purple, and white," and tall Canterbury bells; and at stiffly regular intervals were set flowering almonds, St. Peter's wreath, Persian lilacs, "Moses in the burning bush," which shrub was rare in our town, and "laburnums rich in streaming gold, syringas ivory pure." At the lower ends of the flower borders were rows of "honey-blob" gooseberries, and aged currant bushes, gray with years, overhung by a few patriarchal quince and crab-apple trees, in whose low-spreading gnarled branches I spent many a summer afternoon, a happy visitor, though my own home garden was just as beautiful, old-fashioned, and flower-filled.

The varying grades of city streets had gradually risen around the garden until it lay depressed several feet below the level of the adjoining streets, a pleasant valley,—like Avalon,—

> "Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer seas."

A flight of stone steps led down to it,—steps very steep, narrow, and slippery with green moss, and ladies'-delights that crowded and blossomed in every crack and crevice of the stones. On each side arose terraces to the street, and in the spring these terraces flushed a mass of vivid, glowing rose-color from blooming moss-pink, forming such a glory that pious church-going folk from the other end of the town did not think it wicked to walk thither, on a Sunday morn in May, to look at the rosy banks that sloped to the valleyed garden, as they had walked there in February or March to see

> "Winter, slumbering in the open air,
> Wear on his smiling face a dream of spring,"

in the shape of the first crocuses and snowdrops that opened beside a snow-drift still lingering on a shaded bank; and to watch the first benumbed honey-bees who greeted every flower that bloomed in that cherished spot, and who buzzed in bleak March winds over the purple crocus and "blue flushing"

grape-hyacinth as cheerfully as though they were sipping the scarlet poppies in sunny August.

The garden edges and the street were overhung by graceful larches and by thorny honey-locust trees that bore on their trunks great clusters of powerful spines and sheltered in their branches an exceedingly unpleasant species of fat, fuzzy caterpillars, which always chose Sunday to drop on my garments as I walked to church, and to go with me to meeting, and in the middle of the long prayer to parade on my neck, to my startled disgust and agitated whisking away, and consequent reproof for being noisy in meeting.

What fragrances arose from that old garden, and were wafted out to passers-by! The ever-present, pungent, dry aroma of box was overcome or tempered, through the summer months, by a succession of delicate flower-scents that hung over the garden-vale like an imperceptible mist; perhaps the most perfect and clear among memory's retrospective treasures was that of the pale fringed "snow-pink," and later, "sweet william with its homely cottage smell." Phlox and ten-weeks stock were there, as everywhere, the last sweet-scented flowers of autumn.

At no time was this old garden sweeter than in the twilight, the eventide, when all the great clumps of snowy phlox, night-rockets, and luminous evening primrose, and all the tangles of pale yellow and white honeysuckle shone irradiated; when,

> "In puffs of balm the night air blows
> The burden which the day foregoes,"

and scents far richer than any of the day—the "spiced air of night"—floated out in the dusky gloaming.

Though the old garden had many fragrant leaves and flowers, their delicate perfume was sometimes fairly deadened by an almost mephitic aroma that came from an ancient blossom, a favorite in Shakespeare's day—the jewelled bell of the noxious crown-imperial. This stately flower, with its rich color and pearly drops, has through its evil scent been firmly banished from our garden borders.

One of the most cheerful flowers of this and of my mother's garden was the happy-faced little pansy that under various fanciful folk-names has ever been loved. Like Montgomery's daisy, it "blossomed everywhere." Its Italian name means "idle thoughts"; the German, "little stepmother." Spenser called it "pawnce." Shakespeare said maidens called it "love-in-idleness," and Drayton named it "heartsease." Dr. Prior gives these names—"Herb Trinity, Three Faces under a Hood, Fancy Flamy, Kiss Me, Pull Me, Cuddle Me unto You, Tickle my Fancy, Kiss Me ere I Rise, Jump Up and Kiss Me, Kiss Me at the Garden Gate, Pink of my Joan." To these let me add the

New England folk-names—bird's-eye, garden gate, johnny-jump-up, kit-run-about, none-so-pretty, and ladies'-delight. All these testify to the affectionate and intimate friendship felt for this laughing and fairly speaking little garden face, not the least of whose endearing qualities was that, after a half-warm, snow-melting week in January or February, this brightsome little "delight" often opened a tiny blossom to greet and cheer us—a true "jump-up-and-kiss-me," and proved by its blooming the truth of the graceful Chinese verse,—

"Ere man is aware
That the spring is here
The plants have found it out."

Another dearly loved spring flower was the daffodil, the favorite also of old English dramatists and poets, and of modern authors as well, when we find that Keats names a daffodil as the thing of beauty that is a joy forever. Perhaps the happiest and most poetic picture of daffodils is that of Dora Wordsworth, when she speaks of them as "gay and glancing, and laughing with the wind." Perdita, in *The Winter's Tale,* thus describes them in her ever-quoted list: "Daffodils that come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty." Most cheerful and sunny of all our spring flowers, they have never lost their old-time popularity, and they still laugh at our bleak March winds.

Bouncing-bet and her comely hearty cousins of the pink family made delightsome many a corner of our home garden. The pinks were Jove's own flowers, and the carthusian pink, china pink, clove pink, snow pink, plumed pink, mullein pink, sweet william, maltese cross, ragged robin, catch-fly, and campion, all made gay and sweet the summer. The clove pink was the ancestor of all the carnations.

The richest autumnal glory came from the cheerful marigold, the "golde" of Chaucer, and "marybud" of Shakespeare. This flower, beloved of all the old writers, as deeply suggestive and emblematic, has been coldly neglected by modern poets, as for a while it was banished from modern town gardens; but it may regain its popularity in verse as it has in cultivation. In the farm gardens it has always flourished, and every autumn has "gone to bed with the sun and with him risen weeping," and has given forth in the autumn air its acrid odor, which to me is not disagreeable, though my old herbal calls its "a very naughty smell."

A favorite shrub in our garden, as in every country dooryard, was southernwood, or lad's-love. A sprig of it was carried to meeting each summer Sunday by many old ladies, and with its finely dissected, bluish-green foliage, and clean pungent scent, it was pleasant to see in the meetinghouse, and

pleasant to sniff at. The "virtues of flowers" took a prominent place in the descriptions in old-time botanies. The southernwood had strong medicinal qualities, and was used to cure "vanityes of the head."

"Take a quantitye of Suthernwood and put it upon kindled coales to burn and being made into powder mix it with the oyle of radishes and anoynt a balde place and you shall see great experiences."

It was of power as a love charm. If you placed a sprig in each shoe and wore it through the day when you were in love, you would then also in some way "see great experiences."

In the tender glamour of happy association, all flowers in the old garden seem to have been loved save the garish petunias, whose sickish odor grew more offensive and more powerful at nightfall and made me long to tear them away from their dainty garden-fellows, and the portulaca with its fleshy, worm-like stems and leaves, and its aggressively pushing habits, "never would be missed." Perhaps its close relation to the "pusley," most hated of weeds, makes us eye it askance.

There was one attribute of the old-time garden, one part of nature's economy, which added much to its charm—it was the crowding abundance, the over-fulness of leaf, bud, and blossom. Nature there displayed no bare expanses of naked soil, as in some too-carefully-kept modern parterres; the dull earth was covered with a tangle of ready-growing, self-sowing, lowly flowers, that filled every space left unoccupied by statelier garden favorites, and crowded every corner with cheerful, though unostentatious, bloom. And the close juxtaposition, and even intermingling, of flowers with herbs, vegetables, and fruits gave a sense of homely simplicity and usefulness, as well as of beauty. The soft, purple eyes of the mourning-bride were no less lovely to us in "our garden" because they opened under the shade of currant and gooseberry bushes; and the sweet alyssum and candytuft were no less honey-sweet. The delicate, pinky-purple hues of the sweet peas were not dimmed by their vivid neighbors at the end of the row of poles—the scarlet runners. The adlumia, or mountain fringe, was a special vine of our own and known by a special name—virgin's bower. With its delicate leaves, almost as beautiful as a maidenhair fern, and its dainty pink flower, it festooned the ripening corn as wantonly and luxuriantly as it encircled the snowball and lilac bushes.

Though "colored herbs" were cultivated in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as carefully as were flowers,—striped hollies, variegated myrtles, and bays being the gardener's pride,—yet in our old American gardens few plants were grown for their variegated or odd-colored foliage. The familiar and ever-present ribbon-grass, also called striped grass, canary

grass, and gardener's garters,—whose pretty expanded panicles formed an almost tropical effect at the base of the garden hedge; the variegated wandering jew, the striped leaves of some varieties of day-lilies; the dusty-miller, with its "frosty pow" (which was properly a house plant), fill the short list. The box was the sole evergreen.

Our mothers and grandmothers came honestly by their love of gardens. They inherited this affection from their Puritan, Quaker, or Dutch forebears, perhaps from the days when the famous hanging gardens of Babylon were made for a woman. Bacon says: "A garden is the purest of human pleasures, it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man." A garden was certainly the greatest refreshment to the spirits of a woman in the early colonial days, and the purest of her pleasures—too often her only pleasure.

Quickly, in tender memory of her fair English home, the homesick goodwife, trying to create a semblance of the birthplace she still loved, planted the seeds and roots of homely English flowers and herbs that grew and blossomed under bleak New England skies, and on rocky New England shores, as sturdily and cheerfully as they had sprung up and bloomed by the green hedgerows and door-sides in the home beyond the sea.

In the year 1638, and again in 1663, an English gentleman named John Josselyn came to New England. He published, in 1672, an account of these two visits. He was a man of polite reading and of culture, and as was the high fashion for gentlemen of his day, had a taste for gardening and botany. He made interesting lists of plants which he noted in America under these heads:—

"1. Such plants as are common with us in England.

"2. Such plants as are proper to the country.

"3. Such plants as are proper to the country and have no names.

"4. Such plants as have sprung up since the English planted and kept cattle in New England.

"5. Such Garden-Herbs among us as do thrive there and of such as do not."

This last division is the one that specially interests us, since it is the earliest and the fullest account of the gardens of our forefathers, after they had tamed the rugged shores of the New World, and made them obey the rule of English husbandry. They had "good store of garden vegetables and herbs; lettuce, sorrel, parsley, mallows, chevril, burnet, summer savory, winter savory, thyme, sage, carrots, parsnips, beets, radishes, purslain, beans"; "cabbidge growing exceeding well; pease of all sorts and the best in the world; sparagus thrives exceedingly, musk mellons, cucumbers, and pompions." For grains there were wheat, rye, barley, and oats. There were other garden herbs and garden flowers: spearmint, pennyroyal, ground-ivy,

corander, dill, tansy; "feverfew prospereth exceedingly; white sattin groweth pretty will, and so doth lavender-cotton; gilly flowers will continue two years; horseleek prospereth notably; hollyhocks; comferie with white flowers; clary lasts but one summer; sweetbryer or eglantine; celandine but slowly; bloodwort but sorrily, but patience and English roses very pleasantly."

Patience and English roses very pleasantly in truth must have shown their fair English faces to English women in the strange land. Dearly loved had these brier-roses or dog-roses been in England, where, says the old herbalist, Gerard, "children with delight make chains and pretty gegawes of the fruit; and cookes and gentlewomen make tarts and suchlike dishes for pleasure thereof." Hollyhocks, feverfew, and gillyflowers must have made a sunshine in the shady places in the new home. Many of these garden herbs are now common weeds or roadside blossoms. Celandine, even a century ago, was "common by fences and among rubbish." Tansy and elecampane grow everywhere. Sweetbrier is at home in New England pastures and roadsides. Spearmint edges our brooks. Ground-ivy is a naturalized citizen. It is easy to note that the flowers and herbs beloved in gardens and medicinal waters and kitchens "at home" were the ones transplanted here. "Clary-water" was a favorite tonic of Englishmen of that day.

The list of "such plants as have sprung up since the English planted" should be of interest to every one who has any sense of the sentiment of association, or interest in laws of succession. The Spanish proverb says:—

"More in the garden grows
Than the gardener sows."

The plantain has a history full of romance; its old Northern names—*Wegetritt* in German, *Weegbree* in Dutch, *Viebred* in Danish, and *Weybred* in Old English, all indicating its presence in the much-trodden paths of man—were not lost in its new home, nor were its characteristics overlooked by the nature-noting and plant-knowing red man. It was called by the Indian "the Englishman's foot," says Josselyn, and by Kalm also, a later traveller in 1740; "for they say where an Englishman trod, there grew a plantain in each footstep." Not less closely did such old garden weeds as motherwort, groundsel, chickweed, and wild mustard cling to the white man. They are old colonists, brought over by the first settlers, and still thrive and triumph in every kitchen garden and back yard in the land. Mullein and nettle, henbane and wormwood, all are English emigrants.

A trade in flower and vegetable seeds formed a lucrative and popular means by which women could earn a livelihood in colonial days. I have seen

in one of the dingy little newspaper sheets of those days, in the large total of nine advertisements, contained therein, the announcements, by five Boston seedswomen, of lists of their wares.

The earliest list of names of flower-seeds which I have chanced to note was in the *Boston Evening Post* of March, 1760, and is of much interest as showing to us with exactness the flowers beloved and sought for at that time. They were "hollyhook, purple Stock, white Lewpins, Africans, blew Lewpins, candy-tuff, cyanus, pink, wall-flower, double larkin-spur, venus navelwort, brompton flock, princess feather, balsam, sweet-scented pease, carnation, sweet williams, annual stock, sweet feabus, yellow lewpins, sunflower, convolus minor, catch-fly, ten week stock, globe thistle, globe amaranthus, nigella, love-lies-bleeding, casent hamen, polianthus, canterbury bells, carnation poppy, india pink, convolus major, Queen Margrets." This is certainly a very pretty list of flowers, nearly all of which are still loved, though sometimes under other names—thus the Queen Margrets are our asters. And the homely old English names seem to bring the flowers to our very sight, for we do not seem to be on very friendly intimacy, on very sociable terms with flowers, unless they have what Miss Mitford calls "decent, well-wearing English names"; we can have no flower memories, no affections that cling to botanical nomenclature. Yet nothing is more fatal to an exact flower knowledge, to an acquaintance that shall ever be more than local, than a too confident dependence on the folk-names of flowers. Our bachelor's-buttons are ragged sailors in a neighboring state; they are corn-pinks in Plymouth, ragged ladies in another town, blue bottles in England, but cyanus everywhere. Ragged robin is, in the garden of one friend, a pink, in another it flaunts as London-pride, while the true glowing London-pride has half a dozen pseudonyms in as many different localities, and only really recognizes itself in the botany. An American cowslip is not an English cowslip, an American primrose is no English primrose, and the English daisy is no country friend of ours in America.

What cheerful and appropriate furnishings the old-time gardens had; benches full of straw beeskepes and wooden beehives, those homelike and busy dwelling-places; frequently, also, a well-filled dovecote. Sometimes was seen a sun-dial—once the every-day friend and suggestive monitor of all who wandered among the flowers of an hour; now known, alas! only to the antiquary. Sentiment and even spirituality seem suggested by the sun-dial, yet few remain to cast their instructive shadow before our sight.

One stood for years in the old box-bordered garden at Homogansett Farm, at Wickford, in old Narragansett. Governor Endicott's dial is in the Essex Institute, at Salem; and my forbear, Jacob Fairbanks, had one dated 1650,

which is now in the rooms of the Dedham Historical Society. Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, had a sun-dial which was thus inscribed:—

"With warning hand I mark Times rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night.
And like God's love I also show
Theres light above me, by the shade below."

Another garden dial thus gives, "in long, lean letters," its warning word:—

"You'll mend your Ways To-morrow
When blooms that budded Flour?
Mortall! Lern to your Sorrow
Death may creep with his Arrow
And pierce yo'r vitall Marrow
Long ere my warning Shadow
Can mark that Hour."

These dials are all of heavy metal, usually lead; sometimes with gnomon of brass. But I have heard of one which was unique; it was cut in box.

At the edge of the farm garden often stood the well-sweep, one of the most picturesque adjuncts of the country dooryard. Its successor, the roofed well with bucket, stone, and chain, and even the homely long-handled pump, had a certain appropriateness as part of the garden furnishings.

So many thoughts crowd upon us in regard to the old garden; one is the age of its flowers. We have no older inhabitants than these garden plants; they are old settlers. Clumps of flower-de-luce, double buttercups, peonies, yellow day-lilies, are certainly seventy-five years old. Many lilac bushes a century old still bloom in New England, and syringas and flowering currants are as old as the elms and locusts that shade them.

Another pathetic trait of many of the old-time flowers should not be overlooked—their persistent clinging to life after they had been exiled from the trim garden borders where they first saw the chill sun of a New England spring. You see them growing and blooming outside the garden fence, against old stone walls, where their up-torn roots have been thrown to make places for new and more popular favorites. You find them cheerfully spreading, pushing along the foot-paths, turning into vagrants, becoming flaunting weeds. You see them climbing here and there, trying to hide the deserted chimneys of their early homes, or wandering over and hiding the untrodden foot-paths of other days. A vivid imagination can shape many a story of their life in the interval between their first careful planting in colonial gardens and their neglected exile to highways and byways, where the poor bits of depauperated earth can grow no more lucrative harvest.

The sites of colonial houses which are now destroyed, the trend, almost the exact line of old roads, can be traced by the cheerful faces of these garden-strays. The situation of old Fort Nassau, in Pennsylvania, so long a matter of uncertainty, is said to have been definitely determined by the familiar garden flowers found growing on one of these disputed sites. It is a tender thought that this indelible mark is left upon the face of our native land through the affection of our forebears for their gardens.

The botany tells us that bouncing-bet has "escaped from cultivation"—she has been thrust out, but unresentfully lives and smiles; opening her tender pinky-opalescent flowers adown the dusty roadsides, and even on barren gravel-beds in railroad cuts. Butter-and-eggs, tansy, chamomile, spiked loose-strife, velvet-leaf, bladder-campion, cypress spurge, live-for-ever, star of Bethlehem, money-vine,—all have seen better days, but now are flower-tramps. Even the larkspur, beloved of children, the moss-pink, and the grape-hyacinth may sometimes be seen growing in country fields and byways. The homely and cheerful blossoms of the orange-tawny ephemeral lily, and the spotted tiger-lily, whose gaudy colors glow with the warmth of far Cathay—their early home—now make gay many of our roadsides and crowd upon the sweet cinnamon roses of our grandmothers, which also are undaunted garden exiles.

Driving once along a country road, I saw on the edge of a field an expanse of yellow bloom which seemed to be an unfamiliar field-tint. It proved to be a vast bed of coreopsis, self-sown from year to year; and the blackened outlines of an old cellar wall in its midst showed that in that field once stood a home, once there a garden smiled.

I am always sure when I see bouncing-bet, butter-and-eggs, and tawny lilies growing in a tangle together that in their midst may be found an untrodden door-stone, a fallen chimney, or a filled-in-well.

Chickory or blue wood was, it is said, brought from England by Governor Bowdoin as food for his sheep. It has spread till its extended presence has been a startling surprise to all English visiting botanists. It hurts no one's fields, for it invades chiefly waste and neglected land—the "dear common flower"—and it has redeemed many a city suburb of vacant lots, many a railroad ash heap from the abomination of desolation.

Whiteweed or ox-eye daisy, a far greater pest than gorse or chickory, has been carried intentionally to many a township by homesick settlers whose descendants today rue the sentiment of their ancestors.

While the vallied garden of our old neighbors was sweet with blossoms, my mother's garden bore a still fresher fragrance—that of green growing things; of "Posies," lemon-balm, rose geranium, mint, and sage. I always

associate with it in spring the scent of the strawberry bush, or calycanthus, and in summer of the fraxinella, which, with its tall stem of larkspur-like flowers, its still more graceful seed-vessels and its shining ash-like leaves, grew there in rich profusion and gave forth from leaf, stem, blossom, and seed a pure, a memory-sweet perfume half like lavender, half like anise.

CHAPTER XXXI.

French Traveler Attends First Cattle Show

By a strange coincidence, Jacques Gerard Milbert, an eminent French field naturalist and painter, came to Worcester while the first cattle show was in progress on the Common. Upon his return to France, he included a detailed description of what he saw—and he gave careful study to the various exhibits and contests—in a book published in Paris in 1828-29, entitled *Picturesque Itinerary of the Hudson River and of the Adjacent Parts of North America,* which was not well named, for it comprises an account of his experiences in all parts of North America.

A copy of this book has recently come into the possession of the American Antiquarian Society. It is very rare and has never before been translated into English. That portion relating to Worcester, including the ride from Springfield, a description of the town, and the stagecoach journey to Boston, has been translated for our history by Robert W. G. Vail, librarian of the Antiquarian Society. It is probably the only eye-witness's description of an early New England cattle show that has ever been printed.

M. Milbert was a distinguished man. He was born in Paris in 1766 and died there in 1840. For many years he was professor in the School of Mines, and the French nation bestowed many honors upon him. Before coming to North America he was a member of a number of expeditions, and wrote several books, some of them for popular reading, others as scientific reports.

In 1815 the French Government sent him to America to collect natural history specimens, several thousands of which he eventually sent back to Paris, among them the first live moose seen in France, which he procured for the Menagerie in the Zoölogical Gardens of Paris. His travels on this continent covered a period of seven years. His account of his Worcester visit, in October, 1819, follows:

I left Springfield early in the morning to take the road to Worcester. The country through which I travelled offered a great deal of variety in its appearance as far as Brookfield. To reach the latter place I had to climb hills from which they take a coarse grade of marble used in the manufacture of tomb-stones. Later on I discovered the little village of Leicester located in a valley watered by French River, the sweet name of which awoke in me memories of home. The fresh and limpid waters of that river are bordered by an infinity of native willows which, seen from a little distance, look like the singular pine called the Italian cabbage. But soon, continuing its course through the plain, French River, enriched by the addition of several rivulets which serve as outlets for a number of little lakes, loses its name only to take that of Quinebaug River. The same landscape continued all the way to the attractive, hill-surrounded city of Worcester, located in the midst of a great valley through which flows the Blackstone or river *des pierres noires.*

Worcester is located near the center of the state of Massachusetts. Its courthouse is built on an eminence, on the Main Street, which is also the principal road to Boston. It is a building which, judging by its exterior, appears to have been erected at two different periods. The older part belongs to a Dutch style of architecture, and the other, much larger and more recent, is in the modern style. All of the separate houses make a good appearance, some of them proclaim a true magnificence. In the midst of a beautiful park, traversed by a winding creek, I noticed a kind of chateau which is very little inferior in exterior charm to the country houses around Paris.* Some little way from the town and in the midst of a valley, at a distance from all other habitations, stands the prison, a vast edifice built of stone and brick.

I arrived at Worcester on the day of the distribution of awards and prizes given, for their encouragement, to the originators of the best processes and to the makers of the best agricultural and industrial products. This truly national festival had attracted a great concourse of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, farmers and manufacturers, and a crowd of buyers and of the curious. As I desired to visit in detail all this exposition, which could give me such a true idea of the progress of American industry, I decided to profit by the fortunate circumstance of my arrival at this opportune moment and so I prolonged my stay at Worcester on this account.

All the manufactured objects were exhibited under large wooden sheds built for the occasion. The cattle and domestic animals were penned in separate enclosures, and the centre, forming a great open space, was reserved for the race course. I noticed, among the industrial products exhibited, very

*This may have been the Salisbury Mansion at Lincoln Square as suggested by the brook which wandered down through meadows from the north, rippled across the grass-grown square, and disappeared in other meadows below.

well woven materials of cotton, wool and thread, which might almost rival the same articles which the English manufacturers have introduced on a large scale. The cloths of various colors, and especially the blues, appeared perfectly made and obtained several prizes. It was the same with articles of saddlery, which were for the most part worked with a great deal of elegance and taste. The hardware and tinware was no less distinguished. I was told that this was the second time that crockery ware, earthenware and glassware had shown up with so much advantage. The hosiery appeared to me to be well made, either of cotton or wool, and in the latter case, always of pure merino, principally because there are numerous flocks to supply it abundantly and in excellent quality.

The hats it seemed to me were of good quality; and I noticed with a great deal of interest the elegantly woven straw hats which now appeared for the first time in the competition, might stand comparison with the second quality of those of Livourne. These hats were made from a "gramen" newly discovered by a young lady* from the state of Connecticut; it is the *Paniculatum ubrum* which also furnishes an abundant forage of a superior quality.

The sight of this ornament (*i. e.,* straw hats, probably for feminine wear) so widespread among us, suggested to me the idea of acclimatizing in France this precious "gramen," which might create for the women and girls of the poorer sort, a new branch of industry and which they could offer, with a profit which would improve their position, a means of usefully occupying poor children or orphans. I promptly requested some seeds of the plant of Professor Silliman of New Haven, who was kind enough to get them for me. The first shipment of the seeds was sent to the Royal Gardens with necessary instructions for their planting and cultivation. Since then the same professor has sent me a second and larger shipment, which I have divided between Dr. Valentin of Nancy and Messieurs Eyries, lawyers, of Havre, who indicated to me their wish to grow the plant. So, I dare to hope that my vow to establish this new branch of industry will not be long delayed in its realization.

After having passed in review all the products of the manufacturing industry, I directed my steps to the enclosure where the cattle were classified. There I noticed first the steers of various colors and breeds, the horns of

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*The young woman referred to by M. Milbert was Miss Sophia Woodhouse of Wethersfield, Connecticut, to whom a patent was issued in 1821 for a new material for bonnets, which was the stalk, above the upper joint, of our common redtop grass, from which she plaited "Leghorn hats." The London Society of Arts gave her a prize of twenty guineas, and one of her hats was worn by the wife of President John Quincy Adams, who is said to have taken great pride in it. But to Betsy Metcalf of Providence, Rhode Island, is generally accorded the honor of establishing the straw hat industry in America. The raw material commonly used for making the hats in Worcester County was rye straw.

some of them equalling in length those of the oxen of Italy and Romagna; this variety of armor being entirely absent in others. I saw a small bull bring much more than others which were giants of their kind, but the muscular frame of the former and his enormous neck and shoulders, evidence of his prodigious strength, gave him an incontestable superiority over his rivals. Ordinary sheep, crossed with the pure breed, appeared to me to be in very fine condition. The hogs had been, for most part, crossed with breeds imported from Otihati. But what attracted the notice of the largest number of the curious and interested were the various droves of harness and saddle horses, offered for sale, or destined to compete for the prize on the race course. These races, in which the younger horses compete, were about to take place and the prizes were carried off by two mounts which I was assured were crosses between the Arab and Norman breeds. These horses had very elegant bodies, medium sized necks and shoulders, slender legs and flashing eyes.

The Americans, like the English, are very great horse fanciers, and, among the Americans, the Virginians carry that passion to its highest degree. They follow all the races, and undertake long journeys for the sole purpose of going to uphold, by sizeable wagers, the reputation of this or that race horse. They hazard in these bets sums whch make the fortunes of many of these individuals, and they often buy the winner at an exorbitant price. Then, if the winner is a stallion, they take him through the various states for the purpose of the propagation of the species, and, in that case, he becomes the means of providing an excellent income to his owner. His arrival is announced in the newspapers as if he were a person of the greatest importance or an ambassador, and everybody runs in a crowd to visit him. I have many times had occasion to see some of these conquerors which they were taking in this way from city to city, and, among others, a famous stallion named Eclipse.

The Worcester general exposition lasts for three days. Besides this fair, which is the most important, there are several others in various towns of the same state. These solemn distributions of prizes, the great crowds of people which they attract, the stir and activity which they occasion, form in a way a phenomenon in the character and habits of this essentially phlegmatic nation. The American, on these occasions, loses all his apathy, and assumes the appearance of a lively and spirited people. On all sides you may see eager people on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and in wagons, who push hastily forward to enjoy the spectacle of these tumultuous holidays.

I have been told that, independent of these great industrial expositions, instituted periodically in the various United States, there exist many others, less important, recurring more frequently, often even each season, and at

which they offer to the consumers both fruits and vegetables, remarkable for their size or their superior quality, or even new attempts at grafting, a perfection of cultivation to which they have given a great deal of attention in this country.

They follow a similar and no less curious method of offering the early crops of forage raised on sandy lands and salt marshes. This hay, tied in compact bundles, square in shape, is packed symmetrically on wagons which are richly decorated with flags. So arranged, this singular parade, preceded by musicians and followed by a crowd of people, gets under way and marches about the town with pomp and solemnity.

The hay and grain merchants are not the only ones who promenade their merchandise so magnificently. I have many times been a witness of similar processions formed by the corporation of butchers. These artisans, dressed all in dazzling white, mounted on superb coursers, and preceded by a troup of musicians, exhibited throughout the town cattle and even sheep of extraordinary size and weight. This custom has a striking analogy with the triumphal march of our fat cattle, but you can note this difference that in America the people in the procession accept no money.

The authorities also give premiums to the owners of the largest cattle and fattest sheep brought to market, and this reward becomes the object of a new public ceremony. As soon as the animals have been slaughtered, skinned and cut up, each quarter, decorated with ribbons, is paraded through the town on the flag-bedecked conveyance, as previously described, and the next day offered for sale in the owner's shops, which are decorated for the occasion with festoons and flowers. Rich people, by way of encouragement, lay in their provisions from these prize foods and tavern keepers are eager to buy them in spite of their higher price in order to make of them the object of a lucrative speculation. Indeed, they immediately announce pompously that on such a day, and in such a tavern, a premium dinner will be served, that being the name of the foods which obtained the prizes. As a consequence, the boarders and habitues of the tavern hasten to send invitations to their friends, who do not fail to respond to the call, to the end that the fate of the premium food is celebrated by numerous libations of claret and Madeira, which amply repays the host for the increase in expense which he has imposed on himself. Similar invitations are sent out to eat venison or turtle soup, as is done in England on similar occasions; it is only necessary to remark that in England the turtle is very rare, while it is abundant in America.

This species of ceremony, the purpose of which is the encouragement of agriculture and the industrial arts, is very common in the Union.

THE NEW WACHUSETT COUNTRY CLUB, WEST BOYLSTON

Photo by Paul W. Savage

There is no trade organization which could not supply an illustration of this custom in some one of the products of its industry. Thus the invention of such an object of art or utility as this and the proven superiority of such an article of manufacture or of such a commodity, is celebrated by a triumph similar to those which we have described. This custom is even extended as far as ship-builders who ride throughout the town mounted on a small rigged and armed vessel which eighteen or twenty horses drag with great difficulty. I even saw promenading thus in New York, on a decorated conveyance and with a great deal of fracas, a mattress called *unsinkable,* destined for use at sea. A trial of it was made in the bay, in the presence of all the population assembled for the spectacle. Its success was nearly complete, and was rewarded by an exclusive patent for a certain number of years, which was given to the inventor.

After having visited, in the greatest detail, the interesting Worcester exhibition, I went back to the tavern to wait for dinner. In the meanwhile I made the acquaintance of an American who had recognized me as a Frenchman and who himself had made a long visit to France, during which time he had been a visitor at several of our industrial expositions.

As might be imagined, the conversation turned to the subject which occupied all the attention of the moment, and that we tried to establish comparisons between the works and the progress of the industries of our two nations; but that which is most remarkable, is that instead of finding in my interlocutor a jealous and prejudiced antagonist, as I had expected, I found in him, on the contrary, a just appreciation and a sincere admiration of the inventive genius and the exquisite taste of our workmen. It was no longer possible for me to doubt that he had really taken a great interest in these magnificent reviews of our industry, after he had shown me the various reports of the jury of the exhibition, which he had brought back and which he saved preciously as a souvenir of that national solemnity.

After dinner, which the great concourse of travelers and of the curious who had attended the exposition rendered very noisy, I returned to the park where it was held. There my attention was soon attracted by the pompous announcements and the gigantic posters in the midst of which the proprietors of several travelling menageries strove to attract the crowd. These pictures, similar in all respects to those which we see employed in our fairs and annual fetes, represented animals devouring women and children, or fighting among the savages, etc. I noticed that the crowd drifted principally towards the lion, an animal which has for the Americans the merit of a distant origin.

As for me, I preferred to investigate the native animals, and I made a visit to one of the handsomest quadrupeds which lives in North America, and

of which I had previously seen but a single pair. It bears among the Americans the name of Moose, and forms a variety of the *cervus akces,* the elk of the countries of Northern Europe.

The moose which I saw at Worcester, and from which I am going to try to give a general description of the species, was as tall as a horse . . . . (Here follow three and a half pages of description of the moose, which, though new and interesting to the French field naturalist, need hardly detain us here. It is, however, interesting to remember, that the author of this volume was the first person to send a live moose to France, where it was exhibited in the Royal Zoölogical Gardens at Paris. Milbert won the highest praise from the naturalists of Europe for his great success in collecting American natural history specimens, both living and dead, for the national museums of France.)

Satisfied with my stay at Worcester, during which I had acquired a mass of interesting data and positive knowledge on the prosperous state of agriculture and of the various manufactures in the State of Massachusetts, I decided to continue my journey to Boston, the most important city of that part of the Union. Accordingly I took the coach for that destination and set out at four o'clock in the morning with seven or eight other passengers. This carriage, newly built, and of the lightest and most elegant design, with four fine and well appointed horses hitched to it, offered yet another illustration of the rapid improvements being introduced into all the branches of public service in this country.

Only a short time before, the only public conveyance known in this country had been cumbersome machines in the form of cages, open on all sides, and having nothing for the protection of the traveler, from the wind and snow of winter and the dust and rain of summer, except the button trimmed leather curtains, generally in a poor state of repair. The floor of that inconvenient carriage was free for all and was always encumbered with a crowd of little trunks which, not being held in place by anything, rolled from side to side between the legs of the passengers. As for the larger trunks and luggage, it was fastened onto the outside of the coach with straps, and so exposed to violent jerks that it was almost always found seriously damaged at the end of the journey. The useful coöperation which has been established between the various stage line proprietors for the speeding up of the service and also between them and the promoters of steam boat navigation, has hastened the perfection of the service of both, so that in its entirety and in detail this service, so necessary among a people so essentially migatory as the Americans, leaves almost nothing to be desired.

We had been under way for some time, and the most profound silence still reigned in the carriage, for the American, although he is supposed to be

curious and inquisitive towards strangers, is, however, reserved among his compatriots, and will not lend himself to the conversation until after having made a sort of facial study of the companions which chance has given him. The usual way of beginning a conversation is just as banal as it is with us,—always the rain or the fine weather which serves as a pretext. "Fine day, voila un beau jour, une belle matinee," these are the sacred words which serve as an obligatory preamble to all conversation. We must not, however, forget an important variation, which they substitute if the day happens to be a Sunday. It is then the question: "Have you been to church?" which serves as an introduction to the discourse.

Conversation, once established in our Boston coach, soon became general and principally revolved around the merits of the various natural or manufactured products exhibited at Worcester. They passed in review the numerous sales which were concluded on that occasion between the manufacturers and the wholesale merchants of the various localities, or the "peddler," little foreign or itinerant hawkers who sell at retail to the country people. They made especially a multitude of speculations on the value of the objects, and the probable profits which the buyers might hope to realize from their purchases. I was again reminded of a peculiarity in this regard which had more than once struck me, and that is, that, in the conversation of this race of speculators, all of whose ideas revolved around business and profits, the word *dollar,* the name of the principal coin of the country, is that which oftenest strikes the ear of the stranger. One might, in borrowing the pleasantry of Figaro, say that in America that word "sounds the depth of the language."

The daylight which soon succeeded the dawn, allowed us to enjoy the view of the country and to notice the early morning activities of the farmers who, on all sides, were making their way to their fields. This moving picture was followed by that of numerous groups of travellers who, like us, were leaving Worcester, where the exposition had attracted them, or who were on their way there, the greater number mounted on excellent horses, others travelling with their families in fine, well-equipped wagons, and all contributing, as their numbers multiplied on all the roads, to give an air of festivity to the country.

The road which we were following rose considerably in negotiating the hills which surround Worcester on all sides. These hills might be considered as the end of the lesser chain of a collateral ridge which joins the central range of the State of New Hampshire. It had been necessary to use explosives in order to open the road in this granite mass, in spite of which it still went up hill. Its heaped up debris strewed both sides of the road, and partly disappeared under the garlands of bind-weeds and clusters of fragrant

shrubs. Arriving at the crest of the hill, we examined a country a little less rugged, although cut off in the distance by elevations and dense forests, which joined themselves gradually to the magnificent valleys, tapestried with meadows, which extend almost to the seashore.

We continued our journey from there into a vast country open on all sides, and cut by a great number of roads which crossed each other while following different directions. (Here follows a digression of five pages describing the American system of roads.)

After having ascended the hills, we had descended as I have said, into a magnificent cultivated plain, better settled than the savage ridges we had just crossed. From time to time, on one side or other of the road, we encountered farm houses the simplicity of which did not exclude a certain elegance and an exquisite search after neatness. They were for the most part surrounded by little gardens and separated from the public way by fences built of stone or wood, with more or less of art and symmetry. Seven miles from Worcester we encountered the fine village of Shrewsbury, situated in an undulating plain which forms the east shoulder of the hill which we had crossed some moments before. The soil, as fertile in this village as anywhere in the country around, contributes to the rapid growth of the population which had already grown, at the time of my journey to 1,300 inhabitants, farmers, manufacturers or traders.

On leaving this place, the soil became a little rebellious but showed itself more and more fertile by the time we reached Southboro, which one could discern at a distance along the road, with its houses painted entirely in white, grouped in a picturesque manner, and dominated by the pointed steeple which surmounted its church. (A two-page digression on American church architecture is omitted.)

The coach stopped some moments at Southboro in order to let a woman and her daughter get down, who had travelled with us up to this point. They lived in the State of Connecticut, where the woman's husband, a former seafaring man, busied himself with the exploitation of a farm which had a considerable revenue. The young lady without being precisely beautiful, was endowed with a very agreeable face; her natural spirit, her sprightly character without the least affectation, contributed to render her charming. I admired the security of these women who travelled without any escort in a public carriage, without fear of the least impoliteness or the slightest inconvenience on the part of all these unknown men, in whose company they found themselves casually thrown. But their tranquility proved that they knew perfectly the character of their nation. In fact, even if the Americans, and especially the country people, are little polished, if they do not have the

brilliant varnish of politeness which characterizes us (*i. e.,* the French), they at least do not really mean to offend. All, moreover, profess for the sex, without gallantry, at least a respect full of regard, and, in spite of their rude exterior, they always know how to keep a proper distance in order not to be at all improper.

(The author arrived at Boston after dark that night, having set out from Worcester at four in the morning, a journey which at the present time takes us little more than an hour.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

Taverns and Tavern Life in the County

The transition through the generations of the Worcester County hostelry from the rude cabin, with shake-down and rough fare for the traveler, to the luxurious hotel of the twentieth century, is a marvel of social evolution. The inn was recognized by the Puritan fathers as a vital necessity. They even went so far as to compel every town to maintain a place of entertainment for the wayfarer, and by law imposed punishment upon the community that should prove delinquent. The inn is almost as old as the first settlement of the Nipmuck country.

Gradually the comforts grew. When roads became passable for vehicles patronage increased. With better highways came the stage coach, and the tavern was profitable. Their number grew, and they were found not only in the villages but at intervals along the way. The cross-roads knew them. In the rivalry, or perhaps in the enterprise of their landlords their quality improved, in their rooms and beds, in their table, and in the quality of their liquors, malt and spirit. Finally, at the height of coaching days, in the decade or two before the railroads came, our county taverns attained a standard of hospitality and entertainment which was as high as the civilization of the time permitted.

In the new conditions which were created in the middle of the last century many of the taverns languished. There were no passing coaches to empty their passengers for the noon dinner or for supper and the night. Landlords went the way of all men. But many of the ancient buildings still stand. A few, in the older villages, still welcome the coming and speed the parting guest, and in summer reap profit from vacation sojourners and passing motorists. Some serve as attractive tea-rooms. Others have been remodelled as summer homes of the well-to-do. Yet others have fallen upon evil days. But, even about these, to the imaginative, there still lingers a suggestion of the good old days when the coaching horn heralded the approach

of hungry and thirsty guests, and the bar-room smelt of old Medford rum, and the whinny of horses came from the stable yard, while the landlord stood expectant at the open door, ready with his welcome.

The inn-keeper of the early Colonial days in Worcester County was usually the man having the largest house and therefore the best able to take in the passing traveler. He made no special preparation for entertaining his guests, beyond obtaining the necessary license, nor was he expected to offer more than the simple fare of the day. He was more of a farmer than a tavern keeper. His guests were received as members of the family, and were treated with generous Yankee hospitality. Most of the landlords bore a military title, won by service in war or in the local militia.

The first inns were licensed by the General Court, and carried with them the privilege to draw wine and beer for the public. The landlord was not only amenable to the laws, but he was protected by them. The price of almost every commodity of life was regulated by law, and a twelvepence was the legal charge for a "meal of victuals," and a penny for a quart mug of beer—the landlord being liable to a fine of ten shillings if a greater charge was made,—or if the quality of the liquor was not up to a given standard. Being forbidden by law to charge more for a meal than a twelvepence, he never charged less.

From the records of the General Court of Massachusetts for the year 1640 we learn that "Richard Cluffe, for saying, 'Shall I pay twelvepence for the fragments which the grandiury roages have left?' was bound to his good behavior, and fined three pounds six shillings and eight pence, which was discounted by Robert Saltonstall upon account. It seems that Cluffe was so unfortunate as to come to dinner after the grand jury, and, finding only fragments altogether unsatisfactory, demurred at the landlord's bill. He might have come off easily if he had expressed himself circumspectly, for the Puritan did not dislike the spirit that resisted imposition. But to allow the grand jury to be called 'roages' was not to be thought of."

Here is the way the General Court laid down the law for innkeepers in 1645: "It is ordered that no man shall be allowed to keep a public house of entertainment for strangers or travellers, nor shall any one be a common victualer, taverner, innkeeper, or keeper of a cook shop, vintner, or public seller of wines, ale, beer, strong waters, without allowance in some quarter court, in the shire where such do dwell, under pain of forfeiture of twenty shillings per week, while they continue with such license; nor shall any such persons as have public houses of entertainment and have licenses, sell beer above two shillings an ale quart; nor shall any such person or persons, formerly named, suffer any to be drunk or drink excessively, or continue

tippling above the space of half an hour, in any of their said houses under penalty of five shillings; for every person found drunk in the said houses or elsewhere shall forfeit ten shillings; and for every excessive drinking above half an hour he shall forfeit three shillings, four pence; for sitting idle and continuing drinking above half an hour, two shillings, six pence; and it is declared to be excessive drinking of wine when above half a pint of wine is allowed at one time to any person to drink; provided it shall be lawful for any strangers, or lodgers, or any person or persons, in an orderly way, to continue in such said houses of common entertainment during meal times, or upon lawful business, what time their occasions shall require."

Not only were the laws at that time very severe, but the conduct of those who resorted to the public tavern was a matter of official oversight. In 1649 a statute was passed, ordering that no person at the tavern should play at shuffleboard or any other play, under pain of forfeiture of twenty shillings from the innkeeper and five from every person playing. On the same date, another law was laid down: "Nor shall any take tobacco in any inn, or common victual house, except in a private room there, as the master of said house, nor any guest there shall take offence thereat; which if any do, then such persons shall forbear, upon pains of two shillings and six pence for every such offence."

The forefathers did not accept easily the use of tobacco, which one of them designated as the "Creature called Tobacko." Magistrates and elders deemed smoking far more sinful and degrading, as well as physically more harmful, than indulgence in strong liquors. Not only was the use of tobacco prohibited or restricted, but it was made unlawful even to grow the plant excepting "for mere necessities for phisick, for preservance of the health, and that the same be taken privately by ancient men." But tobacco would not down, and gradually it came into common use. No longer, as once happened, were pious members of the congregation caught red-handed in the act of smoking behind the meetinghouse between services. And evidently the women became addicts, for one recalls the words of Mary Rowlandson, wife of the Lancaster minister, in her narrative of Indian captivity in 1675: "I remember with shame how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is."

Even as late as the early 1800's, the tavern-keeper had to conform to strict regulations. To secure a license he must present to the court ample testimony from the board of selectmen as to his character. Here are extracts from a bond which landlords were compelled to give: "That he shall not suffer or have any playing of cards, dice, tally, bowls, nine-pins, billiards, or any unlawful game or games, in his said house, or yard, or garden; nor shall

suffer to remain in his house any person not being of his family Saturday night after dark, or on the Sabbath day, or during the time of God's public worship; nor shall he entertain as lodgers in his house any strangers, men or women, above the space of forty-eight hours, but such whose names and surnames he shall deliver to one of the selectmen, or constable of the town, unless they be such as he well knoweth for his or their forth coming; nor shall he sell any wine to Indians or Negroes, or suffer any children, or servants, or other person to remain in his house tippling or drinking after nine o'clock in the night; nor shall buy or take to preserve, any stolen goods; nor willingly or knowingly harbor in his house, barn, stable, or otherwise, any rogues, vagamonds, thieves, sturdy beggars, masterless men and women, nor notorious offenders whatsoever."

In 1656 the General Court made the towns liable to a fine for not sustaining an ordinary; and in 1660, the town of Concord, for not having a common house of entertainment, was "presented" to the grand jury, fined 2s. 6d. and admonished "to have a meet person nominated at the next court for such purpose, or it would be subject to a penalty of £5."

These Worcester County hostels of Puritan days were little like those of Old England of that period, the haunts of Shakespeare and Marlowe and Izaak Walton, and the innumerable others whose names still live, who made the inns their clubs. Here the tithing-man inspected the taverns and made complaint of any disorder he there discovered, and gave in the names of "idle tipplers and gamers," and warned the tavern keepers to sell no more liquor to any persons he knew or believed were drinking too heavily. John Josselyn complained with bitterness that during his visit to New England in 1663, "at houses of entertainment into which a stranger went, he was presently followed by one appointed to that office, who would thrust himself into his company uninvited, and if he called for more drink than the officer thought in his judgment he could soberly bear away, he would presently countermand it and appoint the proportion, beyond which he could not get one drop."

Tavern as Church and School—The tavern established in 1750 by Samuel Hunt near the old Page garrison in Fitchburg was typical of the importance of the village hostelry in the life of the community. Here in the winter of 1764-65, the first religious services were held, the scattered families assembling for six Sabbaths. Torrey, historian of Fitchburg, said of it: "The people of those days were less scrupulous in regard to the place where they met for public worship than we of today are. A tavern then was not better than a tavern now, but they probably thought their Maker regarded more the feelings with which His creatures offered up their petitions and adoration, than the place in which they assembled."

Thomas Cowdin, destined to be one of the pillars of the new town of Fitchburg, purchased the Hunt tavern the following year, and during his long tenancy the town meetings continued to be held under his hospitable roof, until the erection of a meetinghouse, for which Landlord Cowdin gave the land. The rooms of the tavern also served for the first village schools, and the first court of justice was held there, Landlord Cowdin having been given "a commission in the peace." One of the offenders who appeared before him was tried "for not duly and constantly attending meeting on the Sabbath."

We cite the Cowdin tavern to illustrate how important and how diversified was a good tavern-keeper's place in one of our towns.

It was the custom in the noonings between morning and afternoon services at the church, for the worshippers to resort to the tavern. In the summer time it was an agreeable change to step over from the somber atmosphere of the meetinghouse and there in the shade to discuss the news and gossip of the town, and incidentally, among the men, to partake of the comfortable beverages of the tap room. In the winter, this noon shelter was a necessity. The tavern fire was a welcome, indeed an indispensable interruption to the icy chill of the church, in which no fire was ever kindled. The women brought from home with them their little foot-warmer stoves, metal boxes on legs, filled with hot coals, which afforded a trifling warmth in the early hours of the sermon, but by noon were as cold as their owners. The kind-hearted landlord permitted replenishment with coals from his great fireplace.

The women and children ate their luncheons in the tavern parlor, while the men collected in the bar-room and purchased gingerbread and cheese and warming drink. It was a familiar sight after morning service to see the old men seated in a semi-circle about the fire, passing a great mug of steaming flip from one to another, and talking of the old days, which, with these veterans of Indian wars, was more likely to be their old campaigns than reminiscences of the church.

The Tavern Was the Village Club—In the early decades of the county, newspapers were unknown. Then came the news letters, and through them, though probably more often by word of mouth of traveler, news of the world filtered in, and it all came first to the tavern. The landlord was usually a subscriber to whatever publications there were. But these contained little of what today we know as news. Word of great events abroad was not received until months after they occurred, and news from the other Colonies was almost as slow in coming. But such information as seeped in from the outside world was free to all who patronized the tavern.

When men had gathered, it was the custom for one of them to read aloud, while the others lined the wall in tipped-back chairs, and absorbed his words with deepest attention. More often than not, his subject was the contents of long letters from Europe or extracts from foreign newspapers.

The taverns of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century were rightly named Public Houses. Men naturally flocked to them in the evenings. It was their only place for discussion of village news and politics and coming town meetings and other matters of common interest. In the tavern were posted legal notices of all kinds—coming elections, new laws, auctions, and bills of sale. The place was more than a news center. It was the original business exchange. Its importance was recognized in the old almanacs, in which distances were given, not from town to town, but from tavern to tavern.

It was to these isolated communities what the club is to the twentieth century city. Any stranger might mingle in the conversation and good-cheer of the bar-room without fear of being considered an intruder, and as the poor Irishman once told Goldsmith, when relating how to live in London on thirty pounds a year, "By spending two pence at a coffee house, you might be in very good company several hours every day."

As one famous writer said: "The best old fashioned New England inns were superior to any modern ones. There was less bustle, less parade, less appearance of doing a great deal to gratify your wishes; but much more was actually done, and there was more comfort and enjoyment. In a word, you found in these inns the pleasures of an excellent private house. If you were sick, you were nursed and befriended as in your own family, and your bills were always equitable, calculated on what you ought to pay."

Most of the landlords were men of kindly though thrifty ways, and were popular among their hearty, boisterous, ever-changing housefuls of guests, There were no servants. The helpers were all native-born and equals. The landlord's wife superintended the kitchen, and generally was the cook. Their own and their neighbors' daughters waited on the table, the boys worked in the stable, and men's work and women's work was never done.

Upon the mistress of the house fell the chief responsibility. Upon her depended the success or failure of the tavern, for that was largely measured by the excellence of the table,. Therefore, a large share of her time was given to the cooking.

One old lady, who had had years of experience as wife of a tavern keeper, expressed it truly when she said: "If it was not one task, it was another." There was little of change and amusement in her life. She was not privileged to attend church, for no sooner was she dressed for meeting

than unexpected guests would arrive, and not even the demands of religion could be permitted to interfere with the duties of the kitchen. Instead of listening to an hour's-long sermon, she cooked meat. The church-going with which she had the most comfort was in getting her children ready for Sunday school. What kept her alive she said was the stir and excitement of tavern life, and contact, superficial though hers must have been, with the stream of coming and departing guests.

It is pleasant to read the impressions made by our inn-keepers, as told in the writings of English travelers. Lieutenant Francis Hall, who was here in 1817, said: "The innkeepers of America are in most villages what we call vulgarly, topping men—field officers of militia, with good farms attached to their taverns, so that they are apt to think what, perhaps, in a newly settled country, is not wide of the truth, that travellers rather receive than confer a favour by being accommodated in their houses. The daughters of the host officiate at tea and breakfast and generally wait at dinner."

Another Englishman, who visited America shortly after the Revolution, expressed it: "They will not bear the treatment we too often give ours at home. They feel themselves in some degree independent of travellers, as all of them have other occupations to follow; nor will they put themselves into a bustle on your account; but with good language, they are very civil, and will accommodate you as well as they can."

Brissot, writing in 1788, said: "You will not go into one without meeting neatness, decency, and dignity. The table is served by a maiden well-dressed, and pretty; by a pleasant mother whose age has not effaced the agreeableness of her features; and by men who have that air of respectability which is inspired by the idea of equality, and are not ignoble and base like the greater part of our own tavern-keepers."

In fact the best of blood flowed in the veins of some of the inn-keepers. John Adams, describing a host and hostess of a tavern where he stopped, wrote in his Diary: "Landlord and landlady are some of the grandest people alive; landlady is the great-granddaughter of Governor Endicott and has all the notions of high family that you find in the Winslows, Hutchinsons, Quincys, Saltonstalls, Chandlers, Otises, Learneds, and as you might find with some propriety in the Winthrops. As to landlords, he is as happy and as big, as proud, as conceited, as any nobleman in England, always calm and good-natured and lazy, but the contemplation of his farm and his sons, his house and pasture and cows, his sound judgment, as he thinks, and his great holiness as well as that of his wife, keep him as erect in his thoughts as a noble or a prince."

A gentleman recalling his first visit to the Hub in his youthful days, in the old family chaise, says: "A journey to Boston in those days usually

involved one night at least at a tavern, and that was an event to be talked of long afterward. The one to which we drove up, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, was a typical country tavern, with its broad piazzas, spacious stables, roomy sheds, and high swinging sign. There was a strong smell of lemons impregnating the air as we alighted and entered the wide hall, and a certain other odor, which I have been told since was 'Santa Cruz.' My recollection of it is that it was not disagreeable. Neither were the smells of cooking that came from some apartments far back in the rear, for our long ride in the pure air of the hills had given us voracious appetites for whatever the extensive resources of the hospitable tavern might set before us."

Two Kinds of Tricky Landlords—In rare instances there were landlords who became known for their dishonest practices with travelers. One of these, conspiring with the stage-driver, worked out a scheme to mulct them out of their meals. After they had paid the charge and had hardly commenced to eat, they would hear the peremptory call of the driver, "Stage ready!" and hurried from the table for fear they would be left behind. The trick became known, and among others who heard the tale was a shrewd Yankee who determined to repay in kind should the chance offer.

Finally, as a passenger on this particular coach, he was one of a group of passengers who sat down to dinner. As usual, the driver's stentorian call was heard and his fellow-diners jumped up and hurried out. But he himself remained seated, and the stage departed without him.

He made a hearty meal, and kept landlord and servants on the jump, sending them on this errand and that. He demanded a pot of coffee, and finally a bowl of bread and milk, and asked for a spoon. Not a spoon was in sight, though the landlord was certain that the table had been plentifully set with silver. Where had it disappeared to? His guest suggested that the stage passengers might tell him. "Do you suppose they were going away without something for their money?" he demanded. The landlord rushed out to the stable, ordered his fastest horse saddled, and dispatched a messenger in pursuit of the coach. It was three miles away when he overtook it, and whispered a message to the driver, who turned his team and hurried back to the tavern. The Yankee traveler had taken his seat in the vehicle when the landlord ordered him to "point out the man who took those spoons." "P'int him out? Sartainly I can. Say, Squire, I paid you for my breakfast, and I callate I got the value on't. You'll find them spoons in the coffeepot. Go ahead, all aboard, driver!"

The unscrupulous landlord, however, was seldom met. It was an honest breed of men, who owed their prosperity not to trickery but to a reputation

for keeping a good house. But some of them were tricky in the sense of being fond of a joke now and then. Here is a story told of one of them: "He was the landlord of a good old-fashioned county tavern for nearly forty years. Just where he conceived his 'April Fool' joke was not known, but a gray-haired citizen was caught by it for the twenty-third consecutive year. The hotel was built with the old-style front, having a piazza running the whole length, from which opened two large doors. In winter these were protected by portable storm porches, about the width of the doors and four feet deep. The door opening into the office was in constant use, and it was here the trap was set for the unwary.

"As the first of April rolled round, the landlord would have the porch of the office door moved along the piazza to the left, so that it faced the blank wall of the house, projecting sufficiently to hide the office door from a person approaching from up street, and making the delusion most effectual. The snare, perhaps, would hardly be set up before came a grocery delivery wagon. The driver leaping from his seat, grabs his baskets and bundles, stumbles up the steps, kicks open the door, and rushes all over into the trap, as the heavy weighted door slams after him.

"Next comes along one of the men of leisure, who thinks to drop in for a chat and learn the news, and perhaps to wet his whistle. He opens the door, closes it deliberately behind him, wipes his feet, and fumbles over the cold clapboards for the door-latch, and then, too late, remembers that he has been fooled yet once again."

One indispensable adjunct of the country tavern was the long line of slippers of all sizes and colors always to be found ranged on the floor along the office wall, for the evening comfort of the guests. In those days hightop boots were worn almost universally by men and boys, and a first act of greeting was the bringing forth of the boot-jack, the removal of the boots and the selection of a pair of slippers. The boots disappeared to be greased or blacked as desired, and next morning were received in exchange for the borrowed slippers.

For many years flip was the popular drink, commonly made of home-brewed beer, sweetened with sugar or molasses, and flavored with a liberal dash of rum; then stirred with a red-hot loggerhead or flip-dog, which made the liquor foam and imparted to it a burnt, pleasantly bitter flavor. It was well written:

> "There dozed a fire of beechen logs that bred
> Strange fancies in its embers, golden red,
> And nursed the logger-head, whose hissing dip,
> Timed by nice instinct, creamed the bowl of flip."

When the company was seated before the open fire, one great mug was passed around like a loving cup and so common a drink was it that in the winter time the logger-head was always kept in the fire. A too liberal indulgence in this enticing beverage was apt to "set them at loggerheads," an expression which we make frequent use of, without knowing its bibulous origin.

A stick six or eight inches long, flattened at the end for crushing the sugar and stirring up the mixture, known as the toddy-stick was famous for the ringing music it made against the sides of the old glass tumblers. The egg-nog stick, split at the end, with a transverse bit of wood inserted, was rapidly whirled around, backward and forward, between the palms of the hands, the experts accompanying an exhibition of the art of many graceful flourishes. A more plebeian drink was black-strap, a mixture of rum and molasses. But the common drink was New England rum, sold at wholesale at twelve and a half cents the gallon, and retailed at from three to five cents the glass.

One old publican left behind him his recipe for flip, which is said to follow closely the best accepted custom of the day: "Keep grated ginger and Nutmeg with a fine dried Lemon Peel rubbed together in a Mortar. To make a quart of Flip: Put the Ale (or beer) on the Fire to warm, and beat up three or four Eggs with four ounces of moist Sugar, a teaspoon of grated Nutmeg or Ginger, and a quartern (quarter gill) of good old Rum or Brandy. When the Ale is near to boil, put it into one pitcher, and the Rum and Eggs, etc., into another; turn it from one Pitcher to another till it is as smooth as cream. To heat plunge in the red hot Loggerhead or Poker. This quantity is styled One Yard of Flannel."

No flip was more widely known and more respected than the famous brew of Abbott's Tavern in Holden. This house, built in 1763, and still standing, was kept by three generations of Abbotts, who never wavered in the quality of their flip. It was known from ocean to ocean, and few occupants of stagecoaches or other travelers willingly passed that tavern door without adding to its reputation as they spread their appreciation of its flip.

A bill of Abbott's Tavern still exists, which tells of the price of such things, and others, in Revolutionary days:

Mug New England Flip.....	9d
Mug West India Flip.....	11d
Lodging per night.....	3d
Pot Luck per meal.....	8d
Boarding commons, Men.....	4s 8d
Boarding commons, Weomen.....	2s

The latter two items seem to indicate that the appetite of the "Weomen" of that day was not half of that of the men.

Other taverns became famous for some special alcoholic drink. Among them was Brigham's in Westboro, whose mulled wine was known far and wide. Its recipe was simple; a quart of boiling hot Madeira, half a pint of boiling water, six eggs beaten to a froth, all sweetened and spiced. But from diaries of the time it is learned that this beverage was served more often to the ladies than to the men, who complained that upon them it acted as a quencher of high spirits rather than a source of exhilaration.

The daybook of what was known as the Lower Tavern at Fitchburg, for the period 1823-27, gives an excellent idea of what prices were a century ago. Among the items we find horse and shay to Ashburnham, 70 cents; horse and shay to Westminster, 44 cents; horse and shay to Lunenburg, 30 cents; horse and wagon to Westminster, 25 cents; horse and shay to Leominster, 38 cents; and horse and sleigh to Leominster, 50 cents. Thus it will be seen that charges for transportation were not high, but were exact to a cent.

As to other receipts of a tavern, the daybook has: pint of beer, six cents; punch, twelve cents; one dozen biscuit, seventeen cents; lodging, twelve cents; bottle of peppermint, six cents; baiting, twenty-five cents; lodging, eight cents; board and lodging, twenty-five cents; hay, four cents; dinner, seventeen cents; paying post, six cents; wine, six cents; cider and crackers, five cents; cordial, three cents; boarding, three cents; dinner, twelve and one-half cents; breakfast, twelve and one-half cents; chicken, five cents a pound; and turkey, eight cents.

The First Parish singers were charged for use of the tavern hall fifty cents without candles and sixty-five cents with candles. Also charged against the First Parish singers were punch $1; and June 30, 1824, entertainment of Dr. Ware, eighty cents.

The Second Parish singers had to pay $2.50 for two pails of brandy sling, and the Parish Assessors had a bill for punch and sling, 27 cents; sling and victuals, 55 cents; and entertainment June 15 and 18, 1824, $2.10.

In most private houses of that day the sideboard was to be found liberally furnished with well-filled decanters, and almost everyone drank more or less freely and frequently. The morning, mid-day and evening callers were invited "to take a drink," and no urging was necessary. The minister and the people deemed it right, and honestly thought they were justified in taking a little, not only for "their stomach's sake and other infirmities," but for strength to perform daily duties. At weddings and funerals, at church raisings and ordinations, house-raisings and social gatherings, huskings in the fields, in the store and in the workship, a liberal supply of intoxicating drinks was considered proper and healthful. In cold weather, liquors were drunk

to promote warmth, and in warm weather, to keep cool. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for "wind in the stomach." The farmer wanted his extra cider for his hoeing or thrashing, and his extra rum for his haying. In heavy work he found it impossible to get along without it.

In the newspapers of those days, we find advertised, "Real Staff of Life, direct from St. Croix." The cider mug was invariably on the table at meal times; always on the sideboard, and too often those who went to the cellar for the supply "drank at the tap."

Every caller from the minister and doctor to the tramp, was offered the common drink, with the apology, if it was sour, as it sometimes was in the spring, "It is pretty hard"; to which the custom required the response, "It is harder where there is none," an assertion which often had more of politeness than of truth.

There is a story of a preacher of those days who thus lectured his parish: "I say nothing, my dear brethren, against taking a little bitters before breakfast, and after breakfast, especially if you are used to it. What I contend against is this dramming, dramming, dramming at all hours of the day. There are some men who take a glass at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and at four in the afternoon. I do not propose to contend against old-fashioned customs, my brethren, rendered respectable by time and authority, but this dramming, dramming, dramming, is a crying sin in the land."

The nineteenth century was still young when a movement toward temperance began to be felt. As time went on it gained momentum. The ministers of the gospel had felt no antagonism against the use of liquor. They themselves drank freely, though, as a rule, abstemiously. Many of their old store bills in the collections of historical societies, show that the item of rum was often the largest of them all. Some of the old churches had cupboards in the pulpit structure where liquor was stored, and it is said that when the cold was intense and the meetinghouses literally freezing cold, the preacher thought himself within the tenets of his religion when in the course of long sermons he fortified himself with a dram.

No building was erected without a provision for liquor for the workmen. The classic example of this was the building of the mansion of Ichabod Washburn of Worcester, founder of the American wire industry. He was determined not to furnish rum to the men employed. The greatest difficulty was encountered in securing artisans, and the common opinion was that should he wait for men to go without their rum, he would be a long time without a house. But finally, by the promise of high wages, he succeeded.

Instead of stimulants the men had lemonade, crackers, cheese and small beer. This is believed to have been the first house-raising on a teetotaller basis in all New England.

Nevertheless, the temperance movement gained momentum. It won the approval of the pulpit, and a great many people abandoned all use of liquor. Finally temperance taverns were established to care for this new class of traveller. They maintained no bar, nor was liquor dispensed under any circumstances. But they seem to have prospered. One of the earliest anywhere was the American Temperance House in Worcester.

Tavern as a Social Center—When the snow lay on the ground and the roads were broken out, and the moon, perhaps, rode high in the heavens, it was a familiar sight to see sleigh after sleigh, single and double, and capacious "pungs," speeding along with their bells jingling, all bound for a jolly night at the tavern. Sometimes the young people gathered thus from all over the countryside, and there might be fifty or a hundred couples in the party. The smiling landlord met them as they arrived, assisting each lady to alight with the courtesy and deference which we now call "old school," and greeting all with hearty friendliness. After gathering before the great fireplaces to remove the wintry chill, they found a bounteous supper awaiting them. Then came the dance. Every good tavern had its hall, with its built-in seat against the wall encircling the room, and many of them had what was known as a "spring floor," so constructed as to give and slightly rock under the feet of the dancers, which presumedly lightened their steps. The tireless fiddlers, the providing of which formed a part of the arrangement with the landlords, played until a late hour, as the young people tripped through the Virginia Reel and Tempest and Money Musk and the others of the old country dances. Finally came the bustle of departure, and the party dispersed with jest and song and the merry music of the bells.

And there was many a gay winter scene as noon or night approached and sleigh after sleigh, and sledge after sledge arrived at the tavern, that the occupants might have their dinners, or their suppers and a place to sleep. First came the care of the horses, then a quick entrance to the bar-room. There stood the host behind his cage-like counter, where were ranged the barrels of old Medford or Jamaica rum and hard cider. Many of the arrivals were drivers of loads of merchandise to and from the adjoining towns, stopping only for dinner or lodging. Some saving teamsters brought fodder for their horses, and a box of food for themselves, paying only ten cents for lodging, and of course something for grog. Yet they were welcomed as swelling the volume of business, the host looking for his profits from the liquor he dispensed and the sleeping room he sold.

The accommodations were pressed to a degree which would not be tolerated today. Two beds in a room, two lodgers in a bed was the rule, ten cents being the charge for half a bed. And they got a full-bed's worth of deep hollows, big billows of live-geese feathers, warm homespun blankets and patchwork quilts. Sometimes they were more simply quartered. A great fire was kindled in the fireplace of either front room, bar-room or parlor, and around it men gathered in a semi-circle. "Many a rough joke was laughed at and many a story told, ere, with feet to the fire and their heads on their rolled up buffalo robes, the tired travellers dropped to sleep." But four o'clock found them all bestirring and ready for breakfast, which was served at half past four in summer and five in winter, for the teamsters must be early on the road. Breakfast consisted of beefsteak, mutton chops, eggs and often roast chicken, as keeping poultry was a large item in tavern economy. Pie was also often served at breakfast.

Tribute to the Tavern Host—Thoreau of Concord knew his country taverns, among them those of north Worcester County. Extracts from his famous description of the landlord as he met him are appropriate here:

"The landlord is a man of open and general sympathies, who possesses a spirit of hospitality which is its own reward, and feeds and shelters men from pure love of the creatures. To be sure, this profession is as often filled by imperfect characters, and such as have sought it from unworthy motives, as any other, but so much the more should we prize the true and honest landlord when we meet with him.

"Who has not imagined to himself a country inn, where the traveler shall really feel in, and at home, and at his public-house, who was before at his private house; whose host is indeed a host, and a lord of the land, a self-appointed brother of his race; called to his place, beside, by all the winds of heaven and his good genius, as truly as the preacher is called to preach; a man of such universal sympathies, and so broad and genial a human nature, that he would fain sacrifice the tender but narrow ties of private friendship, to a broad, sunshiny, fair-weather-and-foul friendship for his race; who loves men, not as a philosopher, nor as an overseer of the poor, with charity, but by a necessity of his nature, as he loves dogs and horses; and standing at his open door from morning till night would fain see more and more of them come along the highway, and is never satiated. To him the sun and moon are but travelers, the one by day and the other by night; and they too patronize his house. To his imagination all things travel save his sign-post and himself; and though you may be his neighbor for years, he will show you only the civilities of the road. But on the other hand, while nations and individ-

uals are alike selfish and exclusive, he loves all men equally; and if he treats his nearest neighbor as a stranger, since he has invited all nations to share his hospitality, the farthest traveled is in some measure kindred to him who takes him into the bosom of his family.

"He keeps a house of entertainment at the sign of the Black Horse or the Spread Eagle, and is known far and wide, and his fame travels with increasing radius every year. All the neighborhood is in his interest, and if the traveler ask how far to a tavern, he receives some such answer as this: 'Well, sir, there's a house about three miles from here, where they haven't taken down their sign yet; but its only ten miles to Slocum's, and that's a capital house, both for man and beast." At three miles he passes a cheerless barrack, standing desolate behind its sign-post, neither public nor private, and has glimpses of a discontented couple who have mistaken their calling. At ten miles he sees where the Tavern stands,—really an entertaining prospect,—so public and inviting that only the rain and snow do not enter. It is no gay pavilion, made of bright stuffs, and furnished with nuts and gingerbread, but as plain and sincere as a caravansary; located in no Tarrytown, where you receive only the civilities of commerce, but far in the fields it exercises a primitive hospitality, amid the fresh scent of new hay and raspberries, if it be summer time; and the tinkling of cow-bells from invisible pastures; for it is a land flowing with milk and honey, and the newest milk courses in a broad, deep stream across the premises.

"In these retired places the tavern is first of all a house,—elsewhere, last of all, or never,—and warms and shelters its inhabitants. It is as simple and sincere in its essentials as the caves in which the first men dwelt, but is also as open and public. The traveler steps across the threshold, and lo! he too is master, for he only can be called proprietor of the house here who behaves with most propriety in it. The Landlord stands clear back in nature, to my imagination, with his axe and spade felling trees and raising potatoes with the vigor of a pioneer; with Promethean energy making nature yield her increase to supply the wants of so many; and he is not so exhausted, nor of so short a stride, but that he comes forward even to the highway to his wide hospitality and publicity. Surely, he has solved some of the problems of life. He comes in at his back door, holding a log fresh cut for the hearth upon his shoulder with one hand, while he greets the newly arrived traveler with the other.

"Here at length we have free range, as not in palaces, nor cottages, nor temples, and intrude nowhere. All the secrets of housekeeping are exhibited to the eyes of men, above and below, before and behind. This is the necessary way to live, men have confessed, in these days, and shall he skulk and

hide? And why should we have any serious disgust at kitchens? Perhaps they are the holiest recess of the house. There is the hearth, after all,—and the settle, and the fagots, and the kettle, and the crickets. We have pleasant reminiscences of these. They are the heart, the left ventricle, the very vital part of the house. Here the real and sincere life which we meet in the streets was actually fed and sheltered. Here burns the taper that cheers the lonely traveler by night, and from this hearth ascend the smokes that populate the valley to his eyes by day. On the whole, a man may not be so little ashamed of any other part of his house, for here is his sincerity and earnest, at least. It may not be here that the besoms are plied most,—it is not here that they need to be, for dust will not settle on the kitchen floor more than in nature.

"Talking with our host is next best and instructive to talking with one's self. It is a more conscious soliloquy; as it were, to speak generally, and try what we would say provided we had an audience. He has indulgent and open ears, and does not require petty and particular statements. 'Heigh-ho!' exclaims the traveler. Them's my sentiments, thinks mine host, and stands ready for what may come next, expressing the purest sympathy by his demeanor. 'Hot as blazes!' says the other. 'Hard weather, sir,—not much stirring nowadays,' says he. He is wiser than to contradict his guest in any case; he lets him go on; he lets him travel."

The Haunted Taverns—Some of the taverns had their ghosts. Many of the yarns had to do with the departed spirits of Indian warriors. Legends were built up. The late Sarah F. Taft of Uxbridge, who lived and died in the ancient house in which George Washington spent the night in 1789, told a story that came down from the days of Warner Taft, who entertained the Father of his Country. It was included in a paper read by her to Deborah Wheelock Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of her home town, as follows:

"A strange story was told us many years ago by a daughter of Uncle Willard the third son of the family, born Oct. 30, 1766. She had heard her father tell many times of something which occurred when he was eight or nine years old. He had been down 'on the Plain' playing with neighboring boys, and was returning home towards night. As he approached his home, he saw coming down the old road what appeared like a funeral procession on foot. First came a couple of men in uniform followed by two more couples in uniform bearing a bier covered with a grey pall. Behind these marched four more couples in uniform.

"The boy hastened to the house and asked his mother what funeral that was. She had not heard of any, but said she would go out and inquire. So she and another woman who was with her went out to the road as the procession passed down the hill. The mourners marched along looking neither

to the right nor left, till the last couple, who turned stiffly and looked at the women! There was something so strange and weird about it all, that the mother, called a brave woman, was speechless. The women and boy stood and watched the funeral pass down the hill out of sight, and then looked down the road farther along; but nothing more was seen of them. On the morrow inquiries were made of people living above and below; but no other persons saw anything of this apparition. When told of in town it created much excitement, people thinking it portended some strange coming event in the family; but as the Revolutionary War broke out not long after, it was thought to be a forerunner of that."

Our county came to have literally hundreds of inns of one sort and another. Many were obscure little hostels, where the entertainment of travelers was merely incidental to farming. Of these some were in regions so remote and off the beaten way that their hospitality was sought only rarely, but when needed might be of greatest moment to the wayfarer. As coaching reached its peak of development, with speed as an essential element of travel, taverns were set at frequent intervals along the main thoroughfares over which traveled the express stages. With horses running at full speed, it was necessary to change teams every ten or a dozen miles, and the animals were usually kept in tavern stables, for their own well-being, and also that passengers might alight and enjoy the comforts of bar or parlor during the brief stops. The number of inns multiplied in the larger towns, in the separation of travelers according to the lengths of their purses. So the number became one of formidable size. Wherefore, in a book of this kind, it is impossible to list them. To do so intelligently would mean to divide them into their several periods which would still further complicate the tabulation. But among them are some having association with events and persons, and these find their places in the narrative history.

In the cities and large towns the taverns evolved into a class of hotels which older people remember well—American plan, a good and often lavish table, rooms which today would seem old-fashioned, with their Victorian furnishings, but all that could be desired. Not many of these remain, and one never finds them in the larger centers. There the European plan prevails exclusively in the better houses. These have many luxuries which were unknown a generation ago, and they have the highly appreciated safety which comes from fireproof construction. They have hospitality, too, but necessarily, usually of an impersonal sort. The old traveler appreciates what the modern landlord provides for him. But he misses something which to him used to mean the sense of being at home, among friends, an atmosphere which was present in the old hotels, and which, if what we read is true, must have pervaded every nook and corner of the still older taverns.